*Nov. 20, 1948

THE NEW YORKER

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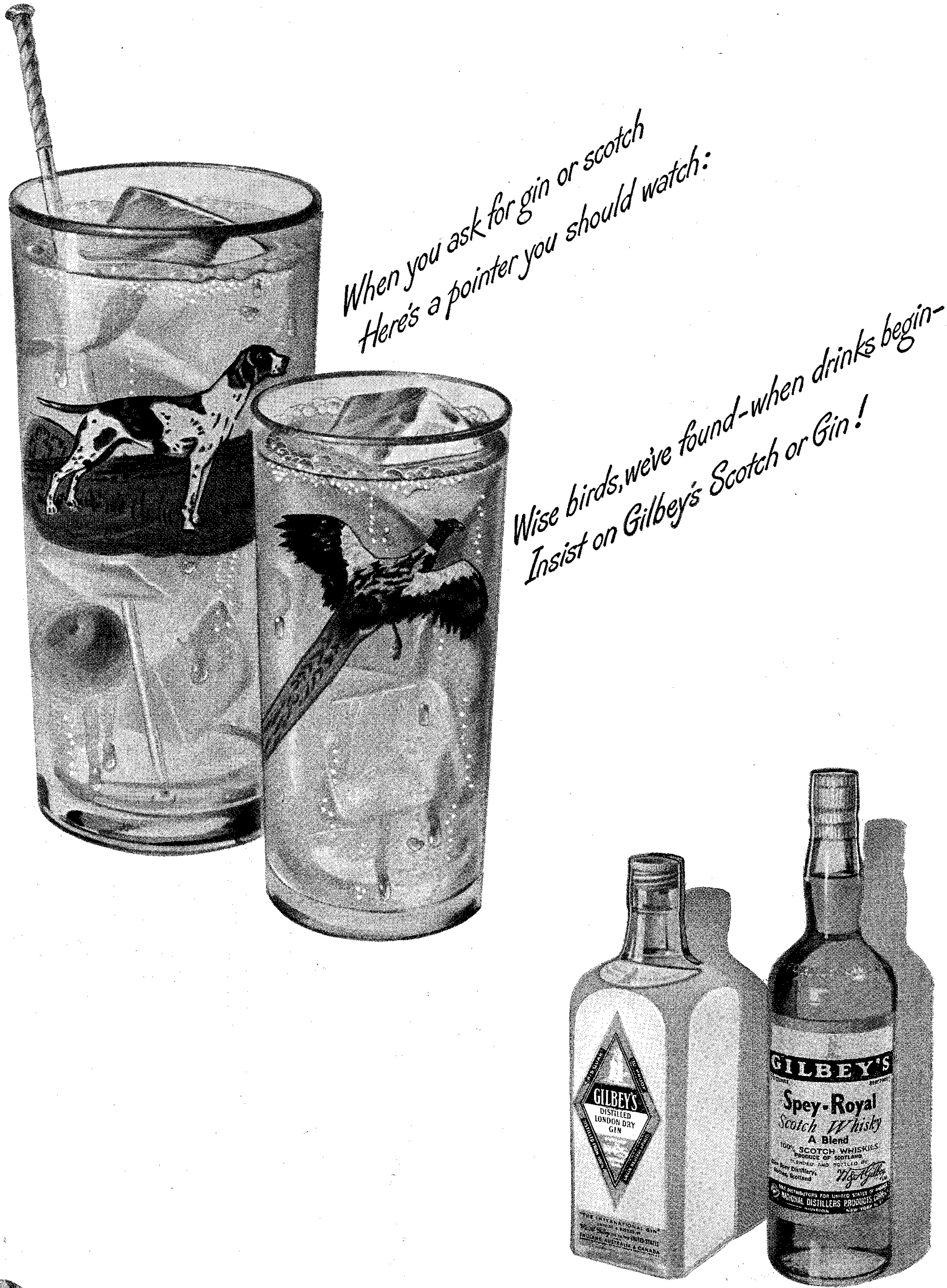
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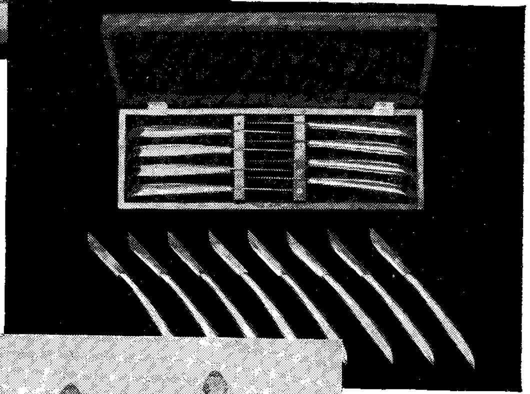

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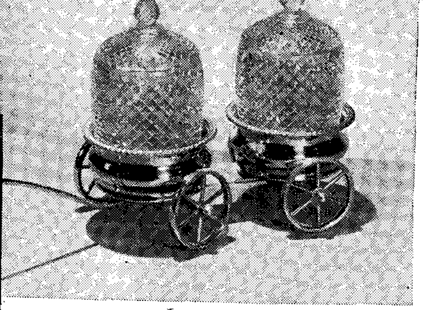

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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as noted below, the managements of some theatres will rearrange matinée schedules, because of Thanksgiving Day. There may be further changes, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Bravo!—A somewhat contrived and dated play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, having to do with European refugees and the American theatre. Oscar Homolka and Lili Darvas head the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Edward, My Son—A wonderfully sinister performance by Robert Morley makes this otherwise routine melodrama something you'll surely want to see. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:25; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Life with Mother—Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay are enchanting as Father and Mother in this second adaptation of some of Clarence Day's stories. Dorothy Bernard, Ruth Hammond, A. H. Van Buren, and John Drew Devereaux are also on hand from the original company, while among the newcomers are Robert Emhardt and Gladys Hurlbut. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Play's the Thing—A rather fetching revival of Molnar's comedy about sex on the Italian Riviera. Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson, Ernest Cossart, and Claud Allister are in the highly satisfactory cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

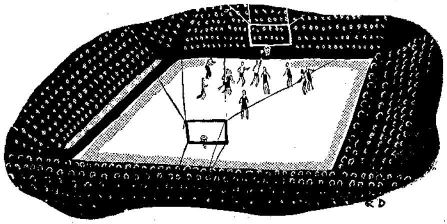
Private Lives—Noel Coward's comedy suffers from the effect of its years, but, thanks to Tallulah Bankhead's splendidly rowdy carryings on, it is still a very funny show. Donald Cook supports her courageously. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Sartre's melodrama concerning a harlot who is driven to betray a Negro and, consequently, herself has its weaknesses, but it has more to say than most plays on the subject of lynching in the South. Ann Dvorak has the leading role. "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers," by Richard Harrity, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:45; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Set My People Free—Dorothy Heyward's play about an abortive uprising of the slaves in Charleston is notable chiefly for Juano Hernandez' magnificent performance as the leader of the revolt. A Theatre Guild production, with Canada Lee. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, Nov. 26.)

Summer and Smoke—Tennessee Williams' play about a sexually repressed girl and her uninhibited lover is too cloudy and monotonous to be altogether successful, but Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews give noteworthy performances. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** An enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. With Judy Holliday. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

... **harvey:** The invisible rabbit. His pal is now Joe E. Brown. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) ... **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) ... **a streetcar named desire:** Tennessee Williams' big one, about a woman's withdrawal into a world of illusion. With Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

For Heaven's Sake, Mother!—Molly Picon and Nancy Carroll in a comedy written and directed by Julie Berns. Produced by David Kay. (Belasco, 44th St., E. LU 2-1567. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Goodbye, My Fancy—Madeleine Carroll, with Shirley Booth and Conrad Nagel, in a play by Fay Kanin. Directed by Sam Wanamaker, and produced by Michael Kanin, Richard Aldrich, and Richard Myers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

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MUSICALS

As the Girls Go—Bobby Clark at the top of his form as the husband of our first woman President. He is given commendable assistance by Irene Rich, Bill Callahan, Betty Jane Watson, and Kathryn Lee. The book is by William Roos, and the music and lyrics are by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, respectively. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Inside U.S.A.—In spite of fairly uninspired material, Beatrice Lillie is extremely comic in this big, handsome Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz revue. She is assisted by Jack Haley and by Valerie Bettis, one of the most accomplished dancers you ever saw. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Love Life—Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are most engaging as a couple whose marriage goes on for a hundred and fifty years, and Kurt Weill has written a nice score, but in the end the burden of the story is just too much for them. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Magdalena—A lamentable plot makes this South American spectacle pretty hard to endure, despite Heitor Villa-Lobos' lovely music; a lot of good singing by Irra Petina, John Raitt, and Dorothy Sarnoff; and some wonderful scenery and costumes. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Romance—Rowland Leigh's adaptation of Edward Sheldon's old play is rather less than inspired, and so are Sigmund Romberg's tunes. Anne Jeffreys, Lawrence Brooks, and Luella Gear all do their best, but it is uphill work. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Small Wonder—Several really first-rate routines, especially one about magazine advertising, result in a revue well worth seeing. Tom Ewell is more or less in charge of the activities, and the cast also includes Alice Pearce, Mort Marshall, Marilyn Day, Hayes Gordon, and Mary McCarty, who is quite a show all by herself. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Where's Charley?—Ray Bolger is chiefly responsible for the success of this musical version of "Charley's Aunt," by George Abbott and Frank Loesser. With Allyn McLerie, Byron Palmer, and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** The renowned Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **high button shoes:** Some nonsense concerning the 1913 Rutgers football team, among other things. With Joan Roberts, Phil Silvers, and Joey Faye. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **make mine manhattan:** The leading comedians of this revue are

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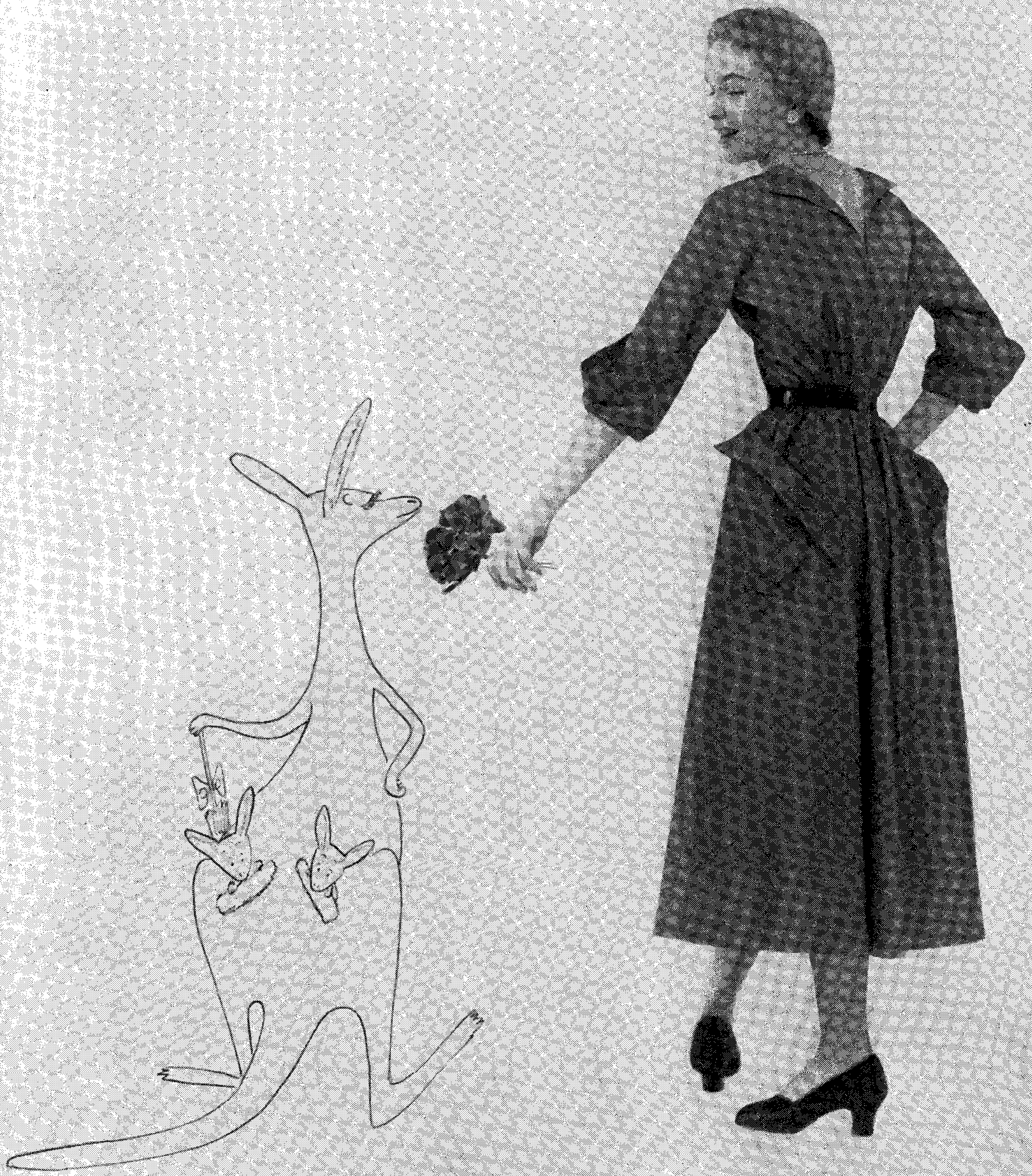

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

David Burns and Sid Caesar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Light Up the Sky—A comedy by Moss Hart, with a cast headed by Sam Levene, Audrey Christie, and Glenn Anders. Directed by Moss Hart, and produced by Joseph M. Hyman and Bernard Hart. Opens Thursday, Nov. 18. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Young and Fair—A play by N. Richard Nash, produced by Vinton Freedley and Richard W. Krakeur, and directed by Harold Clurman. The cast includes Frances Starr, Mercedes McCambridge, and Lois Wheeler. Opens Monday, Nov. 22. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Silver Whistle—José Ferrer in a play by Robert McEnroe. Produced by the Theatre Guild and directed by Paul Crabtree. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 24. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, Nov. 26.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Ballet Company—Tentative schedule—Monday evening, Nov. 22, at 8:45: "Mother Goose Suite," "Orpheus," and "Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 23, at 8:45: "The Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in C." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Ernesto Lecuona—With a group of singers and dancers, in a program of Latin-American music. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)

Ice Shows—"Ice Follies of 1949," produced by Ed and Roy Shipstad and Oscar Johnson. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, through Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays, Nov. 21 and 28, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ "Howdy, Mr. Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:40; Sunday evenings at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 26, at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band play sedately for dancing. No music on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Leighton Noble's and Harold Nagel's dance orchestras in the big and bustling Bowman Room. Closed Sundays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—It's like old times again, what with the Golden Gate Quartet's singing and Jack Gilford's gags. Pearl Primus is also on hand, or on foot, during the evening. Dave Martin's band, and Cliff Jackson's piano. Dancing; closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Fifty violins, working their way deadpan through an old Victor Red Seal catalogue, which is not at all the Broadway that Henny Youngman, the incumbent comedian, is used to. Billy Banks' dance band.

Le Directoire, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—Through Saturday, Nov. 20, Abe Burrows, performing a major (and merry) operation on some of radio's and Tin Pan Alley's pet concepts. A completely new show arrives next evening. Frank York's orchestra and Gringo's rumba band.

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Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A pretty girl, a cold bottle, the benevolent music of Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras, and life is yours for the asking. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—One of the last surviving principalities of feudal times, where the villagers continue to wear their quaint Dior and Carnegie costumes. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Roger Dann, a very acceptable French nightingale, and the dance team of Hoctor and Byrd. Charles Reader's orchestra. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Jimmy Savo, still keeping the river away from his door and sorrow away from his audience. Dance music by Leo Reisman's and Mark Monte's bands. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, for which the word is certainly elegant, has the dashing dance music of Nycola Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras. Closed Mondays.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays just above a whisper during dinner in the Oval Room. No dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Through Monday, Nov. 22, Nan Wynn will sing at suppertime in the Maisonette. Next evening, Rolly Rolls will be sitting down at his piano. Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's band is in the Café Lounge. There's a small show, too, every day but Sunday. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Chiefly college youths getting their first lessons in how to play with the dolls. Sande Williams' orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing Sundays.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, taking an extremely French view of the thing that makes the world go around. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, Gene McCarthy and Tommy Farrell, and Margaret Phelan. Eddy Duchin's orchestra plays all evening, and Mischa Borr's band lends a hand toward midnight. On Sundays, bedtime is 10 P.M. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In this stately drawing room, Les Crosley's relaxed but perceptive piano at the cocktail and dinner hour, and Cy Walter's intricate études at suppertime. On Sundays, Harold Cooke does both stints. . . . **Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio for dancing (after eight-thirty) in this plushy nook. Closed Sundays. . . . **Dorset Bar**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): After eight-thirty every night but Sunday, John Kelley, Jr.'s, piano in this decorators' delight. . . . **Café Trouville**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): One of the best of the old-timers, with Mary McNally at the piano during cocktails, and Harry Taylor after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chat Noir**, St. Moritz Hotel, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): Music begins at dinnertime, and soon after, there's a show involving the happy-go-lucky songs of Alice Tyrrell and Dick Winslow, Lucille and Eddie Roberts' mind-reading act, and the odd humor of Mervyn Nelson. Closed Mondays. . . . **Perroquet**, Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): As the dinner hour here ends, Hugh Shannon trots out his encouraging songs for the lovelorn, and Stella Brooks her well-put-together blues for the worldly. Closed Mondays. . . . **Little Casino**, 243 Sullivan St., at 3rd St. (OR 4-9583); Jimmy Daniels, chirping merrily on his own tiny hearthstone. Garland Wilson and Norene Tate are at the piano, and Mae Barnes sings like a big bass drum. Closed Mondays. . . . **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): This matey alcove has Chandor's violin from dinnertime on, except Mondays, and Sonny Kendis and his trio after ten, except Sundays. . . . **Sazarac**, 716 Lexington Ave., at 58th St. (EL 5-8923): A dim but invigorating greenroom, where the trade talks things over, after ten, to Ralph Strain's romantic piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monte Carlo**, 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): This reincarnation of the old Madison Avenue institution is very pretty, in its theatrical way, and quite effective when the lights dim and Dick Gasparre's band gets into its soft, nostalgic mood. Closed Mondays. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A placid haven, with Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **Madison**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Mondays through Fridays, from five to nine, Ferrante and Teicher play fairly tricky four-hand piano; on Saturdays at the same hours, and all afternoon on Sundays, Bernie Dolen's orchestra furnishes music for dancing. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latin American life in its liveliest and most neighborly form. Dancing; closed Sundays. . . . **One Fifth Avenue**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Kirkwood and Goodman run riot every evening but Monday, and Nancy Andrews sings every evening but Sunday, when there are movies of the Pearl White period. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Life goes on aboard this old Volga houseboat just about as it always did. Dancing; closed Mondays.

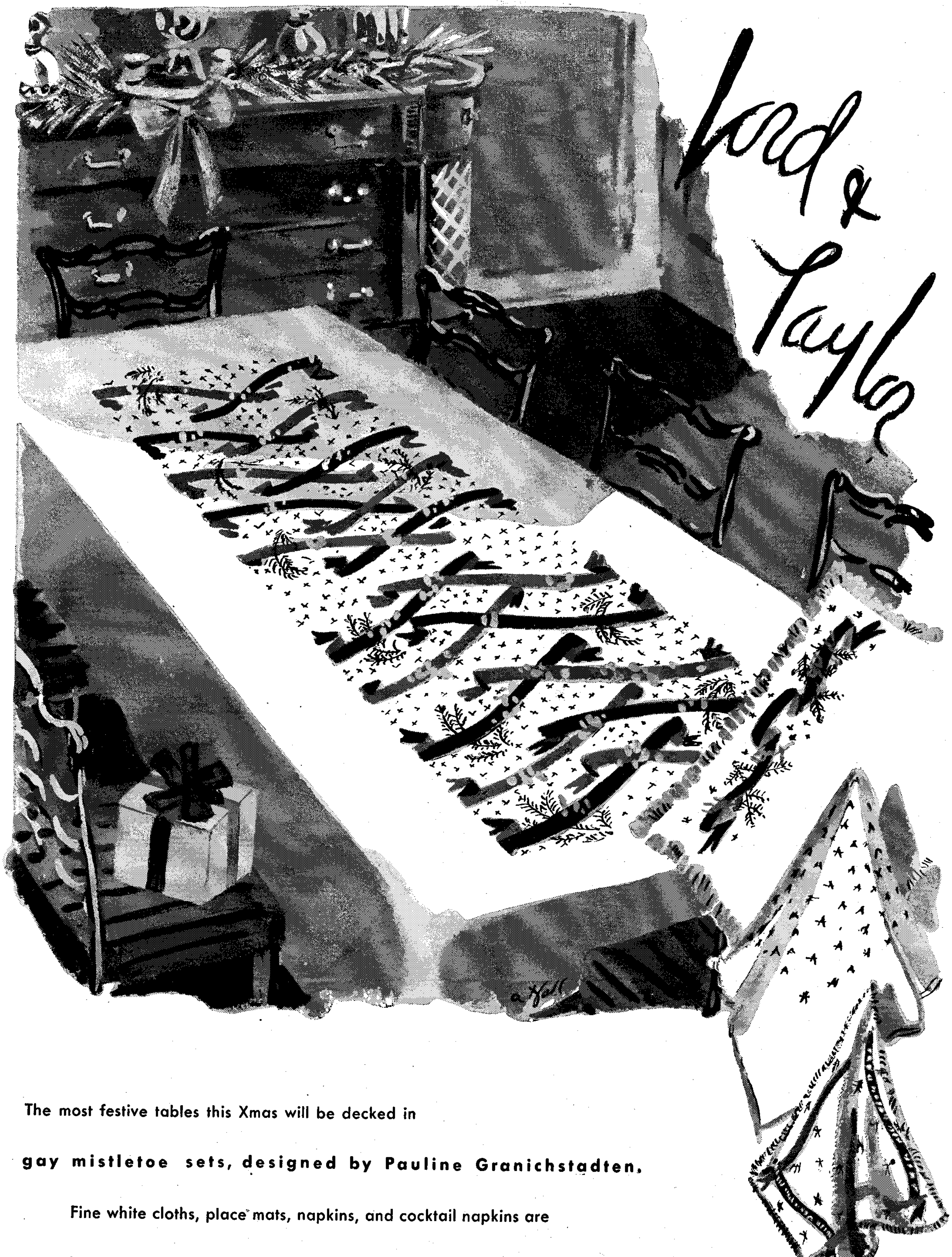
BIG AND BRASSY

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis—that is to say, something old, something new, something borrowed, and quite a lot that's blue—plus a fresh collection of those heartwarming Copa showgirls. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing. . . . **Latin Quarter**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): The show here offers everything but a foxhunt, but the main bout is Sophie Tucker, as bold and boisterous as she was in the Gay Nineties.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Imogene Coca and her new gentlemen-at-arms, Fletcher and Sheidy, diagramming thirteen or fourteen original ways to be *enfants terribles*. American folk songs of the Cole Porter era by Kitty Crawford, of the jump era by the Striders; George Prentice's hyperthyroid puppets. The accompanying music is provided by the eminent Stuart Ross and by Ellis Larkin's leprechauns. . . . **Ruban Bleu**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Most excellent foolery by Connie Sawyer, and fervent songs by Adelaide Hall, back home after a dozen years abroad. Julius Monk is at the controls of these and other talents. The melodic line is supplied by the precocious Normann Paris trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy, singing jovially about a collection of local types that should long ago have been sent up the river. Arthur Kent and Sam Hamilton play piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Jay Mar-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

shall, brightening this small corner with his remarks; Dottie Reid, singing about love and stuff. The Loumel Morgan Trio sings, too, and also plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **BREVOORT SUPPER CLUB,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (GR 3-7306): Through Sunday, Nov. 21, the torch songs of Marian Manners, whose range is from American Manhattan to American Indian, and, through Friday, Nov. 19, the jaunty harp playing of Daphne Hellman. The Earl Hodges Trio for dancing. On Tuesday, Nov. 23, a new show, headed by Sheila Barrett. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, a real torpedo on the trumpet, plus Jack Lesberg, Georg Brunis, and other men of iron. Ralph Sutton plays piano during their leisure moments. Anything goes Tuesday nights, when itinerant masters of the art drop in. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Butterfield, Ernie Caceres, and friends, in a knockabout mood. Sunday afternoon is jam time here. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet's trio, lighting firecrackers, and Chippie Hill, declaiming her blues, except on Sunday, when there is a jam session. Dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): A new band, containing such rumpus makers as Red Allen and J. C. Higginbotham. Johnny Guarnieri's piano makes itself heard in between times. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's septet, which includes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, playing subtle but fervent music every evening but Monday; dancing at supper only. . . . **ROYAL ROOST,** 1580 Broadway, at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): Through Sunday, Nov. 21, Woody Herman's band, blowing its top in a scene to which only Dante could do justice. On Tuesday, Nov. 23, Ella Fitzgerald, along with Lester Young's band, takes over. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 142 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Every Friday evening, primeval musicians from the Max Kaminsky-Miff Mole circuit, making their favorite kind of noise; dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Ray McKinley's orchestra, and Laura Leeds, playing the piano and singing. A fill-in orchestra operates Sundays. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's band, its vigor undiminished by the passing years. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo and his orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Tommy Ryan's orchestra for dinner dancing; dancing at supper as well on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays. They will all be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

ROMARE BEARDEN—Expressionism combined with rhythmic abstractions in a series of brilliant water colors. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 25.)

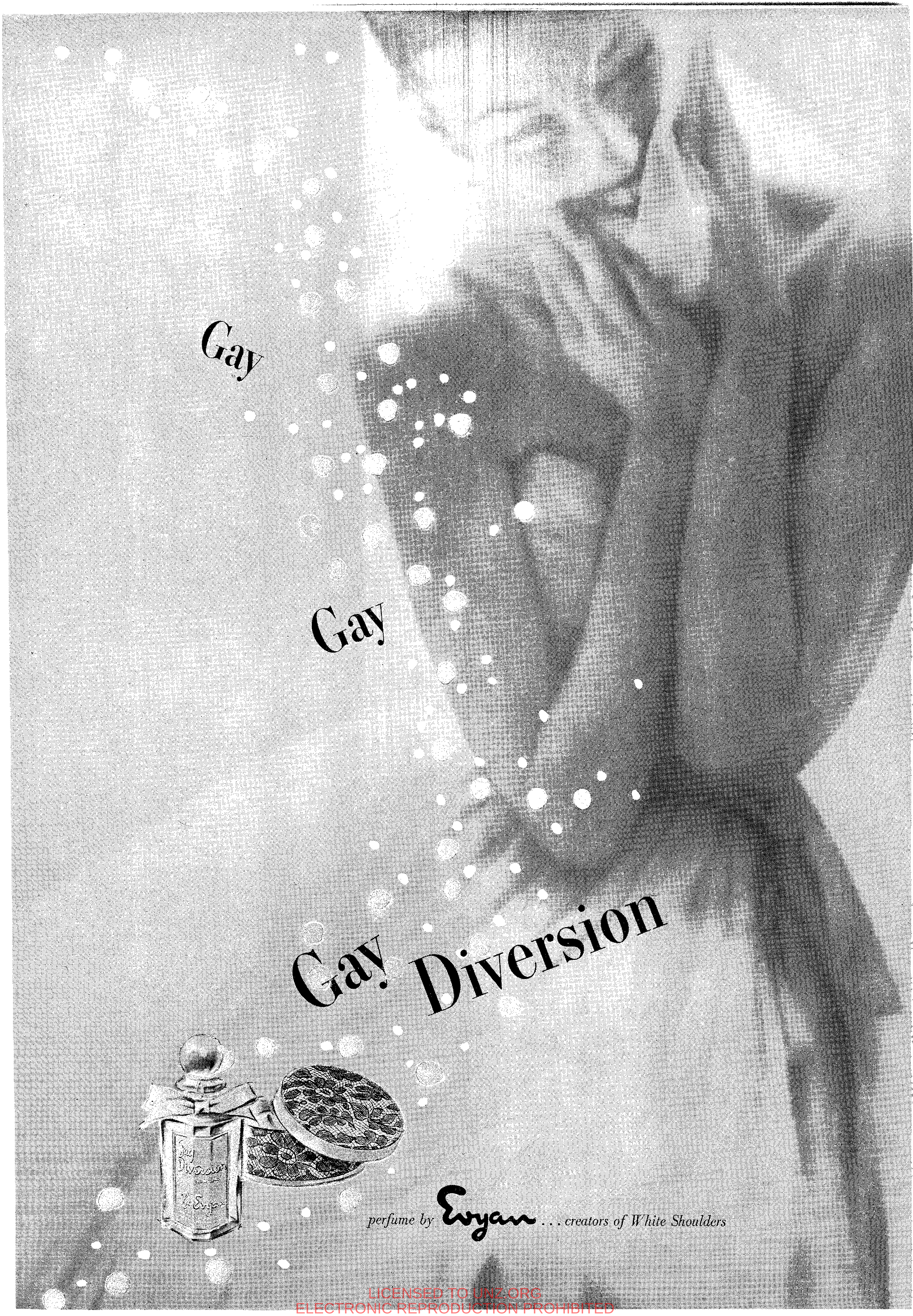
MARC CHAGALL—New oils and gouaches, celebrating, as gracefully and happily as ever, the joys of Russian life and Russian weddings. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

WILLIAM M. CHASE—Paintings by the late-nineteenth-century American, adroitly executed but overwhelmingly academic in style. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through Dec. 4.)

WILLIAM F. DRAPER—Portraits, notable for their fluent brushwork and their verve. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

SUZANNE EISENDIECK—Button-eyed young Parisiennes at the ballet, in the park, and elsewhere, in this painter's familiar technique. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Nov. 27.)

FRENCH PAINTING FROM DAVID TO COURBET—Not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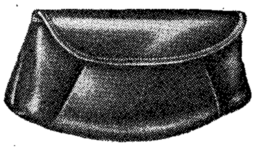

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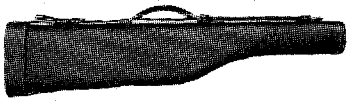

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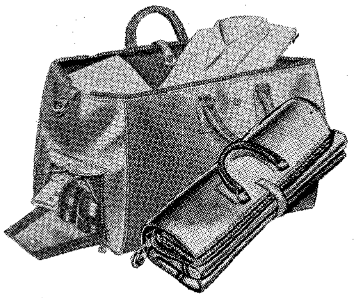

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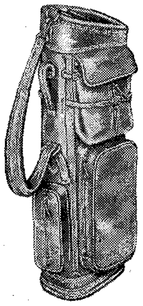

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

all the paintings are masterpieces, but they do add up to an excellent survey of the course of late-eighteenth- and nineteenth-century painting. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Nov. 27.)

JOSEPH GERARD—Gentle Expressionist oils, reminiscent of Marie Laurencin's. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through Dec. 2.)

MORRIS GRAVES—More of his well-known abstract birds, this time in drawings and temperas. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

JOHN GROTH—Race-track sketches in oil and water color, in a style that genially recalls Rowlandson's. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

GROUPS—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Twelfth annual exhibition of Old Masters' drawings, with some inspiring examples by Correggio, Pinturicchio, Fragonard, Turner, and others; through Nov. 27. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Contemporary French and American paintings, including a number of Utrillo street scenes in dulcet pinks and grays, and a few dashing harbor scenes by Vytlacil; through Dec. 18.

JEAN GUERIN—Paintings by an abstract Surrealist with an original and powerful symbolic approach. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

VASSILY KANDINSKY—Twenty-six paintings, all from the collection of the artist's widow and never exhibited here before, that provide a brief but worth-while summary of his painting career. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

WELDON KEES—Linear design and some good color in a first one-man show of abstractions. (Peridot, 6 E. 12th St.; through Dec. 2.)

WALT KUHN—His fiftieth year as a painter, celebrated in a show of recent oils that depart little from his customary range of clowns and still-lifes. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

EINAR LUNDEN—Patterned paintings of landscapes, with somewhat mechanical but agreeable composition. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 22.)

ORONZIO MALDARELLI—Effective statues, in wood and white marble, characterized by regularity of line. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Nov. 20.)

JOHN MARIN—Nearly eighty of his etchings, from 1905 to 1948, in one of the rare surveys of his work in this medium. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Nov. 27.)

MILLER COLLECTION—A small, selective collection of modern paintings and sculptures, chosen mainly to illustrate the principal influences on contemporary industrial design; a benefit for the Scholarship Fund of the New York University School of Fine Arts. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 20.)

MAUD MORGAN—Imaginative, if somewhat unfinished-looking, abstractions. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—Nice paintings by Lena Gurr, Esther Rosen, and others, in a livelier-than-usual Annual. (Argent, 42 W. 57th St.; through Nov. 20.)

BERNARD O'HARA—Oils and sculptures by an artist with a strong but still undisciplined feeling for both media. (Artists, 61 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 26.)

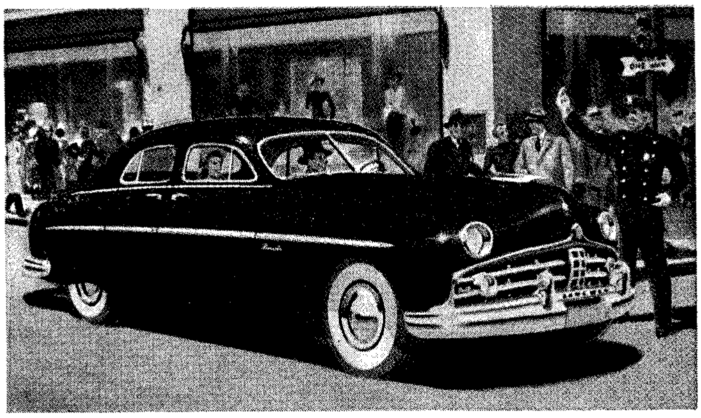
EDWIN AVERY PARK—Very light, decorative water colors. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

GABOR PETERDI—Sharply colored semi-abstract oils. (Laurel, 108 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 20.)

MITZI SOLOMON—First showing in four years, by a sculptor who has grown considerably in ability during her absence. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 30.)

RENZO VESPIGNANI—Drawings and paintings of contemporary Roman life. The artist, a young Italian, can make a ruined building look really wounded. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through Nov. 20.)

EDOUARD VUILLARD—A small, charmingly selected



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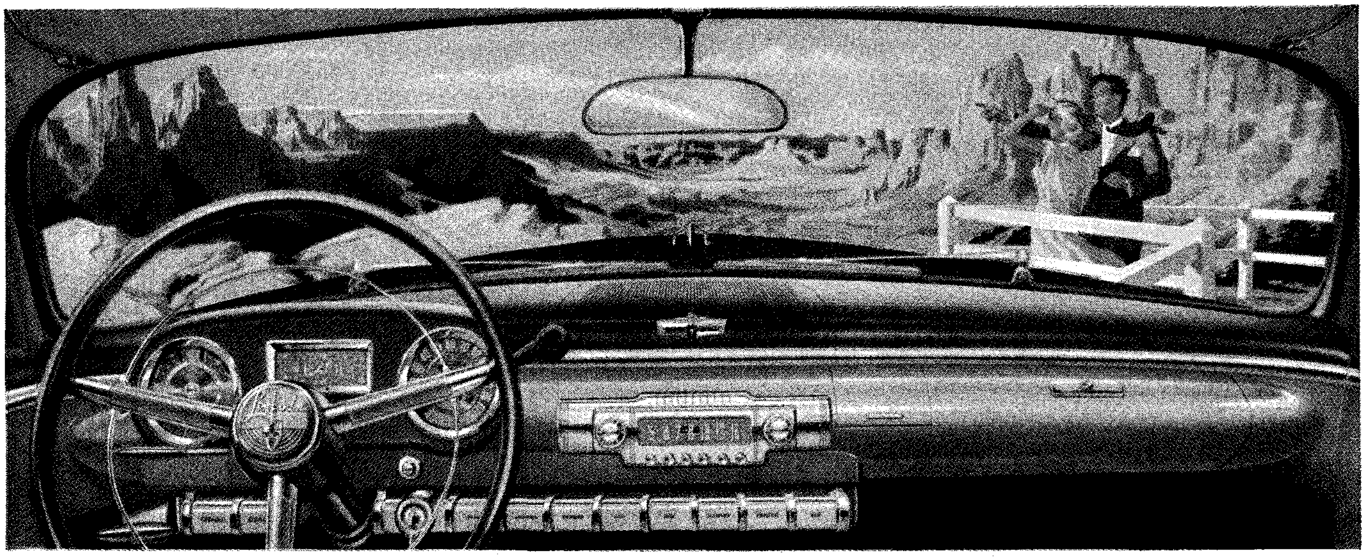

Greater visibility...that's another expression of the Lincoln Idea. Shown is the panoramic one-piece curved windshield in the Lincoln Cosmopolitan.

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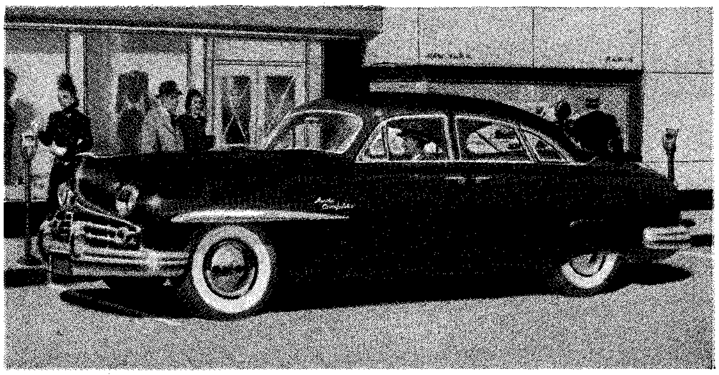

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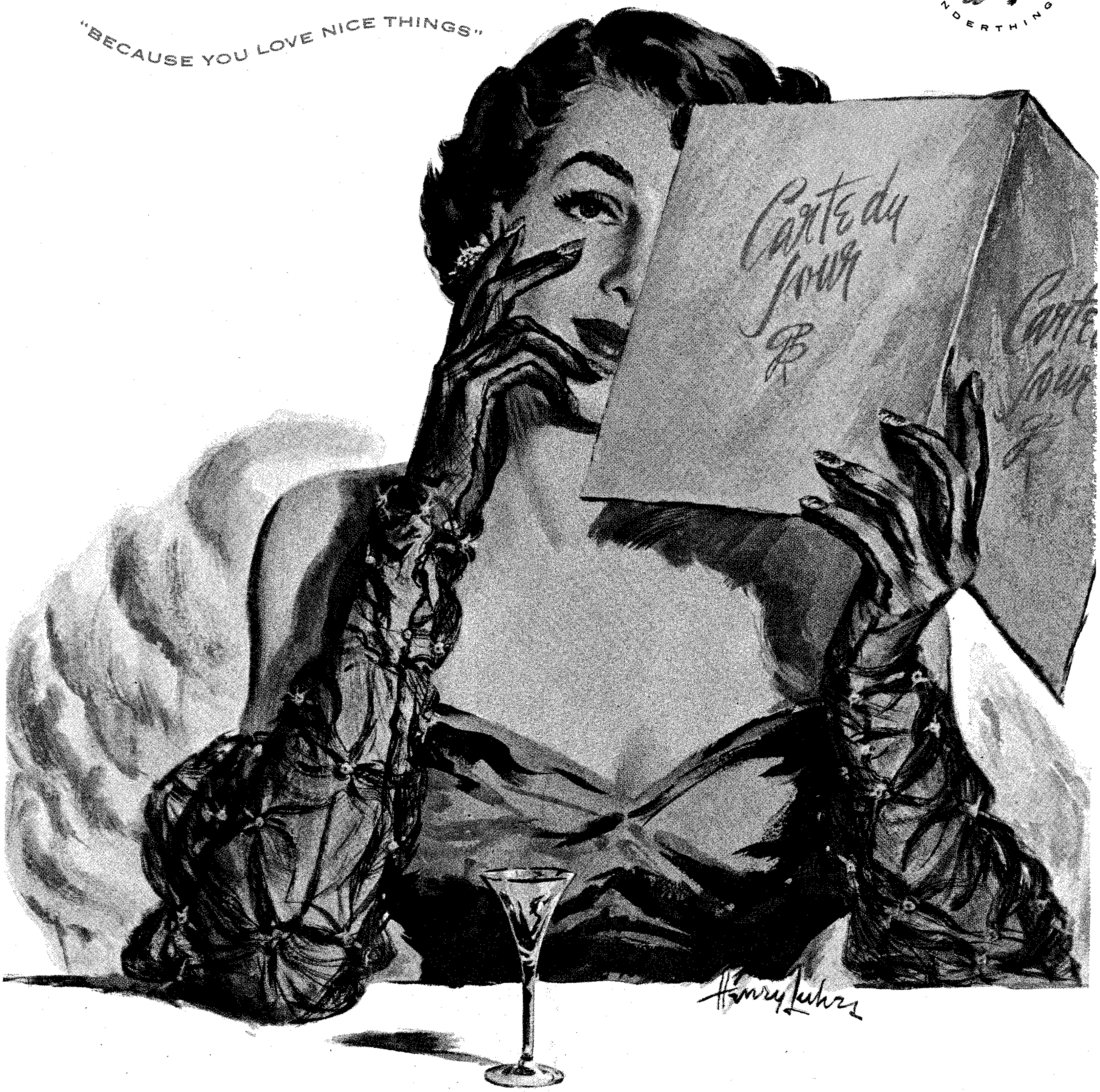

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

loan show, covering the period 1890 to 1905 in his career. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large and slightly jumbled survey of our naval history from the Revolution onward, comprising everything from paintings and sculptures to ships' models. A bit tedious, except for the models, which are fascinating; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Contemporary Chinese paintings, some of them with an interesting blend of Western and Oriental influences; through Nov. 21. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A compact exhibition of collages, with examples ranging from the beginning of the movement, among the French Cubists and the subsequent French and German Dadaists, to the present; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Romantic works by an early rebel school of photographers, the Photo Secessionists, founded in 1902 by Alfred Stieglitz; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Memorial show of sculptures by Elie Nadelman, who was prominent in the nineteen-twenties and is now almost forgotten; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions, including five modern British paintings, a Braque, and some sculptures; through Jan. 23. (Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Nov. 18: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 19: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 20: "Eugene Onegin." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 21: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 21: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 24: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 25: "Pelléas et Mélisande." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 26: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 27: "La Bohème." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15; matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday evening, Nov. 18, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Nov. 19, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, Nov. 21, at 2:45; all with Arturo Michelangeli, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 25, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Nov. 26, at 2:30, both with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Carnegie Hall.)

New York Little Symphony—Joseph Baroné conducting, with Ulysses Kay, piano, and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Friday evening, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Bernard Greenhouse—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin—Violin and piano. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

James Friskin—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)

Francis Poulenc and Pierre Bernac—Piano and baritone. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Jussi Bjoerling—Tenor. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543. Saturday evening, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Pierre Luboschutz and Genia Nemenoff—Two pianos. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday evening, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Loewenguth Quartet of Paris—Chamber music. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 20, at 2:30; Sunday afternoon, Nov. 21, at 5:30; and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 27, at 2:30.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and others. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Nov. 21, at 5:30.)

Maxim Schapiro—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Anatole Kitain—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Sidney Harth—Violin; winner of the Walter W. Naumburg Foundation Award. (Town Hall. Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Alexander Borovsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Fernand Martel—Baritone. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Wednesday evening, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Moura Lympany—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Nov. 24, at 8:40.)

Benefit Concert—Georges Enesco, violin; Richard Tucker, tenor; Nadia Reisenberg, piano; and Pia Igy, soprano. A benefit for the children of Israel. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Saturday evening, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

Note—Alexander Schneider and Ralph Kirkpatrick will give a violin-and-harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 28, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Nov. 23, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 20:** Columbia vs. Syracuse, at Baker Field, at 1:30 P.M. ... ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, at 1:45 P.M. ... ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 1:30 P.M. ... **THURSDAY, NOV. 25:** Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 11 A.M. ... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30 P.M. ... **SATURDAY, NOV. 27:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30 P.M.

Professional Football—Yankees vs. Cleveland. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2:15 P.M.) ... ¶ Dodgers vs. San Francisco. (Ebbets Field. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2 P.M.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Show. (Scarsdale, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 27-28.)

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 20.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

Six-Day Bicycle Race—The boys are pooped but still rolling. (22nd Engineers' Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Through Saturday, Nov. 20, at 11 P.M. For tickets, call PL 7-5766.)

FOR CHILDREN

Philharmonic-Symphony—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the second of this year's series of young people's concerts. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, Nov. 20, at 11.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas K. Scherman conducting a concert for young people. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday morning, Nov. 20, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5160.)

Children's World Theatre—"King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturdays, Nov. 20 and 27, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M.; Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2:30 P.M.; Friday, Nov. 26, at 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.)

Children's Drama Guild—"Hansel and Gretel," "Princess Rosette and the Peacock King," and "The King Came to School." (Turn Hall Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 85th St. Saturday afternoons, Nov. 20 and 27, at 2:30. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.)

Children's Movies—Films and short subjects of interest to small fry are shown at the Trans-Lux 85th St. (Madison at 85th St., BU 8-3180) on Saturday mornings at 11.

OTHER EVENTS

Macy Parade—Balloon gnomes, monkeys, crocodiles, and firemen, bobbing along above seventeen floats and nine bands. Starting at

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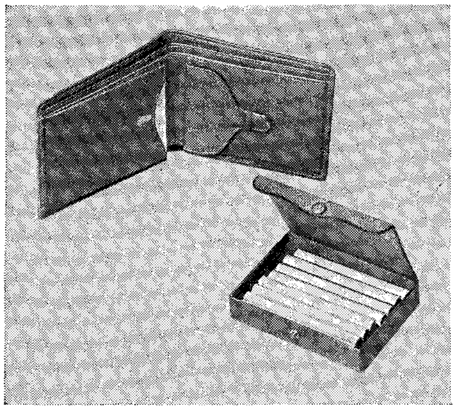

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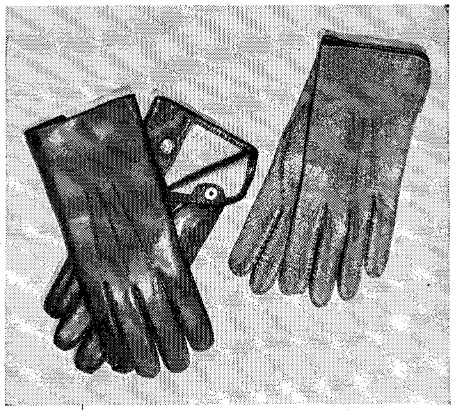

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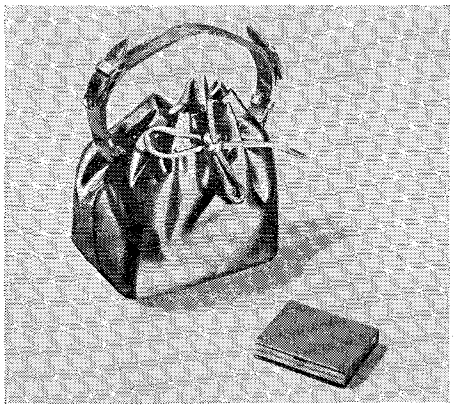
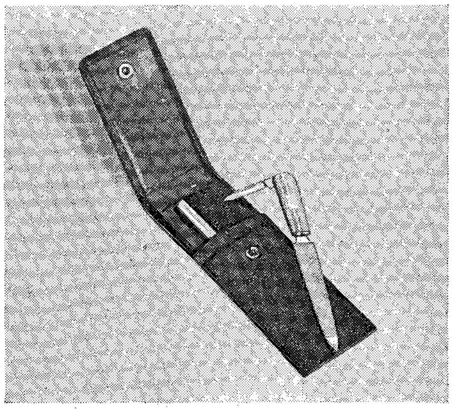
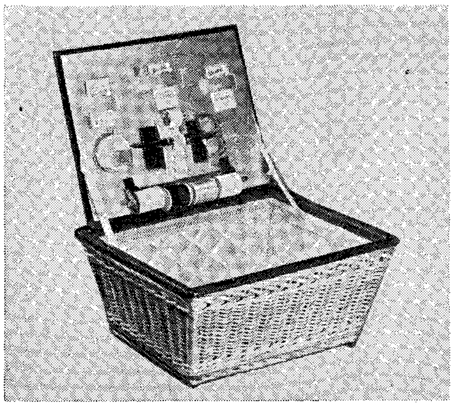


Our Noah Bag goes 'evening.' If she has stars in her eyes, give her this fetching little replica in gleaming satin. In six fabulous colours. $28.50*. Coloured mat calfskin compact, $9.50



Comb and File Set. A gift for his pocket is this sterling silver mounted penknife in file handle and matching comb, both in a tan English pigskin case, $9.* In opulent 14k gold, $38.50*



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

10 on Thanksgiving Day morning, at Central Park West and 77th Street, the procession will move down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at about 11:30.

ASIA INSTITUTE—A large collection of Indonesian masks, textiles, primitive totems, and statuettes, handsome to look at but unfortunately diminished in effect by a lack of descriptive notes. (7 E. 70th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.)

VICTORIAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND GAMES—Kate Greenaway, Robert Caldecott, Arthur Rackham, and Walter Crane delight the eye once more in this exhibit of picture books, games, and peepshows of the nineteenth-century child. (B. C. Batsford, Ltd., 122 E. 55th St. Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "A Flight to the Antarctic." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Italian Renaissance paintings, including works by Ghirlandaio, and Flemish and Dutch works of the seventeenth century, collected by Baron and Baroness Raoul Kuffner de Dioszegh. (Auction, Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ French Provincial furniture and decorations, owned by Mme. Raymond Rabanit. (Exhibition, Thursday, Nov. 18, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

(Programs, as you know, are often changed at the last minute; your newspaper should be consulted as the final authority.)

RADIO

UNITED NATIONS—Meetings of the General Assembly in Paris are broadcast by WNYC Mondays and Wednesdays at 10:30 A.M.; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 11 A.M.; and Saturdays at 10 A.M.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Nov. 20, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Lily Pons, soprano, Sunday, Nov. 21, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Marian Anderson, contralto, Monday, Nov. 22, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

DRAMA—Agnes Moorehead in "Sorry, Wrong Number," Thursday, Nov. 18, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ "The Winslow Boy," with Frank Allenby, presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Nov. 21, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Helen Hayes in "The Sobbing Women," Sunday, Nov. 21, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ "The Male Animal," with Eddie Albert and Barbara Bel Geddes, Friday, Nov. 19, at 9 P.M., WCBS.

SPORTS—College Football: Yale vs. Harvard, Saturday, Nov. 20, at 1:30 P.M., WOR; Michigan vs. Ohio State, Saturday, Nov. 20, at 1:55 P.M., WMGM; Columbia vs. Syracuse, Saturday, Nov. 20, at 1:20 P.M., WINS.

TELEVISION

NEWSREELS—Daily at 7:30 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ Daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT.

DRAMA—Mary Wickes in "Goodbye, Miss Lizzie Borden," Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ "Joy to the World," with Eddie Albert, Sunday, Nov. 21, at 7:30 P.M., WCBS.

SPORTS—College Football: Dartmouth vs. Princeton, Saturday, Nov. 20, at 1:45 P.M., WNBT, WABD; Columbia vs. Syracuse, Saturday, Nov. 20, at 1:15 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Professional Football: Philadelphia vs. Washington, Sunday, Nov. 21, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2:15 P.M., WABD.

MISCELLANY—"Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Eddie Condon and some of his musicians, Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 9:05 P.M., WPIX.

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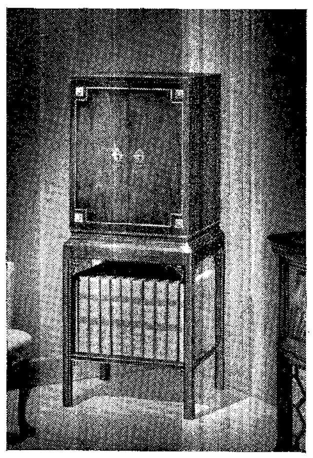

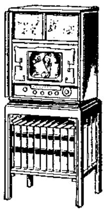

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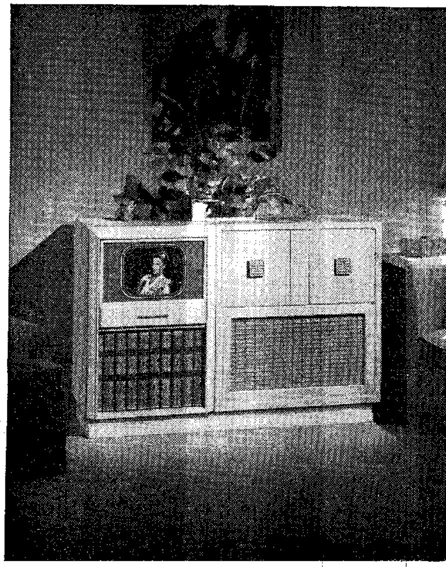

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

César—The final installment of Marcel Pagnol's ten-year-old French trilogy about some salty residents of Marseille. As fresh and lively as if it had been made yesterday, and enhanced by the acting of Orane Démazis, Charpin, and the late Raimu. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294.)

Easter Parade—A mélange of Irving Berlin tunes and some sprightly dancing by Fred Astaire. Judy Garland and Ann Miller are helpful, too. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Nov. 18.)

The Emperor Waltz—Pleasant spoofing of Old Vienna, with Bing Crosby playing a phonograph salesman from Newark and Joan Fontaine a pretty nifty countess. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Nov. 21-24. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 22-24. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Nov. 23.)

A Foreign Affair—Some funny stuff involving a congresswoman, a Nazi siren, and an Army captain. The background is provided by the ruins of Berlin, which are not exactly the best spot in the world for a romp. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; starting Nov. 24.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Dane in a distinguished English picture, which he directed. The superlative cast also includes Basil Sydney, Felix Aylmer, Terence Morgan, and Jean Simmons. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

Joan of Arc—An example of how a simple and moving story can be distorted into several thousand yards of celluloid balderdash. José Ferrer plays the Dauphin with huge success, but Ingrid Bergman, as the Saint, is no more plausible than the millions of dollars' worth of papier-mâché with which she is surrounded. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, PL 7-4966.)

Johnny Belinda—The story of a deaf-mute girl who achieves a state of relative bliss through the good offices of a sympathetic young doctor. Jane Wyman gives an excellent performance as the unfortunate heroine. She is assisted by Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, and Agnes Moorehead. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Nov. 22. . . . ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting Nov. 24.)

Louisiana Story—Robert Flaherty's poetic description of Cajun life on a Southern bayou. A film that frequently shows the Old Master at his remarkable best. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; through Nov. 22.)

Marriage in the Shadows—A glimpse of how things were in Germany under Hitler. In this German film, the difficulties of a Jewish girl married to a Gentile bring into clear focus a good many of the dreadful aspects of Nazism. (Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141.)

Paisan—An arresting Italian piece, directed by Roberto Rossellini, that surveys, in six episodes, a few of the results of the invasion of Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British film dealing with dancers and their woes, which has as its chief distinction an admirable ballet based on the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. The ballerina is Moira Shearer, and she has the assistance of Leonide Massine and Ludmilla Tcherina. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

Rachel and the Stranger—Some well-rounded characterizations lift this story of Colonial Ohio quite a bit above the usual movie version of life among the pioneers. With Loretta Young, William Holden, and Robert Mitchum. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Colonial, B'way at 62nd, CO 5-0484; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Nov. 23.)

The Snake Pit—Olivia de Havilland gives an effective performance as a lady going through hell in an overcrowded insane asylum. Authentic and worth while. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Symphonie Pastorale—André Gide's story of a pastor who finds himself in love with his blind ward and, subsequently, the rival of his son for her affections. Beautifully enacted by Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar, and handsomely mounted by the director, Jean Delannoy. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Woman Hunt—A spirited Italian film that tells of how a lady bandit and her gang terrorize a countryside until the husbandmen set out en masse to end her activities. Full of sharply realistic scenes and distinguished by accomplished acting. Vivo Gioi heads the cast. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760; Nov. 18.)

REVIVALS

Dark Waters (1944)—Creepy doings in the Louisiana swamp country. Merle Oberon and Franchot Tone. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Nov. 23.)

Life with Father (1947)—William Powell, Irene Dunne, and Zasu Pitts in a Technicolor adaptation of the play. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Nov. 19-23.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Nov. 21-23.)

The Raider (1946)—A British film about Allied merchant sailors on the wartime North Atlantic run. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 19-20.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. An English picture, with Charles Laughton. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Nov. 23.)

South Riding (1938)—Yorkshire days, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. An English picture. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Nov. 20-23. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 21-22.)

Stand-In (1937)—A satire on Hollywood, with Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 21-22.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A Scottish village and some dogs. A British comedy, with Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Nov. 20-23.)

This Land Is Mine (1943)—Life in a German-occupied country, with Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 22-24.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule—Through Nov. 21, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "The Danger Girl" (1917), a Mack Sennett comedy, with Gloria Swanson; and "Queen Kelly" (1928), with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 22, at 3 P.M.: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), with Rudolph Valentino. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"A Song Is Born," Danny Kaye.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Kissing Bandit," Frank Sinatra.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Nov. 23: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine.
From Nov. 24: "A Southern Yankee," Red Skelton.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Blood on the Moon," Robert Mitchum, Barbara Bel Geddes.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Road House," Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"You Gotta Stay Happy," Joan Fontaine, James Stewart.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Last Days of Pompeii," revival, Basil Rathbone; and "She," revival, Randolph Scott.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Nov. 23: "Sealed Verdict," Ray Milland.
From Nov. 24: "Miss Tatlock's Millions," Wanda Hendrix, John Lund.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE SNAKE PIT.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Nov. 22: "Unfaithfully Yours," Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell.
From Nov. 23: "When My Baby Smiles at Me," Betty Grable, Dan Dailey.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
"The Three Musketeers," Lana Turner, Gene Kelly, June Allyson.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Nov. 18: "June Bride," Bette Davis, Robert Montgomery.
From Nov. 19: "Fighter Squadron," Edmond O'Brien, Robert Stack.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
JOAN OF ARC.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
Nov. 18: **WOMAN HUNT.**
From Nov. 19: "Street of Shadows" (in French), Viviane Romance, Louis Jouvet, Pierre Blanchar.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"Mlle. Désirée" (in French), Sacha Guitry.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
CÉSAR.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"The Mill on the Floss," revival, James Mason, Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Our Mr. Shakespeare," revival, John Gielgud, Leo Genn.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Nov. 19: "The Mozart Story," revival, Hans Holt.
From Nov. 20: "Four Steps in the Clouds" (in Italian).

Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS.

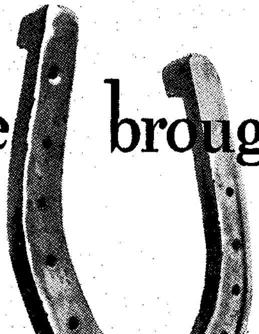
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
SYMPHONIE PASTORALE; and "A Visit with Henri Matisse," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
Through Nov. 22: **LOUISIANA STORY.**
From Nov. 23 (tentative): "Blanche Fury," Valerie Hobson, Stewart Granger.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 2nd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Dulcimer Street," Richard Attenborough, Fay Compton.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PAISAN.



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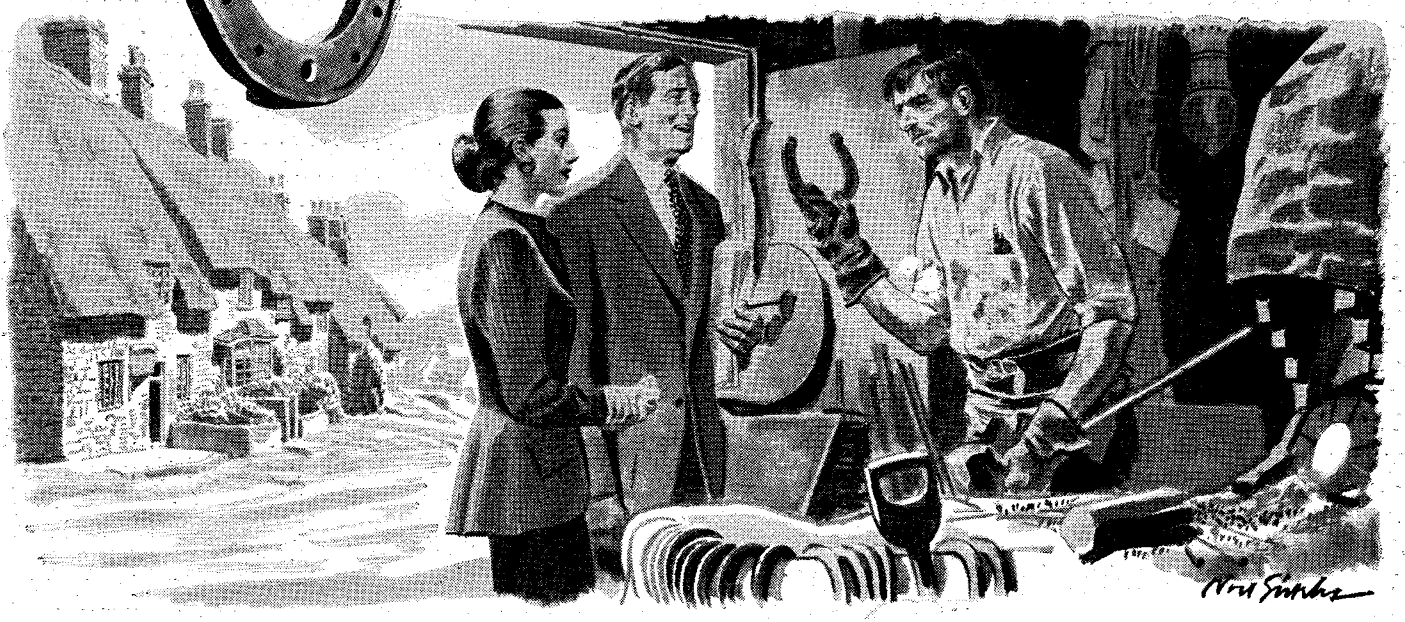


"This horseshoe was forged in friendship.

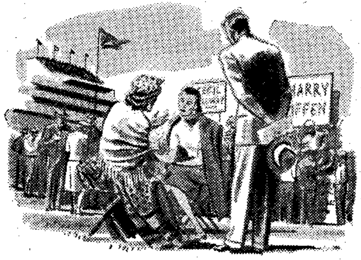
"At an old village smithy in the Cotswolds, we watched the blacksmith turn and shape it . . . never dreaming for a moment he was making it for us.

"But, when it was finished, he smiled and handed it over. 'A good luck keepsake', he told us. 'Back home, it may serve to remind you of some happy days here'.

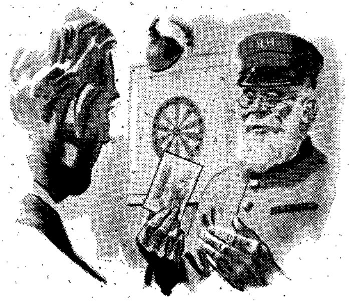
"Well, it certainly does that!

"Now it has a place of honor on our wall . . . and keeps recalling the warmth of the welcome we were met with everywhere in Britain.

"And—because it brings back every detail of one charming, old-world scene—it starts up a whole train of memories, in pictures . . . "

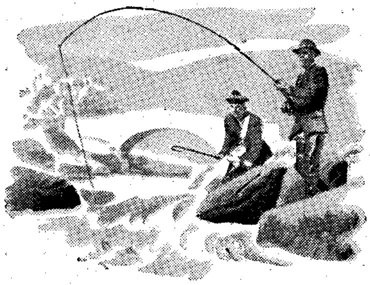


"Remember that gypsy at Epsom, who called us 'My loves' when we crossed her palm . . . and how our hunch bet, 'My Love', won the Derby?"



"Remember the 'pub' where we drank 'mild & bitter' with the Chelsea Pensioner, while he showed us snapshots of his grandson's farm in Kansas?"

"Remember Scotland . . . and landing your first salmon—with old Angus muttering Gaelic incantations until it was safely on the bank?"



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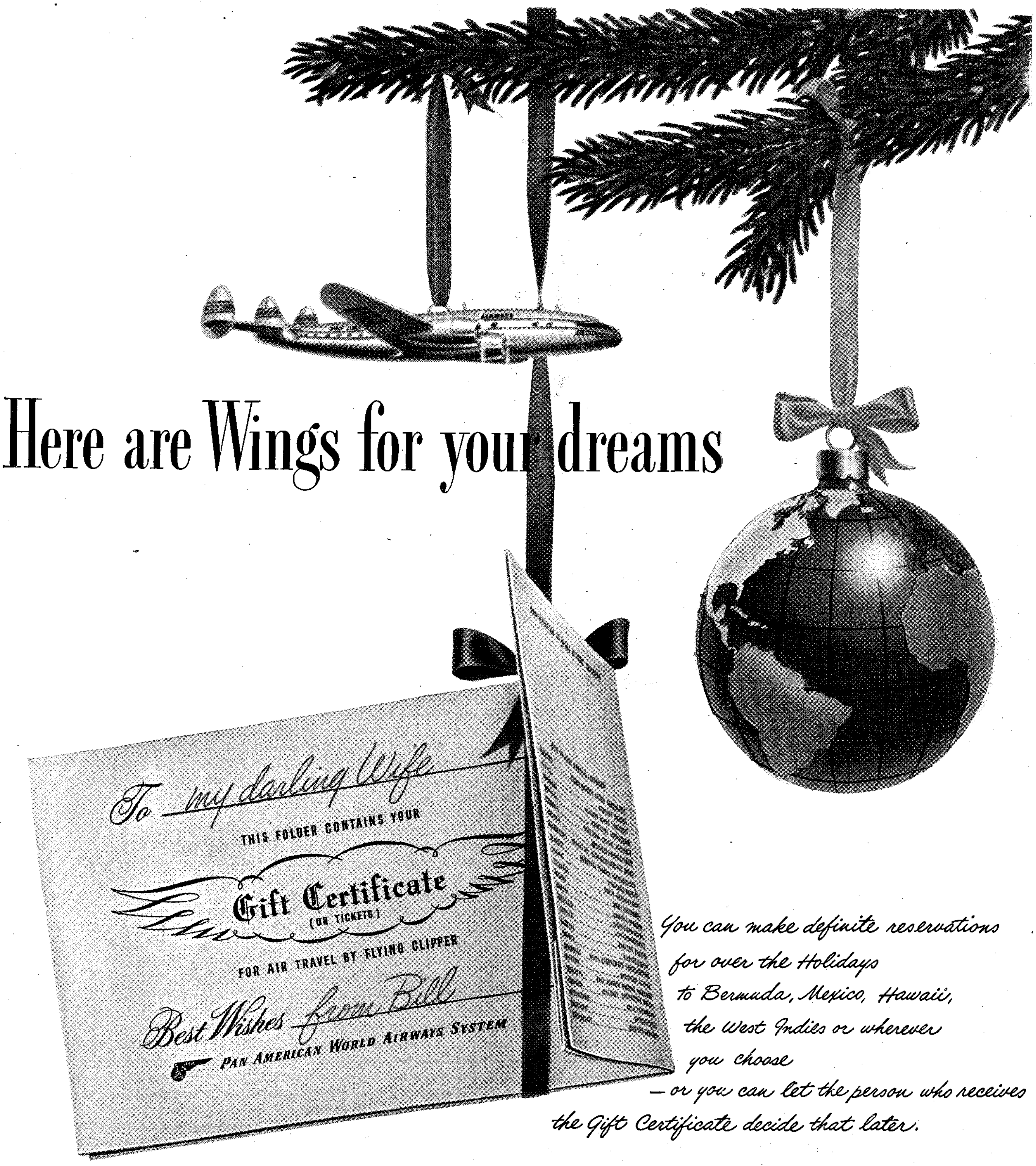
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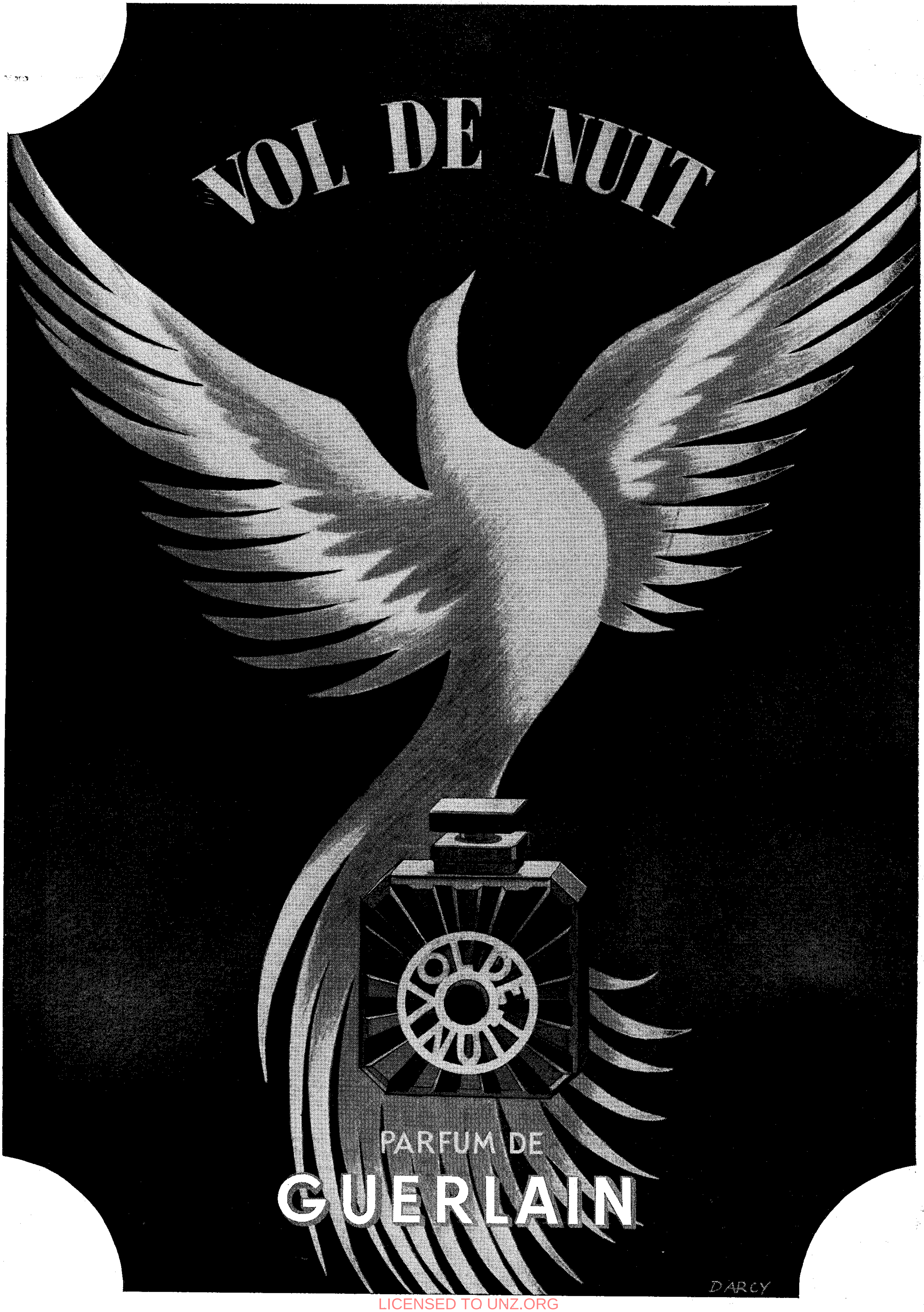
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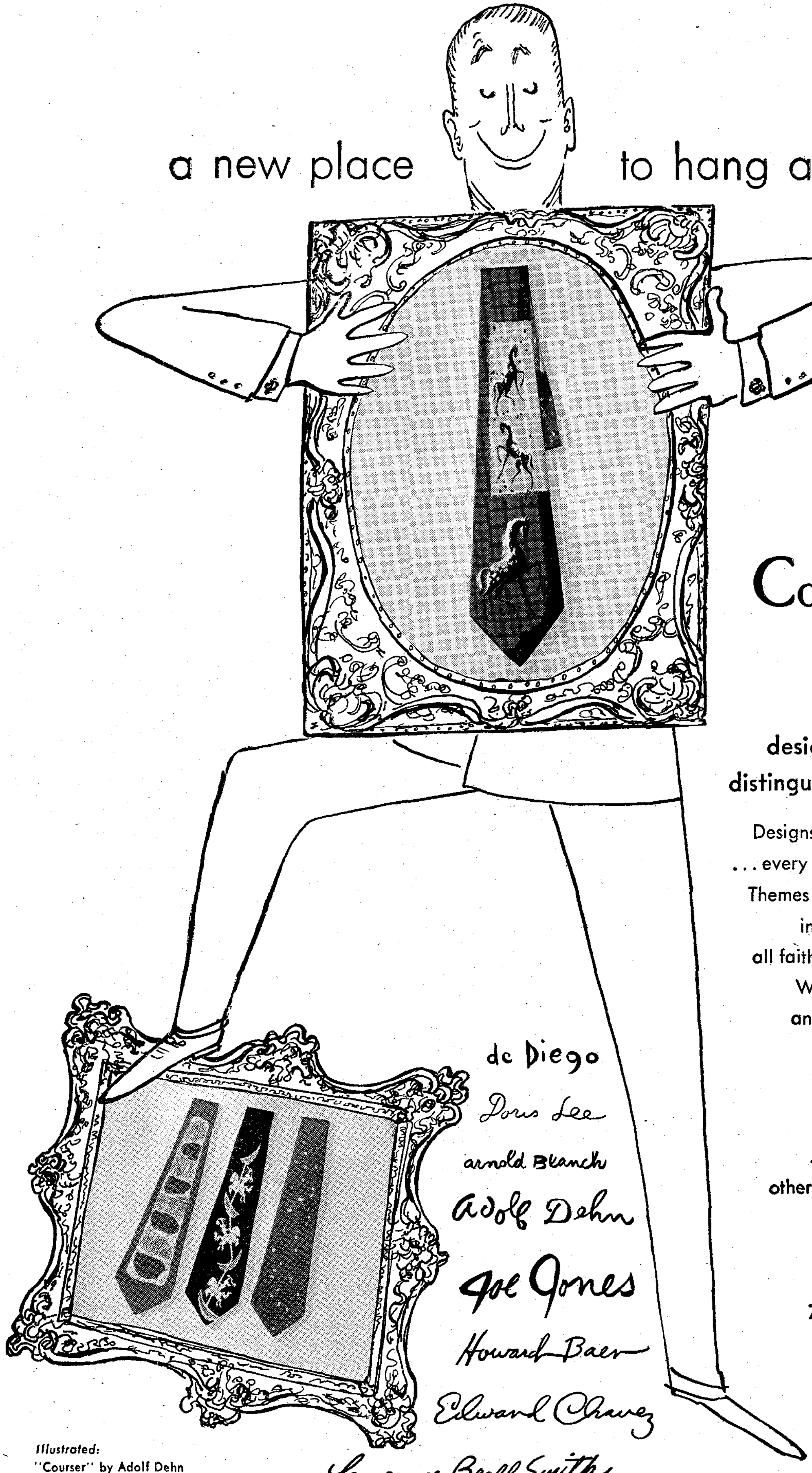
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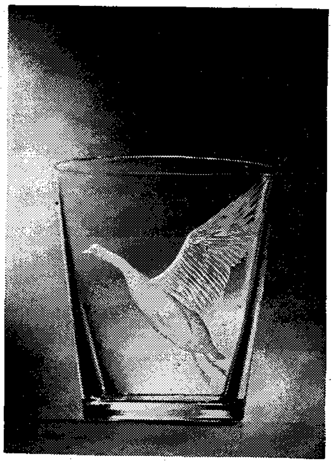
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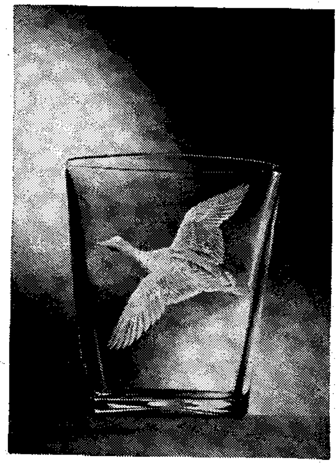
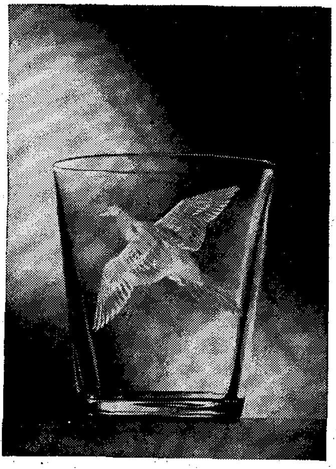
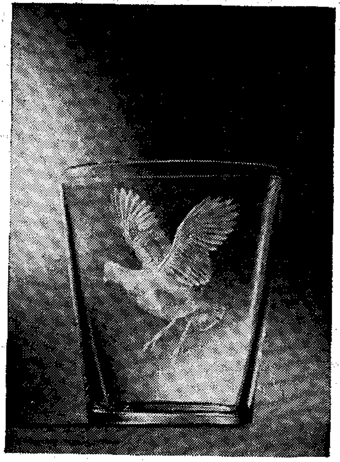
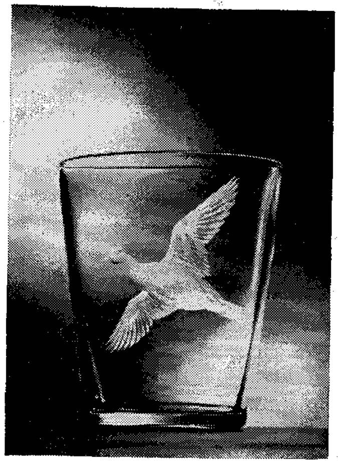
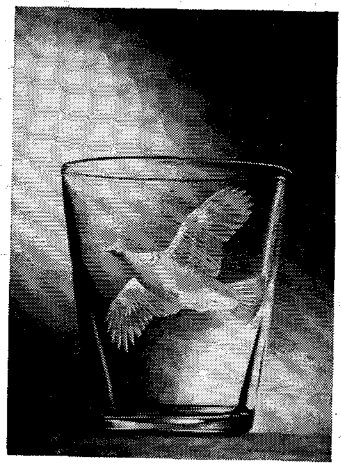

Canvasback

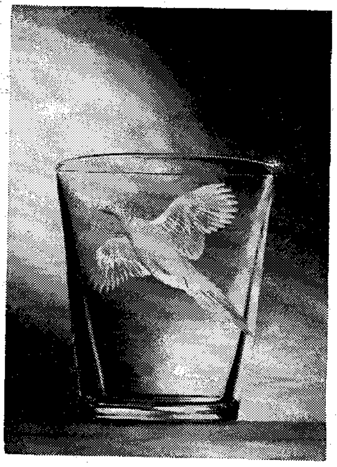
Wild Turkey

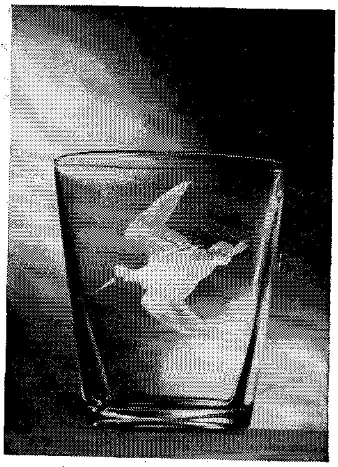

Mourning Dove


Quail

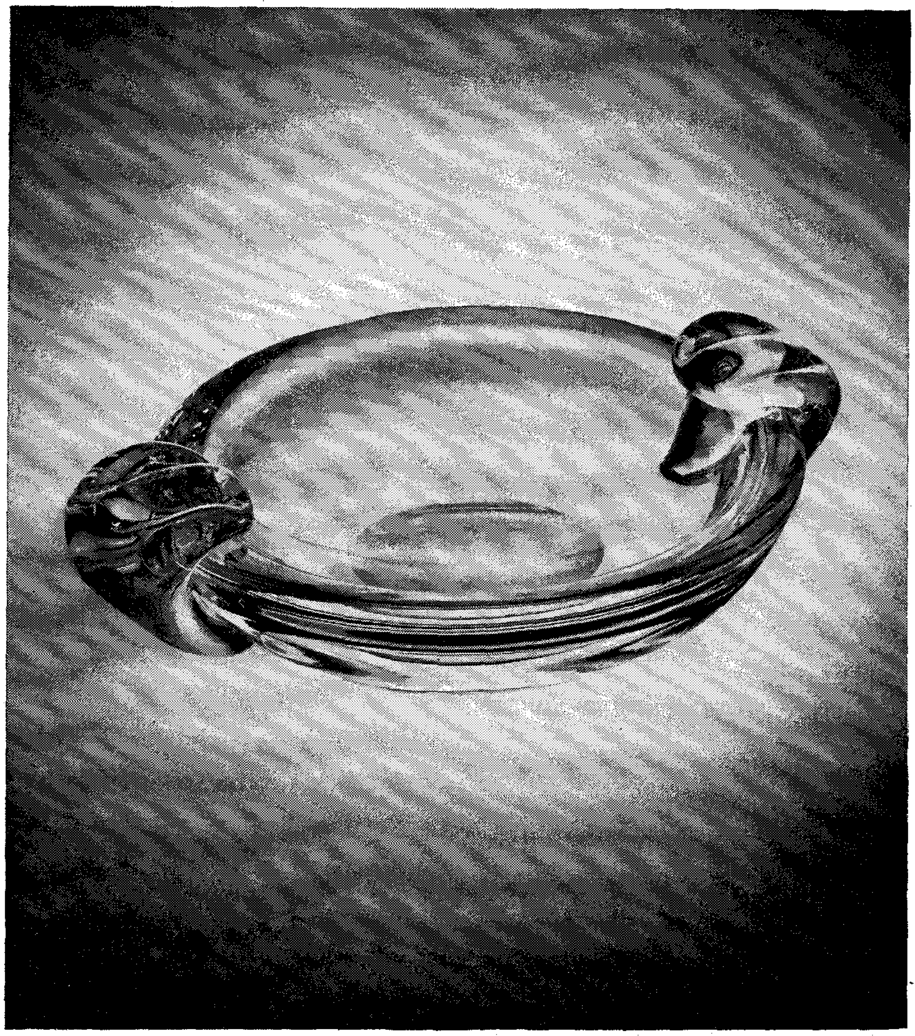

Wood Duck


Ruffed Grouse


Pheasant


Jack Snipe

STEUBEN

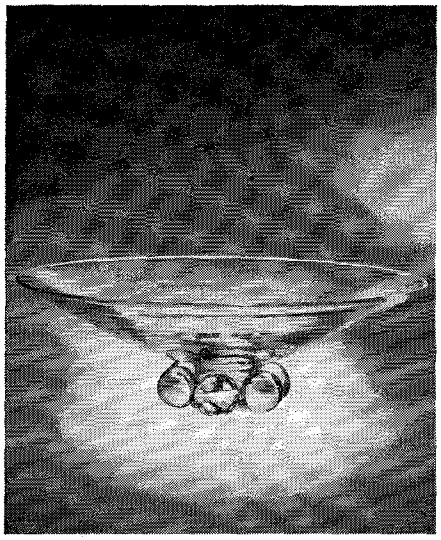


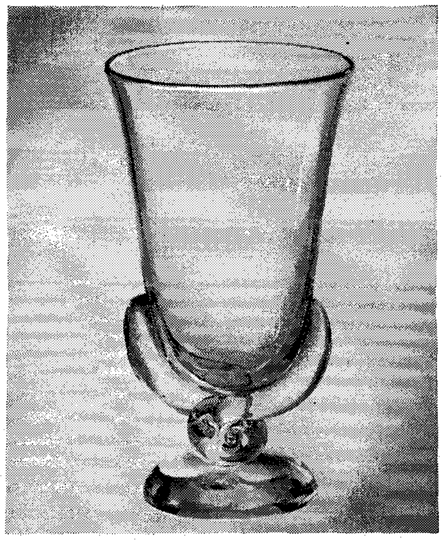
Top
For coffee table or desk. Heavy crystal ashtray with gracefully curved handles. Its subtle depth is an invitation to relaxed smoking. . . . *Diameter 7″*
No. 7934 Price $32.50

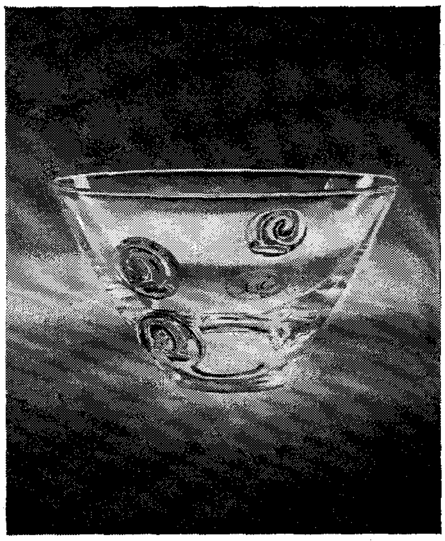
Lower left
A broad shallow bowl held aloft on crystal-ball feet. The perfect focus for Christmas fruits or flowers. . . . *Diameter 12½″*
No. SP717 Price $50.00

Center
A tall, gently flared vase that can stand alone or reveal the beauty of flower arrangements. . . . *Height 8¾″*
No. 7913 Price $30.00

Lower right
A gay little bowl for strawberries or cherries. Twirled "prunts" accent its pert size and manner. . . . *Height 3″*
No. SP734 Price $20.00







STEUBEN GLASS
718 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

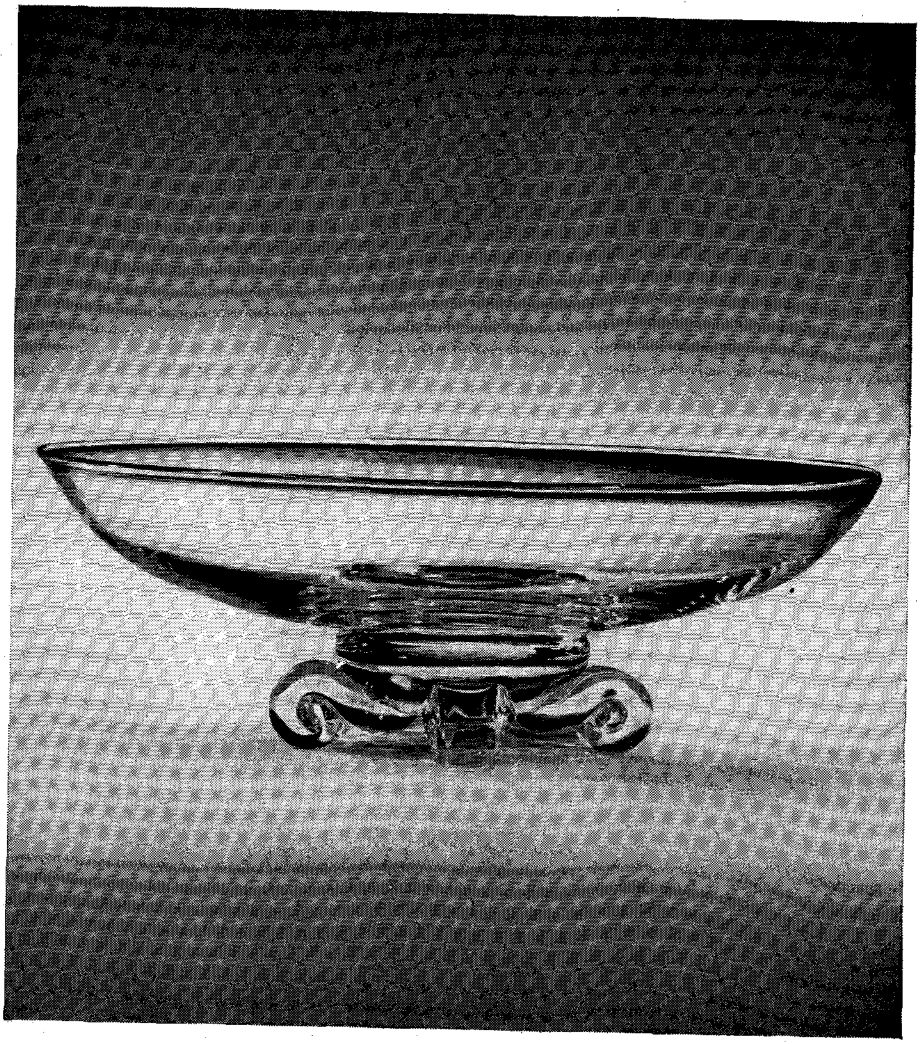
STEUBEN

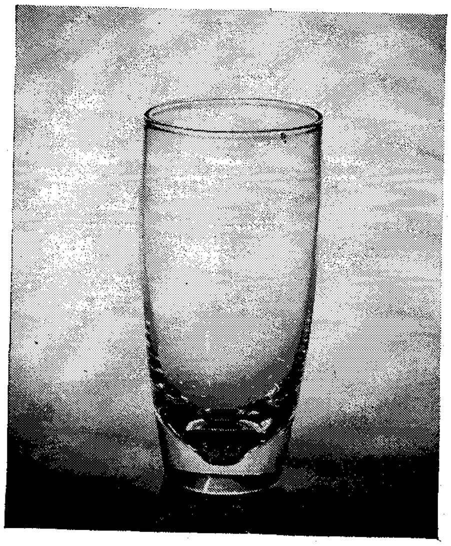
Top
For the center of a formal table. The broad span of this crystal bowl, and scroll feet of the handsome base, are majestic in design. . . . Diameter 11″
No. 7909 Price $40.00

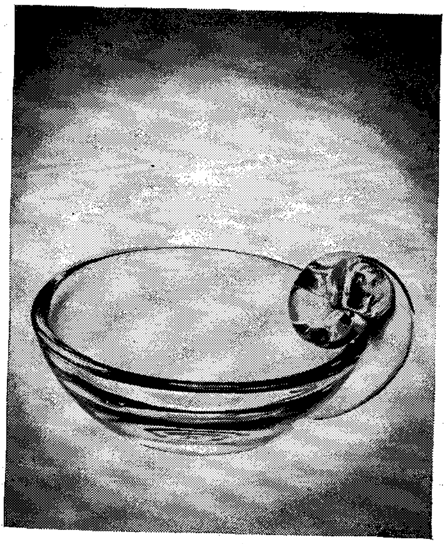
Lower left
Pure form of line drawn into the conclusion of a heavy base makes this highball glass uniquely Steuben—and a delight to hold.
No. 7923 Price $120.00 a dozen

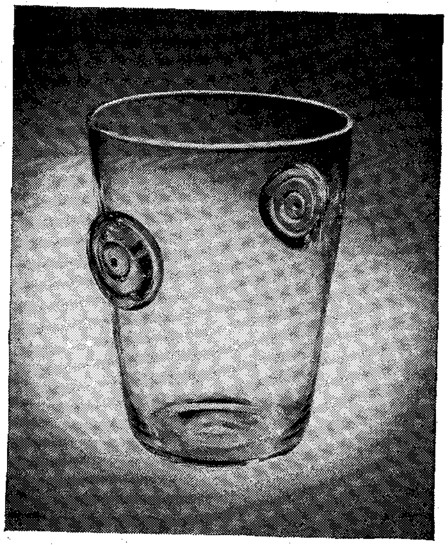
Center
No need for the hostess to confine this little jewel of a dish to olives and nuts. It is just as charming on a coffee table, when filled with miniature chocolates or other choice confections. . . . Diameter 5½″
No. 7857 Price $15.00

Lower right
Reminiscent of an antique flip-glass, this sleek vase with applied bull's-eye decor has the poise and stature to carry the most exotic blooms. . . . Height 8½″
No. SP731 Price $70.00



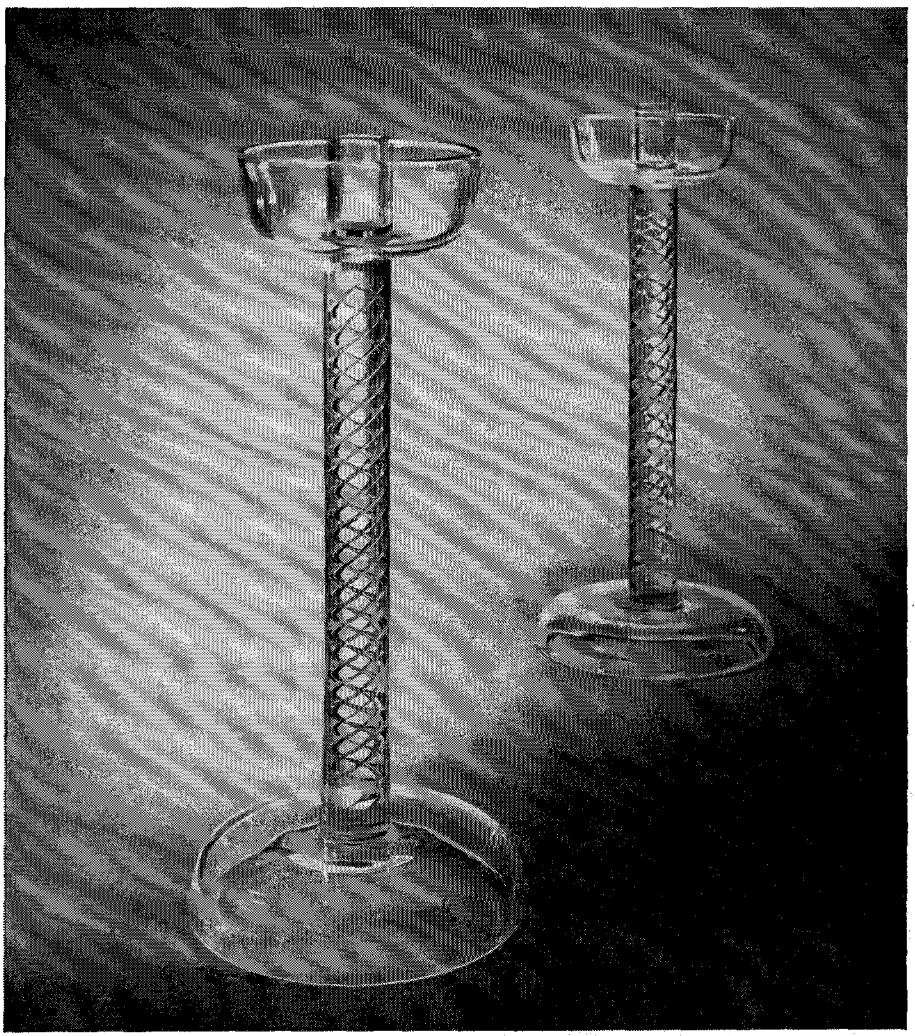






STEUBEN GLASS
718 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

STEUBEN

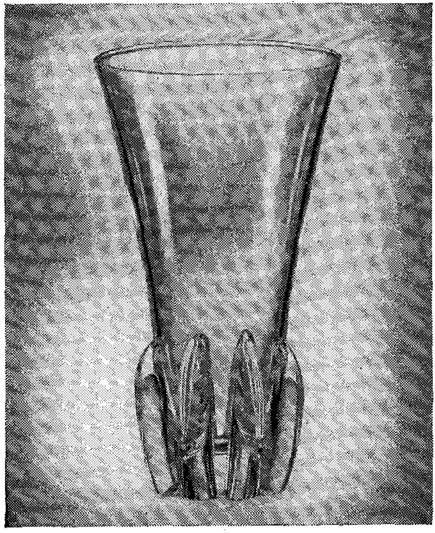


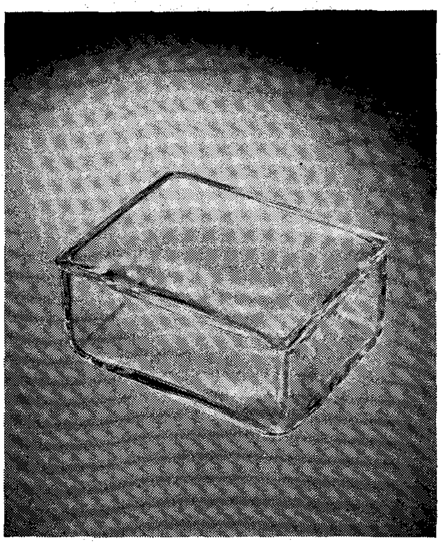
Top
These stately candlesticks, crown of the glassmaker's skill with their intricate self-contained air-twist stems, extend the glow of candlelight at dinner. . . . Height 13½″
No. SP730 Price $120.00 a pair

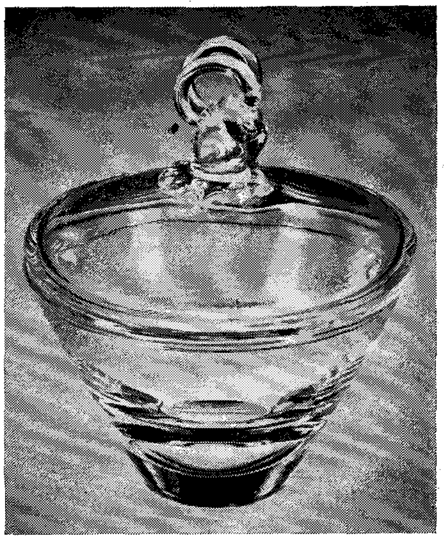
Lower left
With the subtlety of the beautiful hypnotic flower itself, this lotus vase opens gracefully from a petalled base of solid crystal. . . . Height 10″
No. 7914 Price $37.50

Center
Heavy crystal cigarette box with softly contoured top. For a full package or more of your favorite cigarettes. . . . Length 4″
No. 2989 Price $30.00.

Lower right
Exquisitely shaped, covered bonbon dish richly decorated with a ram's head. Presented as a gift, it takes on the quality of a trophy. . . . Diameter 5½″
No. 7936 Price $30.00







STEUBEN GLASS
718 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

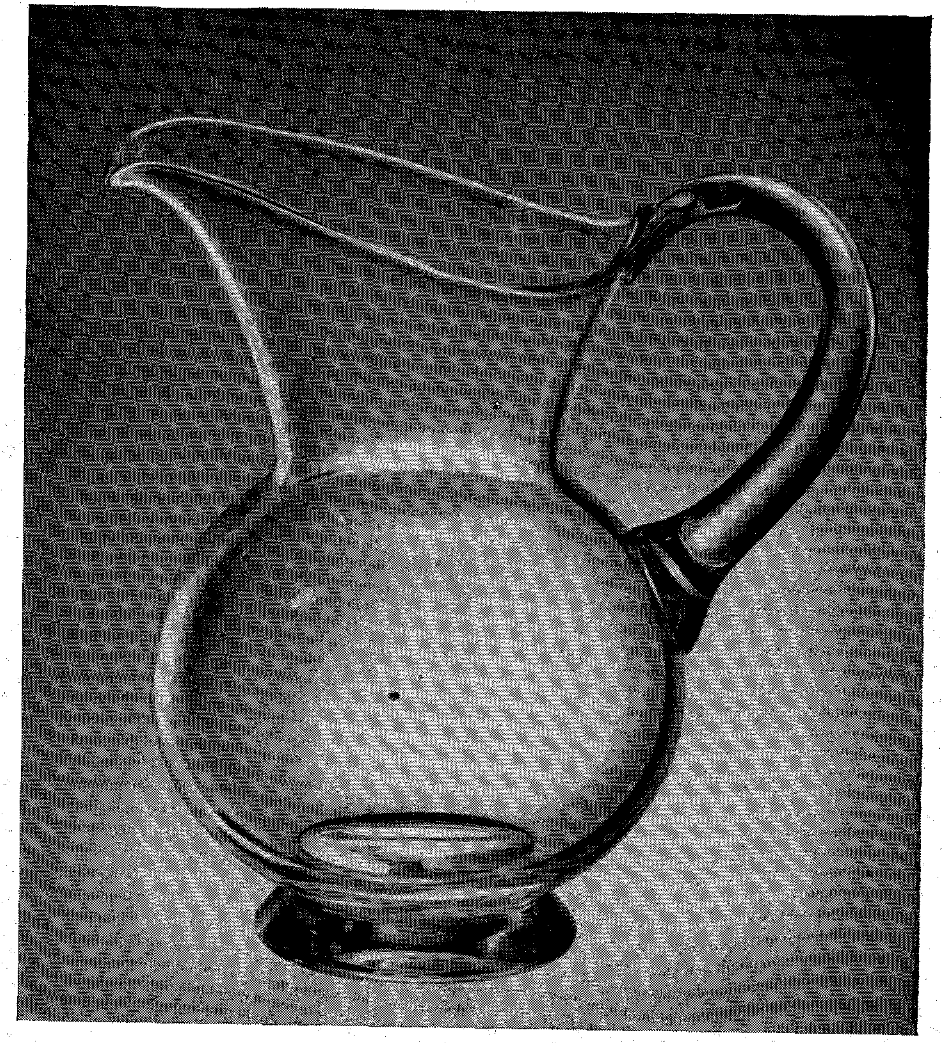
STEUBEN

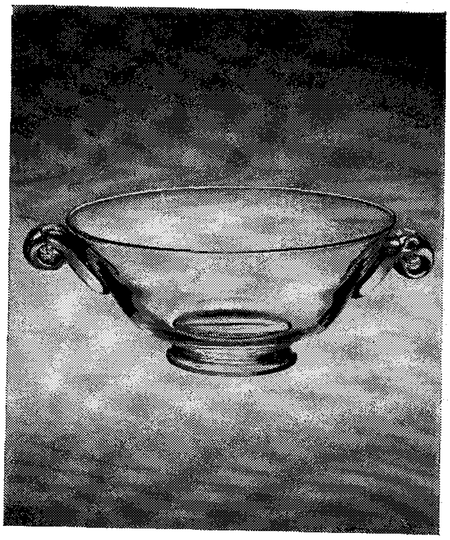
Top
An aristocrat among water pitchers and a testament to the art of glassmaking. Designer and craftsman have worked together to produce perfect correlation of a sphere with spreading throat, combining both utility and beauty. Executed in clearest crystal.... Height 8¾″
No. 7837 Price $32.50

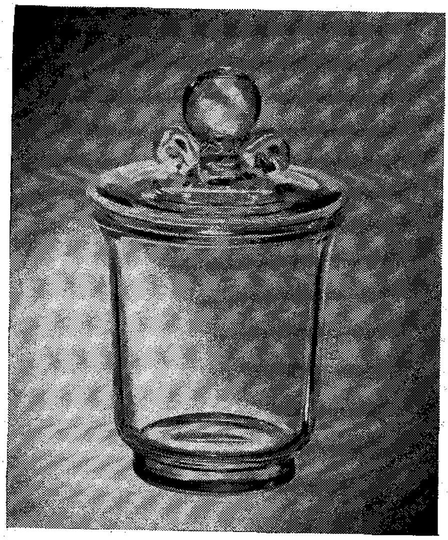
Lower left
Classic form and a dash of ornament are brought together in this singularly beautiful bowl with scrolled handles. Fruit will arrange itself in spontaneous still-life patterns in this sensitive crystal shape.... Diameter 9¼″
No. 7803 Price $37.50

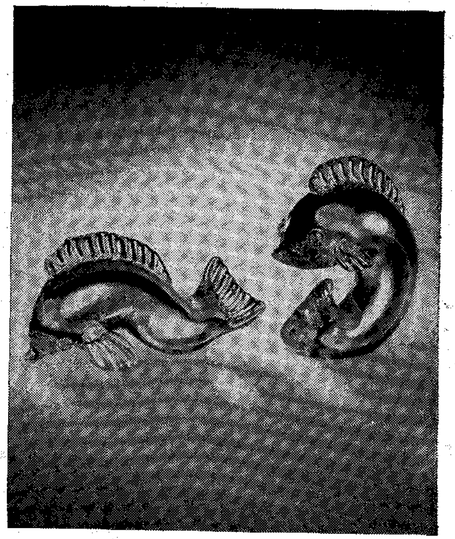
Center
More than just a cigarette container, this tiny jar is a thing of beauty in itself. Charming luminous touch in a gracious room.... Height 6″
No. 7870 Price $25.00

Lower right
Deeply clear crystal dolphins. Exuberant figures seeming a very part of the sea, joyfully riding the waves. Paired flashes of brilliance for mantle or table decoration.... Length 6″
Swimming No. 7879
Leaping No. 7880 Price $32.50 each





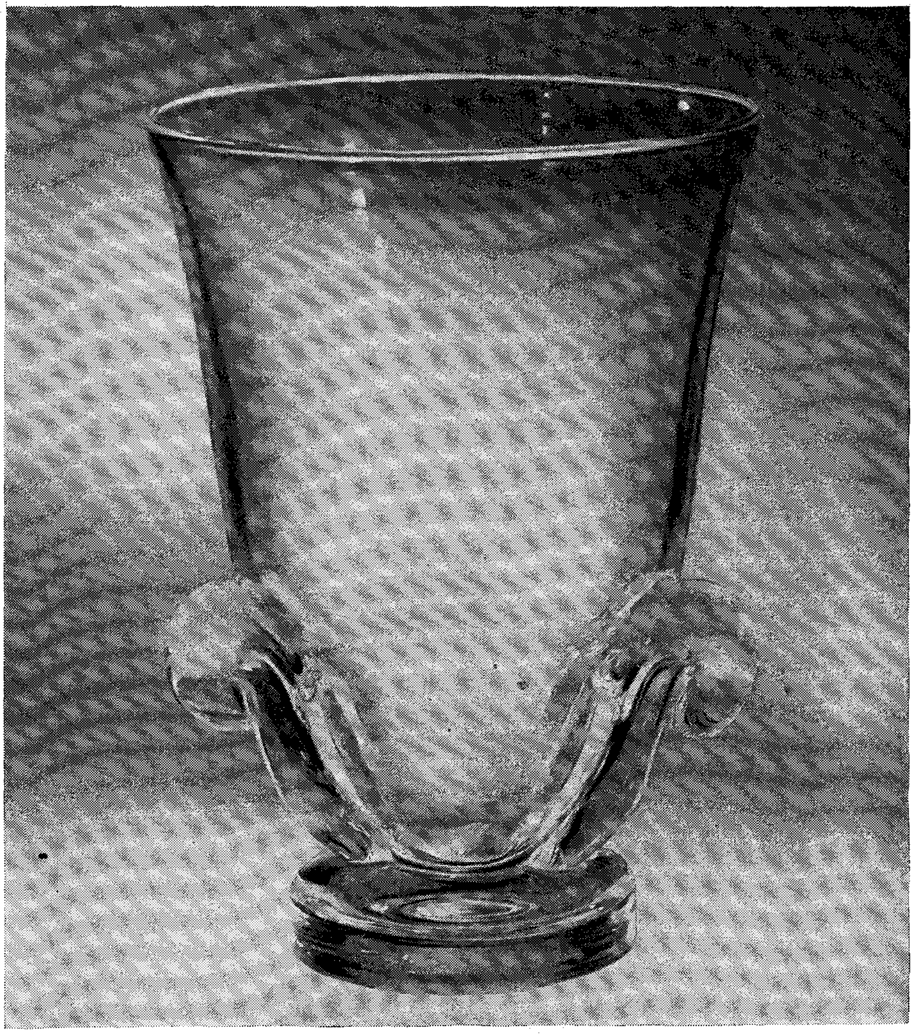




STEUBEN GLASS

718 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

STEUBEN

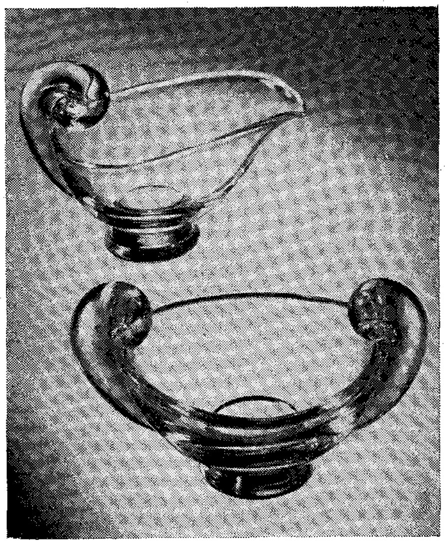


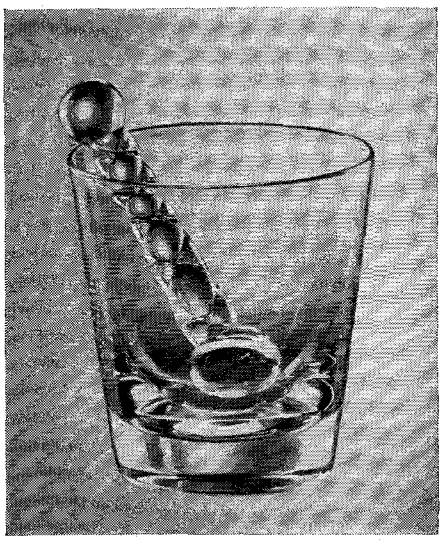
Top
Supported on waves of crystal, the bowl of this regal vase rises gracefully like a figurehead. Splendid for tulips and other cut flowers. . . . Height 9½″
No. SP720 Price $45.00

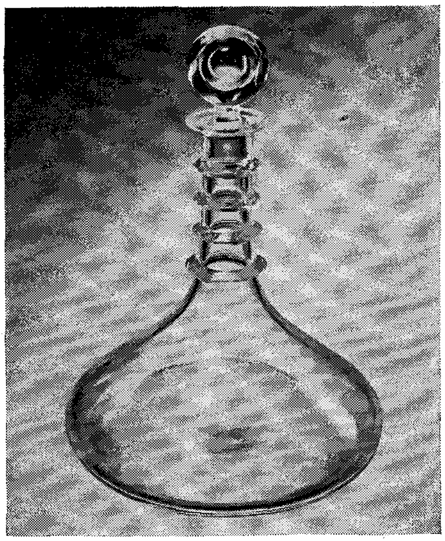
Lower left
A beautifully paired cream pitcher and sugar bowl. New and fresh in design, yet with a timeless air. For perfect service on the breakfast tray or luncheon table. . . . Diameter 4″
Creamer No. 7941
Sugar No. 7942 Price $30.00 a pair

Center
Old fashioned glass, thoughtfully provided with a heavy rope-twist muddler. A dozen of these deeply clear glasses are exclamation points to a genial cocktail hour.
Glass No. 7889 Price $100.00 a dozen
Muddler No. 7888 $7.50 each

Lower right
Ship's decanter on an even keel. Synthesis of an old traditional form in clearest crystal. Rich in brilliant light, the four gleaming rings and round thumb-print stopper are the only accents. . . . Height 10″
No. 7912 Price $50.00







STEUBEN GLASS

718 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

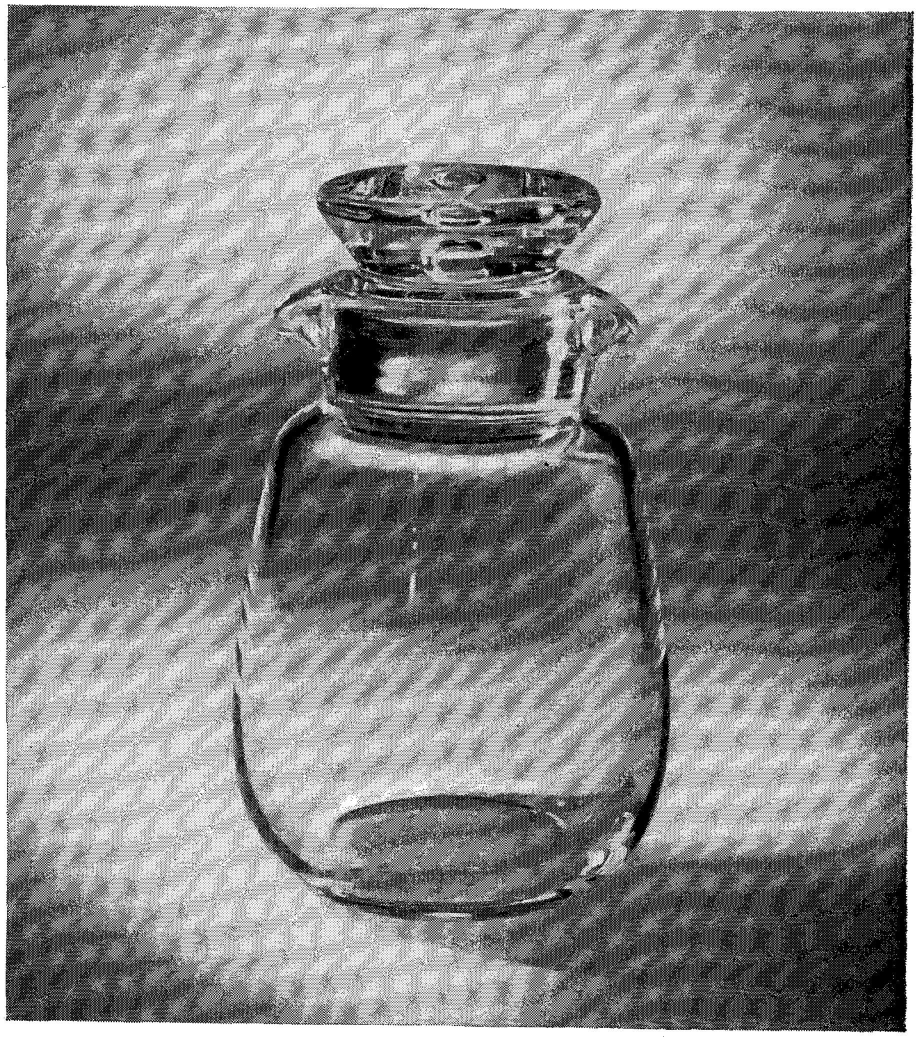
STEUBEN

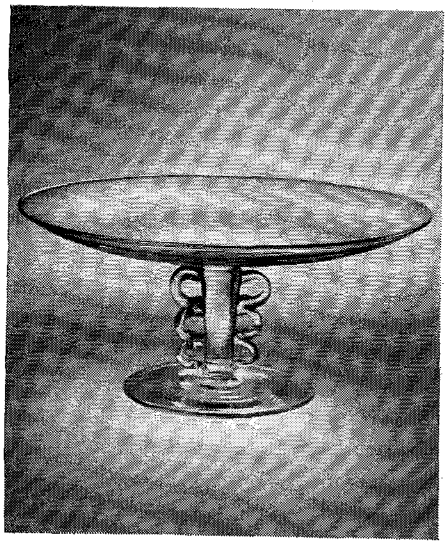
Top
The little shaker with the large capacity—ideally suited for a wedding couple. Its perfect but small shape, and the miniature illusion, conceal the fact it holds 16 ounces.
No. SP714 Price $40.00

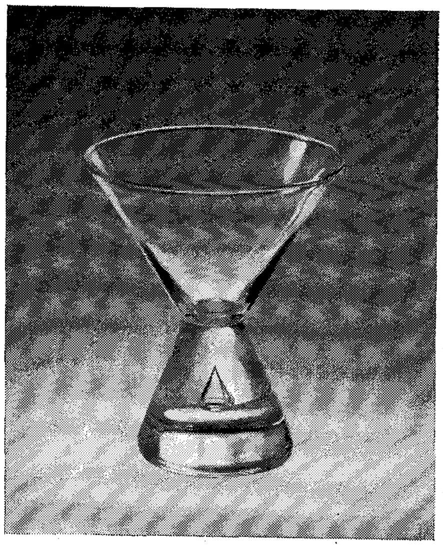
Lower left
A gently curved clear compotier. Lovely disc of crystal balanced on a charming stem with accenting bright loops. Perfect for grapes, figs, or candies. . . . Diameter 10″
No. SP735 Price $32.50

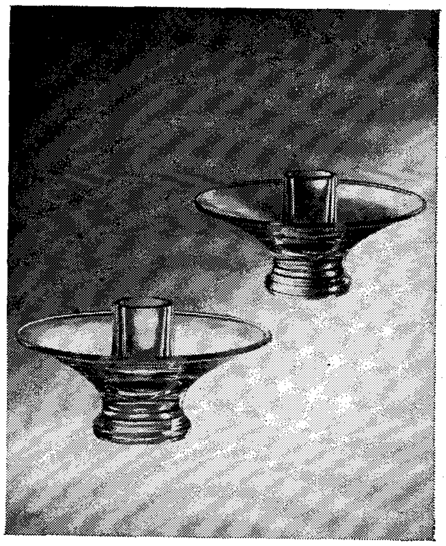
Center
Cocktail glass with teardrop deep within the crystal base. The cool liquid smoothness of its surface suggests the blend of a perfect Dry Martini.
No. 7826 Price $100.00 a dozen

Lower right
Warmth and intimacy are expressed in these low candlesticks. Sheerest crystal combined with a solid base testify to the delicate accuracy of the glass craftsman. For the informal table. . . . Height 2½″
No. SP721 Price $36.00 a pair









STEUBEN GLASS
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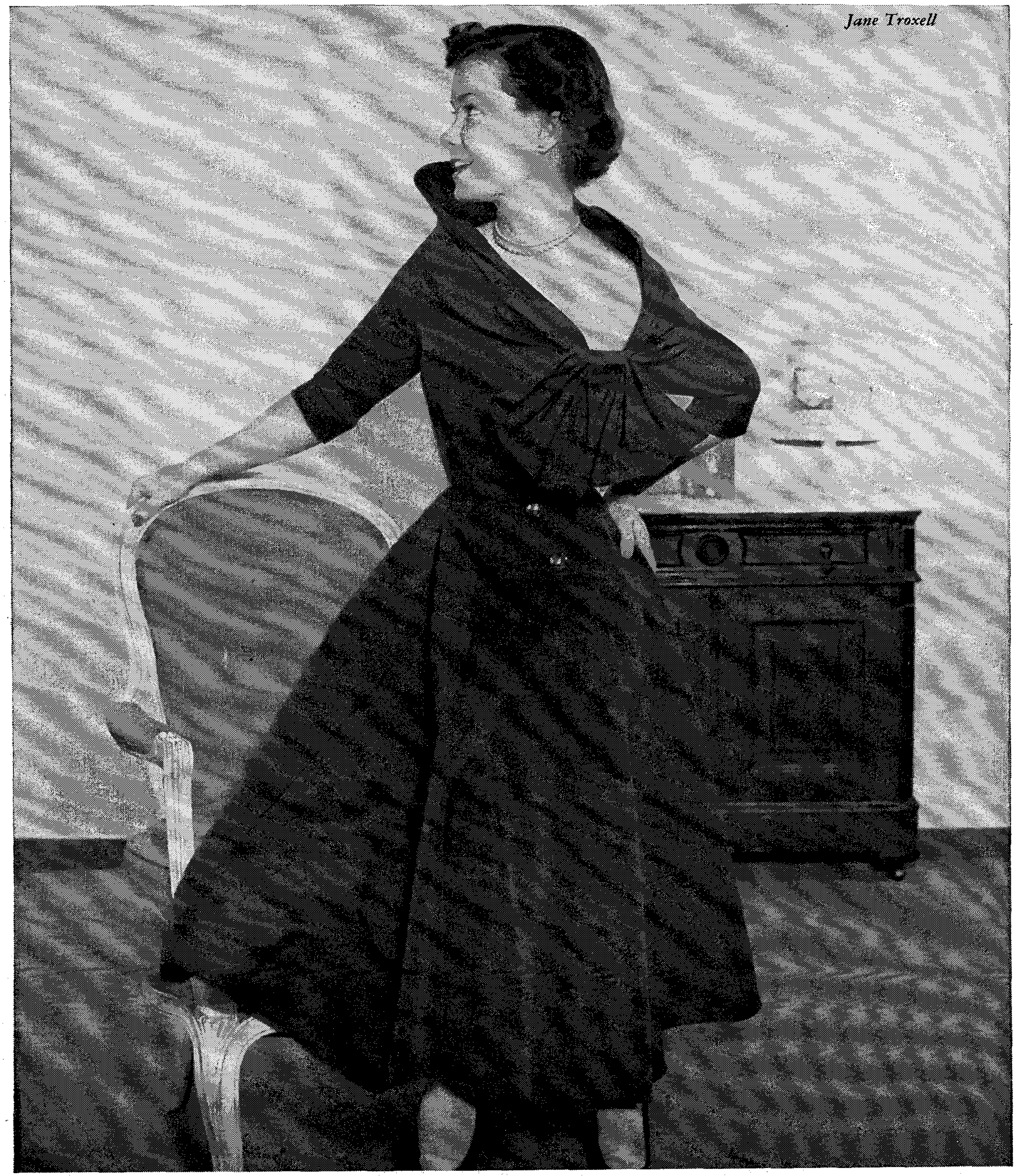


Jane Troxell

YOUNG COLONY'S NEWEST NECKLINE SLANT . . . LENDS THE FESTIVE TOUCH TO THIS AFTER-FIVE DRESS. BROWN, BLACK OR NAVY RAYON FAILLE. SIZES 7 TO 15, AT 39.95.

YOUNG COLONY SHOP, THIRD FLOOR

. . . AND AT EAST ORANGE, WHITE PLAINS AND MANHASSET

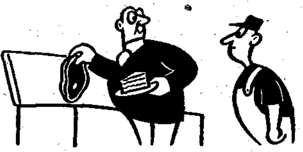
B. ALTMAN & CO. FIFTH AVENUE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PRESIDENT TRUMAN says he is going to increase social security. By this he means that a somewhat larger amount will be withheld from a worker's pay check each week and that the employer will be asked to match the amount. Mark Sullivan, in the *Tribune*, points out that with the value of money dropping the way it is, an increase in social security is only an apparent increase, not a real increase. Mr. Sullivan argues that the fifty cents that was withheld from your pay check in, say, 1937 would have bought you a square meal at that time, but that when you are sixty-five years old and get the fifty cents back, it may buy you only a small box of dried raisins. He says the way to increase social security is to see that the dollar doesn't shrink. The argument is sound enough. Perhaps the way to manage social security is to forget about dollars and withhold meat instead. Every employer could be required to maintain a deep-freeze unit and withhold one square meal each week for each employee. Then when an employee reaches sixty-five and starts digging around like a squirrel on a winter morning, he will dig up some frozen meat instead of a shrivelled dollar. Of course, withholding meat for security reasons would cause food prices to skyrocket, and this, too, might be a social advantage, since many of us could normally be counted on to die of malnutrition before we ever reached sixty-five.



THE problem of security is full of bewildering implications, pitfalls, and myths. It is paradoxical that the more secure a person gets in a material way, the less secure he may become in other ways. The least secure fellows you see around, in any age or period, are the big fellows, with their personal empires and kingdoms and all the responsibilities and ulcers that go with kinging. In a sense, the only genuinely secure person is a healthy man possessed of absolutely nothing; such a man stands aloof and safe—there is no way either to reduce his fortune or to debase his currency. But even he is not perfectly secure: his loneliness may suddenly depress his spirit, and this might endanger his health.

There is a sort of security in savagery, in that the savage enjoys an extremely intimate and direct relationship with his supply—the berry, the root, the deer-meat, the fish, the pelt. He is more truly a man of the world than is the civilized man. But he is not really secure, either; he soon notices the twinkle in a glass bead (and the possibilities of appreciation and exchange), and he fights wars with other savages (as do we all), and his security fades when the arrow is directed not at a deer but at another man.

OUR federal social security accepts unquestioningly the mental habit of the actuary. Social security is compulsory insurance, self-imposed. The government assumes the function of an insurance company, the employee holds the policy, and the premiums are paid jointly by the employee and his employer. It is like any private form of insurance in that it always poses the question: How much should a man carry? (This is what the Democratic Congress will soon be scratching its head over.) And it has the same general effect as private insurance in that it keeps the policyholder in reduced circumstances paying for his own future. People vary greatly in their conceptions of risks and futures. For some careful persons, the ideal state would be one in which every worker had his entire earnings withheld each week against a rainy day and would arrive at old age not merely tired and emaciated but quite dead. The knottiest problem in social security is not how to keep the dollar from depreciating but how to keep the man. How stabilize personal risk without destroying individual responsibility? If security itself were ever to become the highest national goal, the citizen would shed his self-reliance as a buck sheds his horns, and the citizens of the republic would be like privates in the Army—each with a dog tag, and a dull sense of having abandoned something irreplaceable.

Honor

MELVIN H. OSTERMAN, an attorney who lives at 51 West Eighty-sixth Street, is one of the forty-seven electors who make up the Electoral College of the State of New York this year, and, as such, will cast his ballot for Dewey and Warren at the next meeting of the College, in Albany on Monday, December 13th. (The Electoral Colleges of all the other states will meet the same day. The ballots—in the form of one sealed certificate from each state—will then be sent to the president of the United States Senate, who will open them in the presence of both houses of Congress when that body convenes in January. Traditionally, this is the first activity of a Congress convening after a Presidential election.) We talked with Mr. Osterman the other day and found him aware, as a victorious Republican elector, of the delicate irony of his position. He has never been an elector before and isn't sure exactly what will take place at next month's meeting. "It's just a formality these days, of course," he said bravely, "but I understand there is always a little ceremony of some sort and that the electors are given a memento of the occasion. It certainly won't be the kind of celebration the electors had counted on, though."

Mr. Osterman is a native of the city, has been practicing law here since 1925, and is currently counsel for a joint legislative committee that is codifying the laws governing the executive branch of the state government. "We've been working hard on that for two years now," he said. "Quite a plum!" He is one of the two Republican co-leaders of the Fifth Assembly District, which is the largest in the state in point of population. "I got my start in politics the way most young fellows do—hanging around the district clubhouse," he told us when we asked him about his career. "As a leader, I have to spend a couple of nights a week at the clubhouse, besides attending dances and meetings here and there, shaking hands, and all that. Keeps me pretty busy. The only time I ever aspired to public office was in 1930, when I ran for the Assembly and was defeated. I don't call running for elector quite the same thing as running for public office, though I kidded with my constituents during the campaign and told them to be sure not to forget to vote for me. Most of them just didn't get it. Until lately, the honor of running for elector in New York State went to rich old-timers who had contributed funds to the party, but all that has been changed under Dewey. Now the electors—and the convention delegates, too—have to be loyal party workers. There's only one Presidential elector to each Congressional district, and in this district we had a battle to decide who was to go to the convention and who would be put on the ballot as elector. I went to the convention, but only as an alternate." Mr. Osterman isn't bound by law to vote for Dewey, of course. Theoretically, he could vote for Truman if he wanted to, but he probably wouldn't get a memento if he did.

After leaving him, we gathered a little Electoral College history. Back in 1796, three Democratic electors who were expected to vote for Jefferson switched to John Adams, throwing the election to him. Originally, each elector voted for two men without regard to party, the man receiving the greatest number of votes becoming President and the runner-up Vice-President. This was changed in 1804. The only Electoral Colleges that ever voted unanimously were the ones that elected Washington, in 1789 and 1793. Monroe would have had a unanimous vote in 1820 if a spoilsport in New Hampshire hadn't voted for John Quincy Adams. Some people said he did it to prevent anyone else's vote from equalling Washington's, others that he just didn't like Monroe. Three electors in Georgia once cast their votes for a dead man.

The law—in case anyone wasn't thoroughly briefed on it in the early morning of November 3rd—is that if no candidate has a majority in the Electoral Colleges, the new House of Representatives elects a President from among the three most popular candidates, each state delegation having one vote. The Senate, with each member having a vote, chooses a Vice-President. The House has twice named a President. In 1801, when Jefferson and Aaron Burr ended up in an electoral tie, the House gave the Presidency to Jefferson. In 1825, it picked John Quincy Adams over Jackson. Three times in American history, a candidate for President has won the popular vote and failed to get the office. In the election of 1824, Jackson led a four-man race. In 1876, Tilden outpolled Hayes by a quarter of a million votes but had only 184 electoral votes to Hayes' 185. In 1888, Cleveland got 5,540,329 popular votes to Harrison's 5,439,853 but lost the electoral vote, 168 to 233. All political thinkers seem to be agreed that the country would have been in a terrible mess if the election had got snarled up this year. As for that word "college," the dictionary says it can stand for "an organized association of persons having certain powers and rights, and performing certain duties," and that's just what Mr. Osterman and his fellow-electors will be, and will be doing, as cheerfully as possible, on December 13th.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A midtown delicatessen that in bygone days used to display a sign reading "Party Snacks" before an array of tidbits has abandoned the tidbits and hung out a sign saying, "Cheese and icebox rye—an ideal television snack."

The Baltimore branch of Alcoholics Anonymous has taken office space in the Bromo-Seltzer Tower Building.

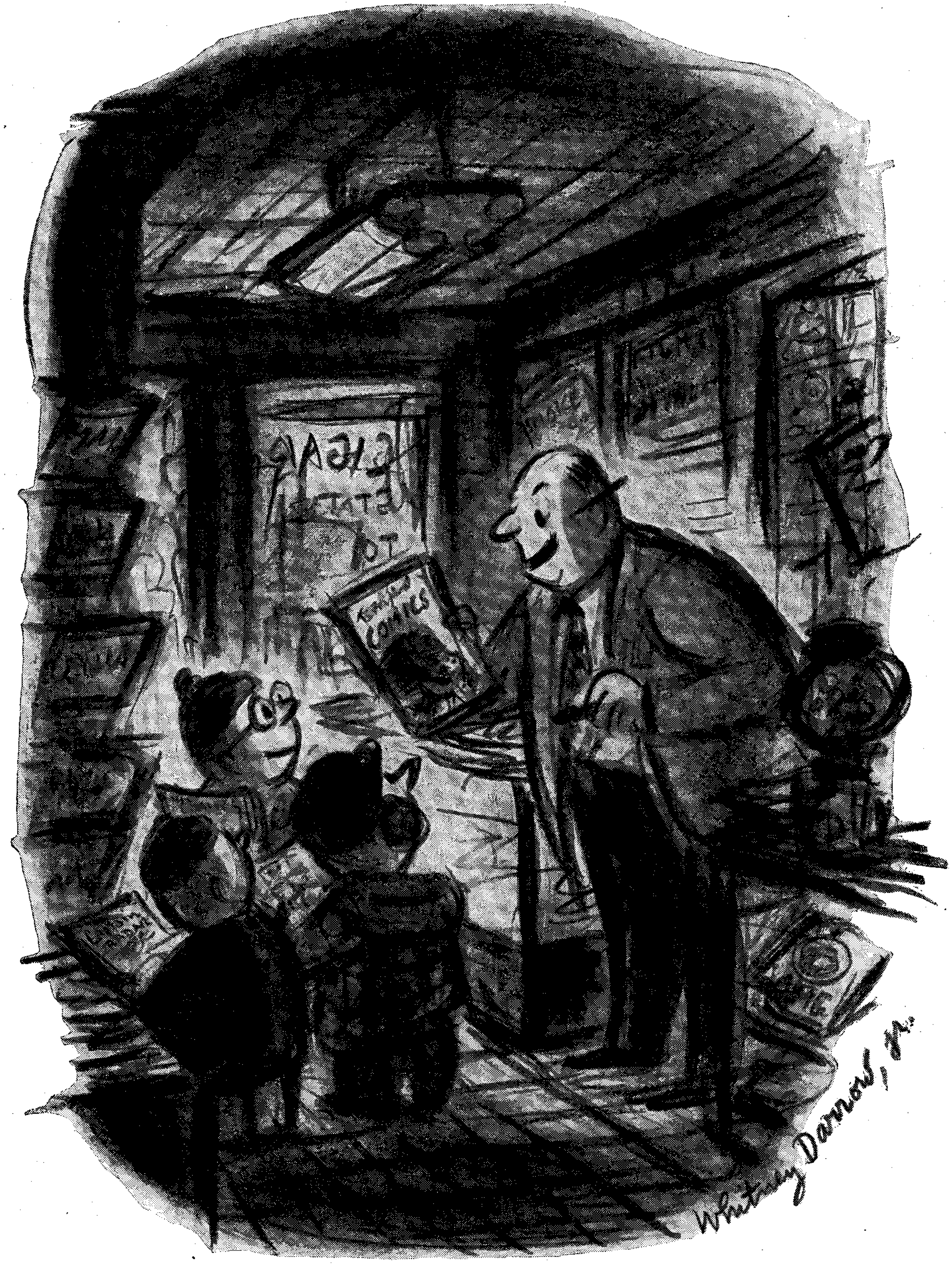
Unknown

A GENTLEMAN in the Bombay office of Western Union has forwarded to us a postcard he recently received from a firm in Ludhiana, India. It reads—like a dash of cold water in the face—as follows:

> DEAR SIR:
>
> We beg to inform you that we have been sending cables to New York, N.Y. station from our Ferozepore office.
>
> The post office at this place refuse to take cable for this station as it is not in their International Guide. So would you kindly advise if there is any New York, N.Y. station in United States. Thanking you . . .

Relic

A STYLISH gondola in which Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning passed many lyrical hours during their residence in Venice, in the eighteen-fifties, is now resting, swathed in tar paper, in the lee of an ancient barn in East Hampton, Long Island. We were led up to it and given a peek when we were out that way the other day, our cicerone being Mrs. Charles A. Juckett, an attractive, businesslike young matron who is secretary of the Ladies' Village Improvement Society of East Hampton, which is the present, nominal, and somewhat resigned owner of the craft. "That old boat has really got me tired out," Mrs. Juckett told us as we headed across the combination of lawn, pond, and graveyard that comprises East Hampton's village green. "Of course, it's partly my own fault. I'm the correspondent for the *Times* here and I shot them a story about it when it turned up, a couple of weeks ago. I guess I shouldn't say 'turned up,' though. Actually, it's been



“Here’s one for you chaps—banned in Minneapolis, Cleveland, and Salt Lake City.”

here for fifty years, but everybody had more or less forgotten it. Now we’re getting crazy letters about it from all over. I got one the other day from some old poet in New York. He said he’d write us a poem about the gondola if we’d send him a dollar. And some dame down in Waco, Texas, wrote that she’d like to have it. She wanted it as a gift, and she offered to tell us how we could raise enough money to pay the cost of shipping it to her.”

Mrs. Juckett opened a rustic gate and led us into a carefully preserved seventeenth-century barnyard. “The Society looks after all this,” she told us. “It’s a kind of historical shrine. That pretty little salt-box over there is the ‘Home, Sweet Home’ house, where John Howard Payne was born. This seemed as good a place as any to put the gondola. There’s its prow, sticking out there. It used to belong to Thomas Moran, the painter, who had a summer place here. I’m sure you’ve seen his pictures of the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone. They’re in every public school in the country. Mr. Moran was unusual for an artist—he was well-to-do. Here’s how we got the boat. Browning bought it from some old Venetian soon after he and Elizabeth Barrett were married, in 1846, and when she died, in 1861, and he decided to return to England, he gave it to his gondolier, an Italian named Giovanni Hitz. Hitz ran it as a taxi, and when Mr. Moran and his wife were in Venice, in 1890, they rode in it a lot. It appealed to them so much that they bought it and had it shipped back here. They enjoyed curiosities, you know. They paid Hitz two thousand dollars for it. I’ve seen the receipt. I understand they used to fill it up with guests—artists, I suppose—and paddle around the pond, with an old Montauk Indian named George Fowler as their gondolier. Well, when Mr. Moran died, in 1926, he left the gondola to his daughter Ruth. She lived here, too, and I remember seeing it lying out on her lawn, wrapped up in tar paper, just the way it is now. She had it unwrapped every spring, worked on by a carpenter, and then wrapped up again. Miss Moran died last summer, and, lo and behold, she bequeathed it to the East Hampton Library. Old Mr. Pennypacker, the librarian, nearly had a fit. He offered it to us as a permanent loan, and we wanted to be obliging. Maybe we can sell rides in it at the village fair next summer—if it floats.”

The gondola lies on its side, on a cradle of loose bricks. “Feast your eyes,” Mrs. Juckett said, gazing idly up at the sky. There wasn’t much to see—a rough cylinder of tar paper about forty feet long and six feet in diameter, beneath which the outline of a hull was faintly discernible. "I wish I could unwrap it for you," she said, "but I can't. Anyway, that's just the shell. The fittings are all over there in the barn." Mrs. Juckett conducted us into the barn and down a twilit aisle of box stalls to one on which there was a sign reading, "Missy." It was piled with packing boxes and lumpy objects wrapped in newspapers and sealed with tape. "That big, bulky thing there is the *felze*," Mrs. Juckett said. "You know, the cabin. You can see a corner of it through this little rip. It's made of some rare wood—teak or something—painted black. I think there's a lot of gilt on it, too. That flat package must be the sail—it's a blue-and-brown lateen. The mast is around somewhere. Then, there's supposed to be a pair of one-armed, hand-carved chairs, a couple of stools, a pole, and an extraordinary boat hook. I've seen it, and it has about sixty-four old coins, from every country in the world, set in the shaft. I was surprised how many I could identify. The reason is I used to collect stamps."

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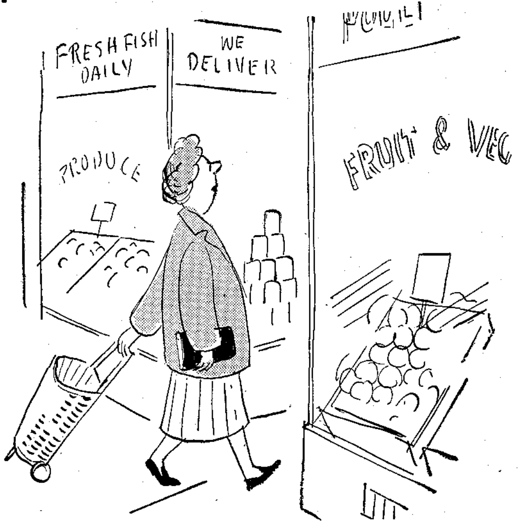

Bread and Butter

AN actor and his wife were recently visited for several days by the wife's brother, who, because of the limitations of their apartment, was put up on the living-room couch. The brother is an energetic young fellow with a number of irons in the fire. His incoming telephone calls were numerous and began about 8 A.M., which was bad for the actor, because he is working at present and needs his sleep. Every day, the brother apologized for ruining his host's and hostess's repose, and the last thing he did when he left town was express the earnest hope that the following morning, for a change, nothing would disturb them. All that did was a night letter from Brother, delivered at 8:01 A.M., reading, "THANKS AGAIN FOR WONDERFUL HOSPITALITY AND AGAIN ABJECT APOLOGIES FOR THOSE AWFUL AWAKENINGS."

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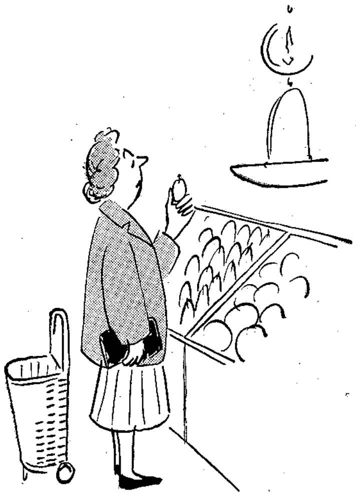

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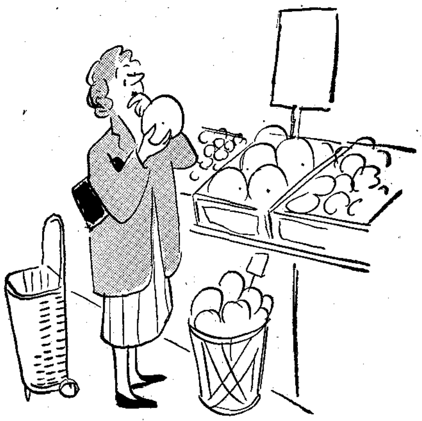

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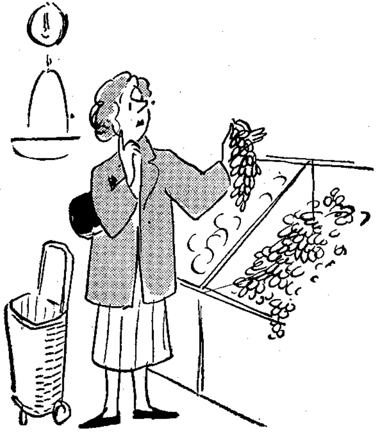

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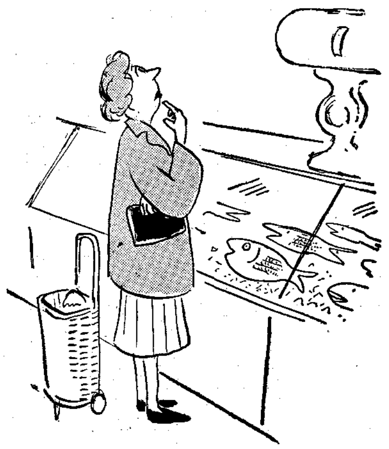

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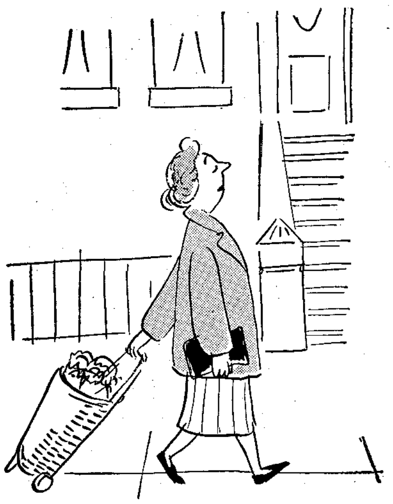


Bone, Bone, Bone

AS a sort of postscript to our recent Profile of Lou Little, we take up one of his assistant coaches and scouts, Lieutenant Commander Phil Bucklew, a tall, broad, affable, exceedingly busy man of thirty-three, whose schedule at Columbia this fall includes giving Naval R.O.T.C. courses in indoctrination and seamanship every school morning, handling his N.R.O.T.C. administrative work in the early afternoon, helping to coach the football line in the late afternoon, scouting future Columbia opposition on Saturday, taking courses in the School of International Affairs in the evening, and being tutored in Mandarin at odd hours now and then. He gave up one of these hours last week to fit us in. He appears to be in fine fettle despite his heavy program and hopes to get his M.A. in political science in February. He is learning Mandarin in the expectation of going out to China eventually, either for the State Department or for some big satrapy like Standard Oil. He became interested in China during the latter part of the war, when, as an amphibious Commando—known intramurally as a sneak-and-peek man—he scouted the Chinese coast, sizing up possible invasion landing points, and later went into the interior to help equip and train Chinese guerrillas, communicating with the natives by means of pidgin English and broad gestures. “I did all right that way,” Bucklew said. “At least, I never went without a meal. But I want to get inside the Chinese mind, and for that you need the language. At my age, mastering Mandarin is a matter of bone, bone, bone.”

Commander Bucklew was born in Columbus, Ohio; graduated from Xavier University, Cincinnati, in 1936; was assistant football coach at Xavier for a year; played pro football for the Cleveland Rams for a couple of years; and became manager of the Columbus Bulls in 1939. When the Bulls were playing in Los Angeles one Sunday afternoon, most of the onlookers started walking out. They'd got a flash over the loudspeakers that the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor. Bucklew signed up practically as soon as the game was over and presently was assigned to the Navy school for physical-education instructors that Gene Tunney had organized at Norfolk. There he put up his hand when volunteers to join the Commandos were asked for. The consequence of this was that a short time prior to the various D Days, Bucklew was landed by small boat or submarine on beaches in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and Normandy to investigate the gradients of landing places, the obstacles that landing craft would encounter, and the whereabouts of enemy guns. On D Day, he would be in a boat leading the first assault wave. Once the troops were close enough in to start ashore, he'd withdraw and help direct fire from the supporting craft. In China, among the guerrillas, his risks were, he feels, greatly increased by the gap between the Occidental and the Oriental mind. Once, when he was on reconnaissance and the Japs were hot on his trail, some Chinese guerrillas shoved him into the middle of a haystack and then sat around it in a defiant circle, with their rifles across their knees. “If there was ever an obvious indication that something was stashed away in a haystack, that was it,” Bucklew told us. “When the Japs came along, they saw the haystack, saw the men sitting around it, counted them, counted themselves, figured it was an even fight, and marched away.”

After the war, the Commander went back to Xavier, as head football coach, and then came East to Columbia, as an N.R.O.T.C. instructor. His greatest satisfaction after the war was the Columbia-Army game last year, which Columbia won, 21–20. “Bob Bruce, another coach-scout, and I scouted Army for four Saturdays before the game,” he said, “and then Lou Little devised an offense that worked beautifully. It busted Army's streak of thirty-two games without a licking, and, as an old Navy man, I was glad to have it happen. Unfortunately, I was scouting Syracuse that day. I managed to hear only the last five minutes of the game, over a portable radio. Most exciting five minutes I ever spent.”

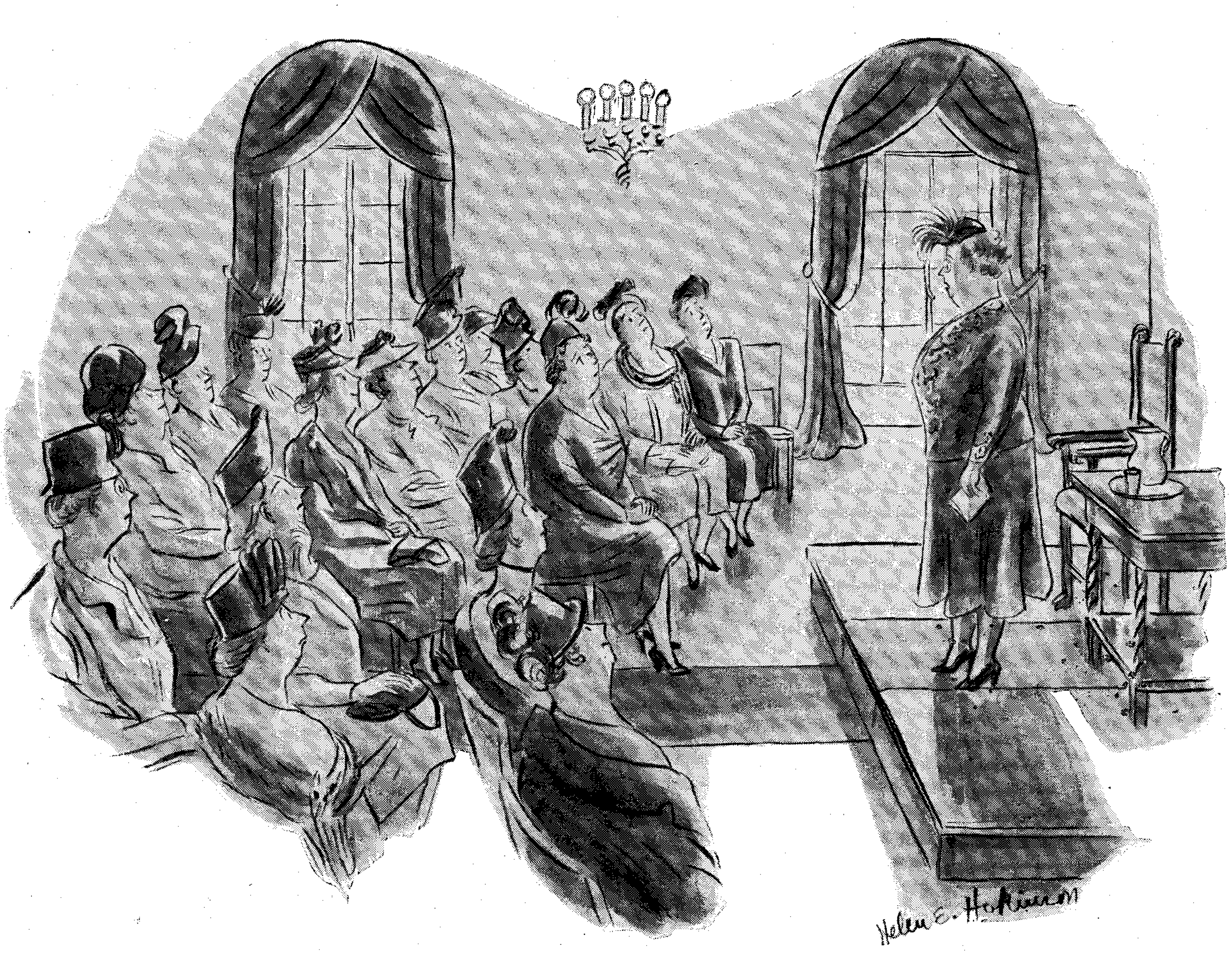
Anticlimax

THERE was quite a to-do at LaGuardia Field the other day when the newsmen posted there got a tip from the public-relations man of one of the transatlantic airlines that a seven-year-old mother was coming in on a Constellation from Paris with her infant child. The *News* and the *Mirror* rushed out senior photographers, and the reporters dropped everything and stood by. Shortly, the airline issued an apologetic correction: the incoming passenger was a *seventy*-year-old mother. As a maternity case, this still seemed exceptional enough to warrant extensive coverage, and after the plane had taxied to its station, the journalists flocked avidly to its door. The passenger involved, perhaps fortunately for her, turned out to be a Parisian lady unable to speak a word of English, but she was met by a stocky, middle-aged gentleman whose command of that language was quite enough to make everything clear. Yes, the lady was a mother; she had two sons. One was a colonel in the French Army and the other was himself.

Cliques and Mongers

A WHILE ago, we mentioned the efforts the Voice of America is making to get through to the Russian people, and, regarding turnabout as fair play, we herewith report on the efforts the Russian radio propagandists are making to get through to us. Russian broadcasts directed at this country, the clearest of which are thought to take to the air in Kiev, until recently ran a total of only two hours a day but now run almost three. Local listeners with sufficiently powerful short-wave sets can get a fearful earful by tuning in from 7:45 A.M. to 8:15 A.M., from 6:20 P.M. to 7:30 P.M., and from 9 P.M. to 10:15 P.M. One day last week, we dispatched a man—our most rapid note-taker—to Jamaica to call on an old O.W.I. hand named Robert Mayer, now returned to private life, who had been recommended to us as one of the most ardent and resourceful tuners-in of short-wave broadcasts, Russian and otherwise, in this region. Our man reports that, reaching Mr. Mayer's apartment soon after 6 P.M., he found Mr. Mayer, an alert gentleman with a high forehead and rimless glasses, already concentratedly at work with the controls of his set. “A Canadian station broadcasts in Czech, then in German, just before the Russians go on,” Mr. Mayer told our man as the radio growled in a foreign tongue. “The Russians broadcast on six different channels at this time. Tonight, I'm trying 11.72 megacycles. Their broadcasts have to come over the North Pole area, where ionospheric conditions tend to create a lot of static. I'm sorry to say that the ionosphere has been acting up all week.” “*&!!#%!” said the radio. “Ah,” said Mr. Mayer, “there we are,” and through the squeals a voice proclaimed faintly, “This is Radio Moscow.”

Our man reports that the Russian announcer spoke good English, in the cultivated accent of an old Grottie. First, he discussed Vishinsky and the United Nations; then he switched to biol-



"I know you're all as sorry as I am that the Chinese shadow plays last Saturday failed to bring out the husbands."

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ogy. "The U.S. radio and press have lately been evincing marked interest in the development of biology in the U.S.S.R.," he said. "Professional writers specializing in articles on the 'Red Peril' and other bogeys calculated to give children nightmares have suddenly developed an irresistible taste for biology. . . . A book on biology suddenly becomes a best-seller in the United States. It is a book entitled 'Human Destiny,' by the French biologist *#!!&!%$!&!!—" Mr. Mayer hurriedly got out a headset, and our man tried it on but decided in favor of the loudspeaker. By the time the static had cleared up, a woman was concluding a talk on the Moscow Art Players. She was followed by a Chopin recital, which was followed, in turn, by the original announcer, who attacked American militarists: "The mongers of the new war from the United States reactionary camp try to make it appear that the people of the United States support and endorse the militaristic and expansionistic policy pursued by order of Wall Street. But the ruling clique realizes, of course, that it is not too easy to get the average U.S. citizen to favor a &#!%*! war today." Between bursts of static, our man caught a reference to the Negro who last August hanged himself in the basement of the Lincoln Memorial, and a pronouncement that "the Soviet Union is a sworn enemy of all unjust imperialistic wars and the whole system of some countries dominating others." After a sharp attack on Churchill came a waltz, featuring a flute solo. The station signed off abruptly at seven-thirty.

It started up again at nine, with either the same announcer or a duplicate of him. This broadcast was largely political: "The majority of the people know that as far as the Democratic and Republican Parties are concerned, it is all arranged beforehand. . . . The big-money boys have fixed the voting. . . . Both parties are two wings of the bankers' and militarists' bird that screams like an eagle but lays golden eggs, like a goose, and the eggs are grabbed by the !%&#! monopolists. Both parties are #*!*¢! and cannot fool all of the people all of the time." Our man asked Mr. Mayer how many people he thought listened to the Russian broadcasts. "Not many," Mr. Mayer said. "In the first place, you have to have a fairly sensitive set and antenna, and in the second place it's always the same old stuff. Makes you want to listen to Jack Benny."

Expert

THINGS were touch and go along the Philadelphia Main Line the other afternoon when, half an hour before a fashionable wedding was to take place at a country estate, the groom discovered that neither he nor any of his attendants knew how to tie the ascots they were supposed to wear for the ceremony. The crisis was resolved by one of the ushers, who excused himself for a moment, went off, and came back with a young cousin, a ten-year-old girl who has ridden in many a horse show and who, standing on a chair, fixed them all up in a jiffy.

EPISODE AT RANCHO LA BUTTERWORTH

MANY city men—perhaps most of them—dream of buying a farm in their riper years, of compensating for their decay by fostering lovely growth. Such a man was Alfred Butterworth, and when he retired from business, he bought a spacious farm. But he soon found it a sombre bore. He was not, perhaps, the right type for a farm. He was rather the collector type. He had collected a good deal of money, by hesitating and postponing while his rivals and associates ruined themselves with their big decisions. In retirement he collected fossils, arrowheads, horseshoes, early picture postcards, and stereoscopic slides. Nevertheless, he was still bored.

One morning, Mr. Butterworth was breakfasting with his uninteresting wife in the chintzy breakfast nook of the farmhouse. A dim memory in his biceps impelled his arm to stroke Muggsie, the cat. The impulse was frustrated, for Muggsie was not present. It then occurred to Mr. Butterworth that he had not seen her for two days. "Wonder what's happened to Muggsie," he said.

Mrs. Butterworth snorted, or puffed. Her husband winced, recognizing that he had been expecting the snort, or puff, but that he never knew he was expecting it until after it had happened. It was really more puff than snort—a brief expiration of air through the nostrils, blowing away the subject of conversation, blowing him away.

"Muggsie can take care of herself," said Mrs. Butterworth.

"Guess I'll take a look around anyhow," said her husband.

Mrs. Butterworth puffed. "Not going to work on your collections?" she said with wifely contempt.

"Going to look for Muggsie first," said Mr. Butterworth.

He went out to the barns and called Muggsie in a shamefaced falsetto. "He-ere, kittykittykitty! He-ere, Muggsiemuggsiemuggsie!" he called. He left the farm buildings and strolled into the fields. He crossed the pasture, opened the gate, and entered the abandoned forty-acre, weedy and tufted with bunch grass. Here nature was getting her own back, landscaping according to her exuberant fancies.

"He-ere, kittykittykitty! He-ere, Muggsiemuggsiemuggsie!" Mr. Butterworth, prodding reflectively with his cane, wandered to the swampy lower corner of the forty-acre. Keeping an eye open for arrowheads, he jumped from tuft to tuft of sharp-edged grass. He came upon a pool a dozen feet across. The water was iridescent, oily. Under the thin film of water he perceived a black sheen, semi-solid. A circle beneath the water film slowly took shape, a fat bubble formed, swelled, and broke. A greasy blob of gas rose through the water.

Mr. Butterworth thrust his cane into the pool. The tip was caught and pulled down as if by a submarine hand. He wrenched at the cane; the pool smacked angrily as he brought it out. The cane's tip dripped a gobbet of evil tar.

All this time, Mr. Butterworth was dimly aware of the anxious baying of a hound. The cries grew louder. A bounding rabbit sprang through the rank rushes opposite Mr. Butterworth and landed in the middle of the pool. He floundered for a moment, fought with his soft feet, squeaked, and sank. The hound thrust out of the rushes and reared back, examining his black forepaws with amazement.

MR. BUTTERWORTH was no more stupid than the rest of us. He had visited the Rancho La Brea tar pits and the Los Angeles Museum, and he was a faithful reader of the *National Geographic*. He was aware that the tar that still bubbles up beside Wilshire Boulevard is the greatest known storehouse of ancient animal remains. For thousands of years, the dire wolf and the sabre-toothed tiger pursued the mammoth, the mastodon, the camel, and the sloth to the water's edge, and the prey leaped into the deceptive surface water of the pool and was caught in the tar, and the hunter sprang upon him and was captured in his turn, and the two were dragged down into the pit to be slowly fossilized in Nature's great Collection.

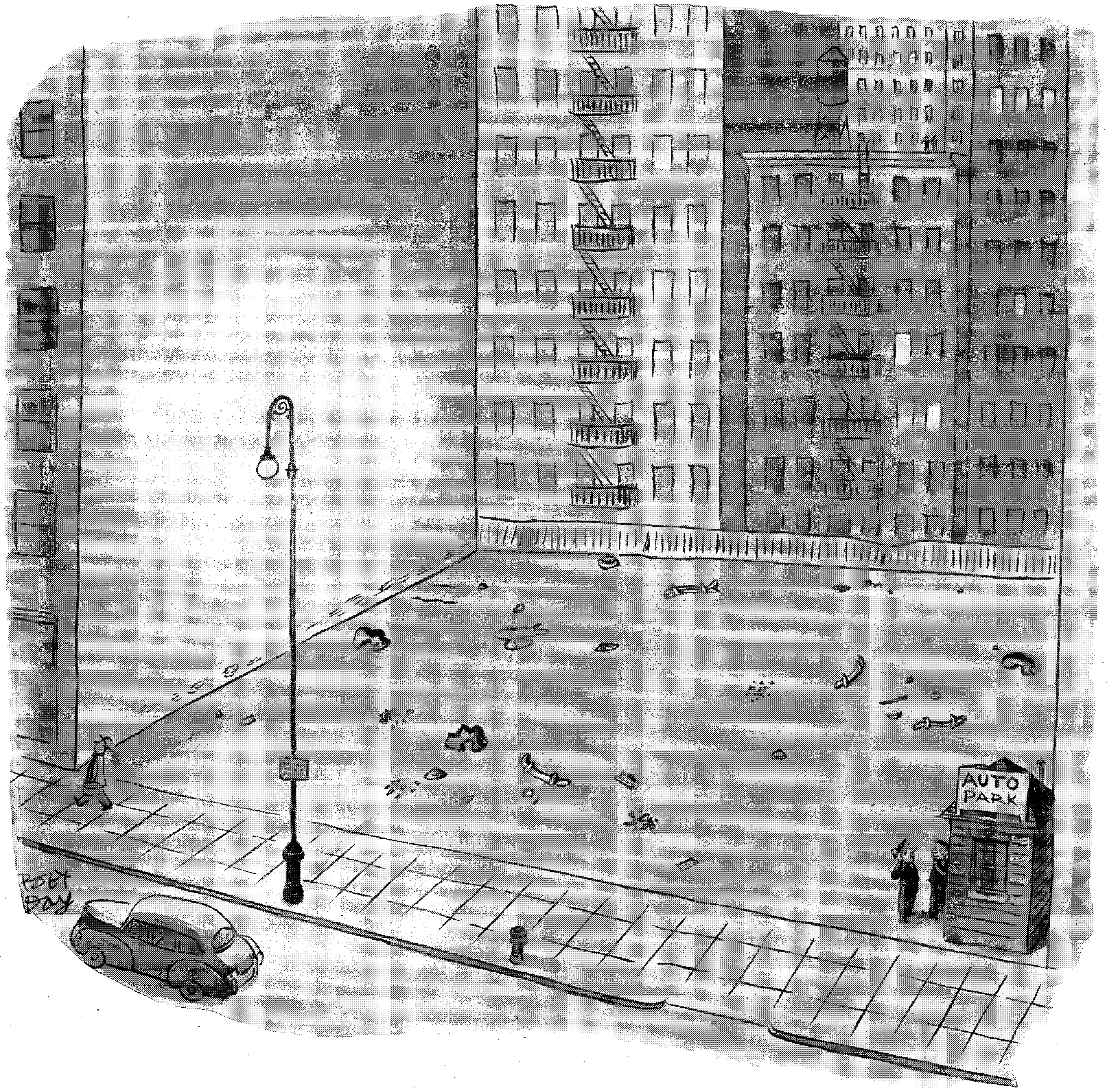
And now, said Mr. Butterworth to himself, I have my own tar pit. His collector's soul stirred and soared. He pictured to himself a museum of the zoology of 1948, to be preserved for perhaps another thirty thousand years. He decided not to tell anyone about the pit, lest his place become overrun by tourists.

That evening, he drowned a chicken in the tar. He then interred, successively, a squirrel, a woodchuck, the hound dog, a goat, a pig, and a sheep. The farmhands were aroused by the disappearances. Mr. Butterworth barely missed being shot when he attempted to steal one of his own cows. He eventually succeeded, and prodded the cow into the tar pit with a pitchfork.

IT was about this time that Mrs. Butterworth noted a peculiar look in her husband's eye. His old boredom had disappeared; he seemed to have acquired a new interest in life. Mrs. Butterworth put this down at first to his efforts to discover the malefactor who was robbing the farm of its livestock, item by item. At the same time, she was puzzled, and, on the whole, pleased, by his manner of brooding upon her figure, as if measuring and weighing her.

One evening, Mr. Butterworth startled her by caressing the great cauliflower of her knee.

"What's got into you lately, Al-



"Man, am I happy this day is over!"

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fred?" she said. "You act like a cat that's swallowed the cream."

"This is called the patella," he replied. "Beautiful bit of bone. Museum piece."

Mrs. Butterworth puffed.

"Take a walk?" said Mr. B. "Like old times, uh? Something to show you. Nice."

So, with blandishments and old endearments, Mrs. Butterworth was maneuvered to the edge of the tar pit.

The two stood side by side, inspecting the horrid pool. A revolting digestive bubble swelled and broke on its surface. Mr. Butterworth put his arm lightly about his wife's waist.

"Nasty, filthy hole," she said. "I'll have the men drain it tomorrow."

Mr. Butterworth, feeling that some sort of exceptional rite was proper, kissed his wife. She started back in alarm, and puffed.

"Goodbye," said Mr. Butterworth, exerting a vigorous pressure on his wife's waist. But the kiss had stiffened her and spoiled his calculations. All her weight resisted his effort. His foot slipped on the slimy grass. She twisted, pulled loose, and ran back to the house, screaming.

Well, it was a great pity, Mr. Butterworth thought. But science must not be deprived of the most interesting specimen of the post-glacial era. He undressed, shut his eyes, and jumped.

An unusually large bubble formed on the surface of the tar and broke with a satisfied plop.

As the tar reached for Mr. Butterworth's brain, his last thought was triumphant. He had achieved the ultimate in collections—he had collected himself.

—Morris Bishop

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A moment after Mrs. Birchard christened the ship, she was afloat on the river.
—Picture caption in the house organ of the Chicago Bridge & Iron Co.

How utterly sporting!

THE CITY COMES TO ME

MANY of my early impressions of life in international Shanghai—as apart from life in the Presbyterian Mission compound, where I was raised—came to me from two doctors. According to family tradition, I suffered from bronchitis regularly between the ages of eighteen months and eight and a half years and from attacks of asthma after that, though I myself could never distinguish between the earlier and the later seizures. But when I was told, at the age of eight and a half, that I was now suffering from asthma, I did have enough social sense to realize that even if the new spasms were no easier to bear than the old ones had been, I had advanced from a bourgeois complaint to a disease of considerable distinction. I had always been ashamed to admit at school that I was subject to "chronic bronchitis," "acute catarrh," "respiratory difficulty," or, most banal of all, "the wheezes," but once I was able to tell my classmates that I was a victim of asthma, they looked at me with a measure of respect.

Aside from this advance in prestige, almost the only benefit I gained from the doctors who attended me was the information I picked up from them about Shanghai, for so little was known at the time about relieving asthma that my doctors were not otherwise noticeably helpful. Despite this, I have always remembered my first doctor with great affection. He was an Englishman named Rhodes, but not at all the dull, colonial sort of Englishman, for he had great dash, as well as great correctness and polish, and whenever he came into the nursery, I felt that almost all of Western worldliness came with him.

The locality in which he lived reinforced this impression. He had his home and office in a quiet district just north of Soochow Creek. Here Hong Kew Creek and a bend in the Whangpoo River made almost a small island out of part of the city. This district contained many of the foreign consulates, and most of its curving streets were lined with gray brick walls enclosing three-story buildings set in small formal gardens.

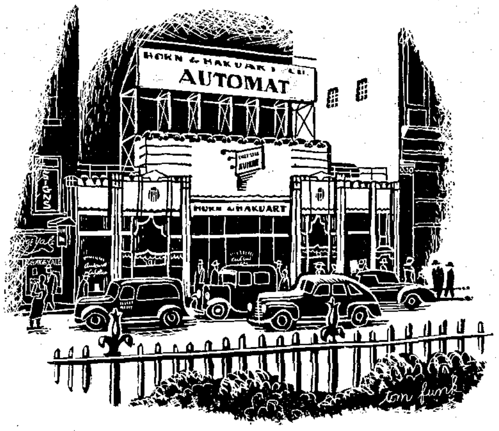
It was from this atmosphere of official correctness and dignity that Dr. Rhodes used to come, in either his automobile or his private carriage. We would hear the mellow blast of his roadster's horn or the clatter of his horse crossing the bridge over the canal that bordered our compound, and the household would spring into action. The table boy was usually sent out to make sure the gatekeeper was on hand to open the gates, and once they were thrown back, Dr. Rhodes would drive into the compound and draw up beside the house. Soon he would appear in the nursery, his black bowler in one hand, his instrument case in the other.

"Well, well," he would say, "and how are we today?" After putting down his things, he would shake hands with me, and I always felt confidence coming to me from his firm but never crushing grip.

Then he would take out his stethoscope and auscultate my chest, nodding and smiling as he did so. "Not really as bad as last time, I think," he would say, "even though you do sound like a cathedral organ. No question but what you'll be up and around before long." He would look at me, his pale-blue eyes radiating assurance, and as I looked back at this man of fashion, with his neatly clipped sandy mustache and his beautifully groomed hair, I would know that I was already feeling much better.

For five or ten minutes, Dr. Rhodes would converse with me, or at least that is the impression I retain. Sometimes he would tell me of what he had seen coming down the Bund and circling the old Chinese city on his way to visit me—how a cart loaded with cabbages had held him up or how a Chinese woman had been reviling her husband in the street. I would immediately sense the attractiveness of the life going on in full intensity outside my room and be drawn to it.

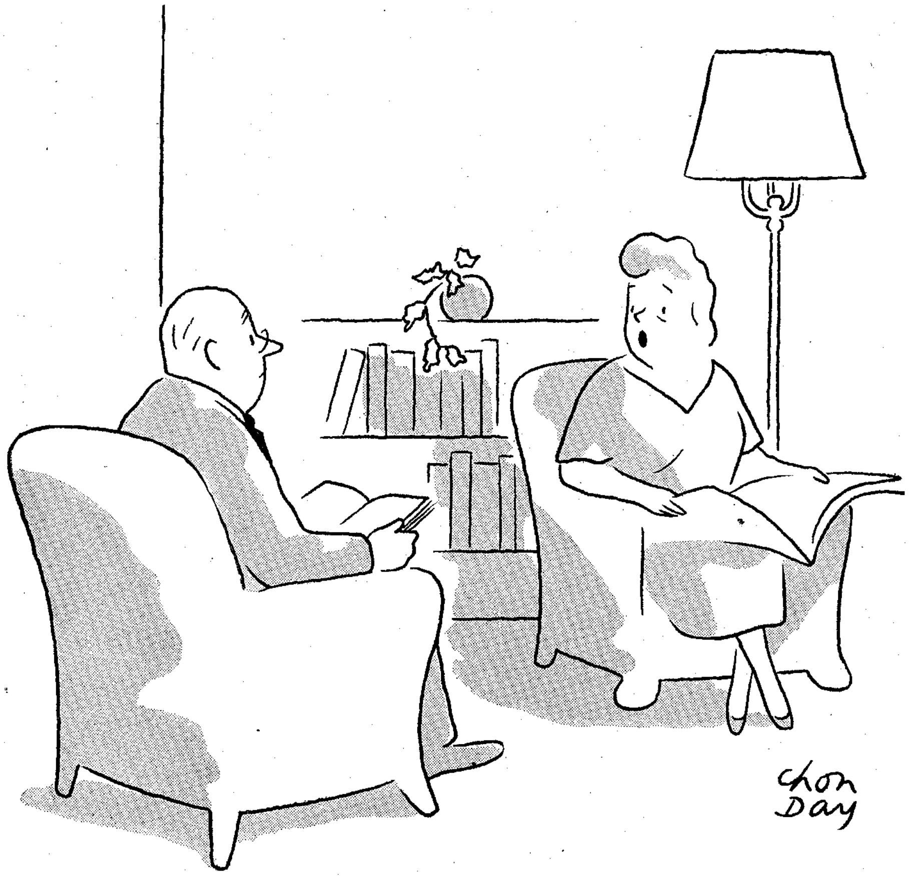
Finally, Dr. Rhodes would get up to go, and again he would shake my hand. Perhaps it was the handshake more than anything else that endeared him to me. I was excellently cared for at home when I was ill and was visited every afternoon and evening by a stream of Courtesy Aunts and Uncles of all ages, but only Dr. Rhodes ever thought to shake my hand. Everyone else bent over me, chucked me under the chin, patted me on the head, or, most oppressive of all, folded me in a talcum-scented embrace. Dr. Rhodes alone behaved sensibly and shook my hand, as between one gentleman and another.



One Christmas, Dr. Rhodes gave me a large illustrated edition of "Puss in Boots," and the next time he called we gravely discussed the merits of the tale, the ingenious turns in plot and revelation of character, exchanging as we did so learned critical views. But his most memorable visit occurred one night well after I had finished my supper. Shortly after I heard his carriage crossing the bridge, he appeared in the nursery door, an almost godlike Dr. Rhodes in the splendor of full evening dress and a silk-lined cape. With a gesture of supreme elegance, he collapsed his squash opera hat and laid his lavender-tinted kid gloves on it. As he bent over me to listen to my chest, an intoxicating wave of bay rum and cologne engulfed me and I bathed rapturously in its crisp freshness. This was, I think, the most effective treatment he ever gave me. "I'm just off to a little party now," he said as he left, and all that night I enjoyed perfumed visions of Dr. Rhodes at a rendezvous with the most beautiful woman of Shanghai, whoever she might be.

ON one occasion, I visited Dr. Rhodes, instead of his visiting me. Sunday afternoons after dinner, my sister and I were allowed to play classical recordings on the Victrola for an hour snatched from the varied devotions of the Sabbath. During this time, Mother would go upstairs for a nap, leaving Father in charge of us children. He would sit in a chair in the living room, and though he assured us that he was thinking whenever he closed his eyes, my sister and I knew that he slept a good part of the time.

Neither my sister nor I was tall enough to run the Victrola, a high cabinet model, without standing on a rosewood stool kept beside it for our use. Each of us was allowed, turn and turn about, to crank the machine, choose one record, and play it. When my sister played a record, she would put it on the turntable, lower the tone arm, then close the cabinet and get down from the rosewood stool to listen. But I found it too much trouble to do all this, and



"I wonder if we shouldn't start hoarding things before it becomes unpatriotic again."

since I also enjoyed watching the record turn and the needle travel in toward the center of the disc, I always stayed on the stool during the entire time my record was playing and kept the lid up.

One Sunday afternoon, I realized, when one of my records was almost finished, that I had a decided advantage over my sister in that I was already on the stool, so I decided to play another record.

"What are you doing?" my sister asked, in a whisper to keep from waking Father, when she saw me start to crank up the machine a second time.

"I'm going to play another record," I whispered back, feeling very clever.

"But you've just played one," my sister said. "It's my turn now."

"Oh, is it?" I asked, still keeping my voice down. "Well, I'm up here and I'm going to play another one."

"If you try," my sister threatened, "I'll stop you—I'll pull you down."

"That would wake up Father," I said, and I started to put another record on the turntable.

"I don't care," my sister said. "It's my turn, so you just get right down."

"Oh, go away," I answered, and started the machine.

Just as I was lowering the needle, my sister took hold of my right ankle with both her hands and jerked hard. I flipped over, and as I crashed down, the edge of the rosewood stool caught me just above the left eye. I let out a shriek, and Father jumped up from his chair.

I scrambled to my feet, ready to tear into my sister, having by this time a thoroughly bad conscience about the whole thing and being determined to brazen it out some way. I felt dazed and put my hand to my forehead. Feeling something wet, I drew my hand down and looked at it. As soon as I saw blood, I began to yell wildly, and my sister, who had been looking at me with complete disgust, suddenly realized that I had been hurt, and she, too, began to scream. Father, still groggy from sleep, couldn't find out what had happened, for my sister, now convinced that I was bleeding to death and she had killed me, was unable to get out a coherent story, and I, though still dazed, was at least clear-headed enough to know that the best thing I could do was say nothing and weep loudly.

Father found that my head had been cleanly laid open with an inch-and-a-half gash, too serious to be treated by home methods. Meanwhile, Mother, awakened by the racket, had come downstairs, and the cook and the amah, having heard the noise from the servants' quarters, had also come in. The amah added her cries to the din, assuming, with my sister, that I was dying. By the time Mother had shooed the servants off, pacified my sister, and made me lie down on the sofa, Father had gone to the compound telephone, got in touch with Dr. Rhodes, and told him what had happened. Dr. Rhodes said that he would probably have to take a few stitches and that Father and I should come to him immediately. He also gave Father directions for bandaging me, so when Father got back, he told Mother to dampen a clean washcloth and bring it to him. When Mother returned with the washcloth, Father folded it in four and bound it over my wound with a wide band of white gauze. Mother had got enough of the story from my sister to know that I had started the fracas, so she told my sister to stop crying. Every time Mother looked at me, I closed my eyes and whimpered bravely.

As soon as Father thought I had recovered sufficiently from the shock, he and I set out by streetcar for the International Settlement. I was very conscious of my bandage, and when I saw that all the Chinese and foreigners with us were looking at me with sympathy, I began to enjoy the ride. Since my head really didn't hurt a great deal, I felt that my sister had done me a good turn in enlivening an otherwise somewhat dull Sunday afternoon.

By the time we reached Dr. Rhodes, he had been able to get in touch with his office nurse, a very good-looking young Chinese woman, who took me to the examination room and prepared me for having the gash closed. She was most attractive and treated me gently, but I was frightened at the thought of being sewn up. I asked her if it would hurt much.

"Oh, I don't think you'll feel anything," she said. "The Doctor will probably give you a local anesthetic to take away the pain."

Father and Dr. Rhodes came into the examination room, and before long Dr. Rhodes had me sewn up and gorgeously bandaged with what looked like an enormous mushroom of cotton riding over my left eye. Then he and Father went back to the outer office while the nurse cleaned up.

The door to the office had been left ajar, and for a time I half listened to their conversation. After a while, Father asked when he should bring me in again, and I really listened when I heard him say, "Do you think he'll carry the scar all his life?"

That possibility had not occurred to me, and I strained to hear what Dr. Rhodes thought of the chances of my receiving the final glory of a permanent scar. When he said, "Oh, no, I hardly think so. It will probably hang on for three or four years and then fade out," I was greatly disappointed. Actually, Dr. Rhodes was mistaken, and I still bear a thin scar above my left eyebrow. I was so fond of it in my youth that the first time I had a passport entirely my own, I listed "Scar over left eyebrow" as a "Distinguishing Feature." This proved to be a nuisance, for ever since I have had to cock my left eyebrow at each frontier I have crossed, and I have often noticed immigration officials sneaking furtive looks at me.

I couldn't know at the time that Dr. Rhodes was mistaken, and when the nurse, who had also heard the conversation, said, "Isn't that wonderful—you won't have a scar later on," I said, "No. I want a scar."

"Oh, don't be foolish," the nurse said, smiling at me. "Maybe, if you don't have a scar, you'll grow up to be very handsome."

"But it's handsome to have a scar," I said. I have no notion where I had picked up this Teutonic concept of masculine beauty.

"Oh, I like men without scars," she said. Then she bent over and kissed me, laughing. "See?" she said. "That's what all the girls will do if you are handsome."

I had never before been kissed by a Chinese woman. Our amah was country-bred and thought kissing an idiotic Western habit bordering on perversion. I found that I had enjoyed the nurse's kiss and the perfume she used, and I was wondering if she would kiss me again when Father and Dr. Rhodes came back into the room. The nurse was still laughing at me, and Dr. Rhodes said, "Look here, have you been flirting with John?"

The nurse giggled and said, "I've been telling him if he's very handsome when he grows up, all the girls will kiss him."

"Dear me, isn't he still rather young for that sort of thing?" Dr. Rhodes said, grinning.

Father, who didn't seem to follow what was being said, collected me, and we went back to the Mission compound. On this trip, I was even more conscious than before of the glances I was attracting, and I was already preparing my version of what had happened to tell my fellow first-graders next day, wondering how many stitches I could get away with. I was certainly not going to forget that Dr. Rhodes had exclaimed, "Why, it's laid open right to the bone!," and I was determined to do what I could for the scar and claim that it would last at least ten years.

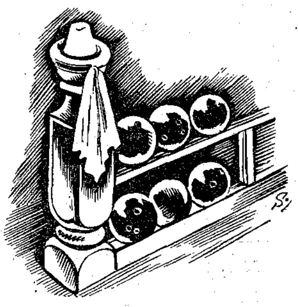
I saw Dr. Rhodes' nurse when I was taken to have the stitches removed, and she kissed me again. For some months, I hoped every time Dr. Rhodes called at the house that he would have his nurse with him. Of course, he never did, and eventually I forgot all about her.

THAT same year, my sister and I were sent upriver to Kuling, for my health and not hers, as she often pointed out to me bitterly. When we came back, eight months later, I was told that I was to have a new doctor; Dr. Rhodes had gone to England on holiday. I was disappointed, because I had thought of a number of things I wanted to talk over with him, but when I learned that my new doctor, whose name was Marston, held a commission in the United States Army, I decided that he might not be wholly unacceptable. Just how Dr. Marston managed to be a member of the Army and a private physician as well, I am no longer certain, but it was the sort of thing that could easily happen in Shanghai, no matter how irregular it might be elsewhere.

The first time Dr. Marston came into my sickroom, he brought with him an air of competence and authority. He was in uniform and, in contrast to Dr. Rhodes, he had about him what was thought in Shanghai to be a thoroughly American air. His body was angular, his movements were inclined to be abrupt and jerky, and his red hair, cut *en brosse*, never looked as if it really belonged to him. Again in contrast to Dr. Rhodes, he immediately began to do things, and, after giving me a cursory examination, assured me and my parents that I was suffering from bronchial wheezes—"something like a horse having the heaves, you know." This news did not seriously alarm us, but we were all surprised when he went on to say, "I know exactly what should be done." We had never before met a doctor who knew exactly what should be done for

SCHOOL OF BARTENDING

me, and though I had not been too happy about the way Dr. Marston kept tapping me on the shoulder and occasionally patting my head, I decided that these crudities and his inelegant comparison of me to a horse could easily be overlooked.



"Yes, indeed," Dr. Marston said. "I know just what to do. From now on, you are to eat no more potatoes or rice."

I was surprised and pleased by the simplicity of his prescription. "Yes," he went on, nodding to my parents. "It's an excess of starch that brings on this sort of thing." He turned on his heel and left the room. I could hear him and my parents talking as they went downstairs and into the hall, Dr. Marston's nasal vowels still sounding clear even when I could no longer distinguish his words.

As a result of Dr. Marston's first visit, I stopped eating potatoes and rice and lost some weight, which I couldn't well afford, for I was already fifteen or twenty pounds underweight. Yet to be free from sickness was enough reward. My disillusionment can be imagined when, about four weeks after Dr. Marston's first visit, I came down with an attack as violent as any I had experienced. Crushed though I was by this, Dr. Marston was not in the least bothered. Once again, he came out to South Gate, this time riding a motorcycle, which roared along beside the canal and sent out clouds of blue smoke. Flinging himself from it as soon as he had crossed the bridge and come through the gate past the terrified gatekeeper, he dashed up to the nursery, banged me on the head, and said, "Aha, I see you're still having a little trouble."

"Yes, sir," I gasped out feebly the next time I exhaled.

"Then it couldn't have been the rice and potatoes after all," he said. "Obviously, what gives it to you is eating meat. From now on, no more meat."

This was a serious blow, but once again I decided that to be well was worth the sacrifice, and for five or six weeks I held to a strictly vegetarian diet. When the inevitable attack came, both I and my parents thought Dr. Marston would be dashed, but he wasn't, and for five or six weeks I went without fresh vegetables, Dr. Marston having divined that my trouble was caused by a quality peculiar to the local soil. And so it went, until trying to guess what Dr. Marston would cut out next became a family game. The only time he pleased me was the day he announced that from then on I was to have no more milk, a drink I loathed.

It is impossible for me to reconstruct accurately the series of omissions Dr. Marston prescribed, but the world of Shanghai that Dr. Marston brought to me seemed to have nothing in common with anything connected with Dr. Rhodes. After a time, when it became obvious to both Dr. Marston and me that he was not going to cure me, he would talk to me of what he did in the city, and most of his conversation was of "the boys." It took me some time to learn that he was talking about his Army and Marine charges, for, impossible as it must sound in these partisan days, Dr. Marston looked after both branches of the service in Shanghai. "The boys," I soon discovered, were always needing to be patched up in one way or another. They were always getting into fights, either with each other or with "the boys" of some other country, and though I never forgot the world of elegance and charm that Dr. Rhodes had brought with him, I put beside it this other world, in which "the boys" were constantly getting "into trouble."

Just how I began to understand what sort of trouble "the boys" got into would be difficult for me to explain now, but very early I gathered from Dr. Marston that not all "the boys" simply cut each other up or got black eyes or became involved with the local police. Shanghai, the city beyond the canal, became a combination of good, as represented by the perfumed diversions of Dr. Rhodes, and evil, as represented by Dr. Marston's wild "boys."

AFTER Dr. Marston's day was over, my doctors were a fairly colorless lot. Only once did I feel that any of them could be measured by my earlier standards, and that was when a new man told my father it would be good for me to eat more nourishing foods, such as sweetbreads. I felt that this doctor had got somewhere near the heart of the matter and waited for the succession of cinnamon rolls, coffeecake, and other pastries I expected to follow. The first time his advice was acted upon, I learned better, though even then I refused to admit that I hadn't known what sweetbreads were, and persisted so earnestly in eating them that I picked up a new taste.

Whatever the vagaries of my medical experience, Dr. Rhodes remained for me the prototype of what the best in medicine and Shanghai stood for, even after I had begun to see more of the city myself. I think I had been going to school for five or six years when I mentioned to a classmate that I regretted not having Dr. Rhodes any more.

"We used to have Dr. Rhodes, too," he said.

"I don't see why he never came back," I said. "Perhaps he was such a good doctor that when he got to England, they didn't want him to leave."

My classmate looked at me in surprise and asked, "You mean you don't know why Dr. Rhodes isn't our doctor?"

"Is he still in Shanghai?"

"Oh, no, not now, not any more," he said. "He did try to come back for a while, but he couldn't start up his practice."

"What did he do—murder a patient?" I asked, thinking myself very funny.

"Nothing like that," my classmate said. "Really worse, I guess," he added, revealing himself as a completely developed Shanghailander, though until that time I had always thought rather well of him. "You see, he married his Chinese nurse."

"His nurse!" I exclaimed. And as I did so, I could see her again, her delicate features, the clean arch of her eyebrows, and I could feel again the gentle pressure of her hands.

"I don't suppose you ever noticed her," my classmate said. "I'm sure I never did. Everyone was so shocked when it happened. I think you were away."

"I remember her," I said.

"You do?" he asked, mildly curious. "I think they finally went off to Indo-China or somewhere down that way. The French, you know."

I stared at my classmate, suddenly feeling a desire to hit him, and as he looked at me queerly and began to back away, I said, "Of course I remember her—she kissed me twice."

—John J. Espey

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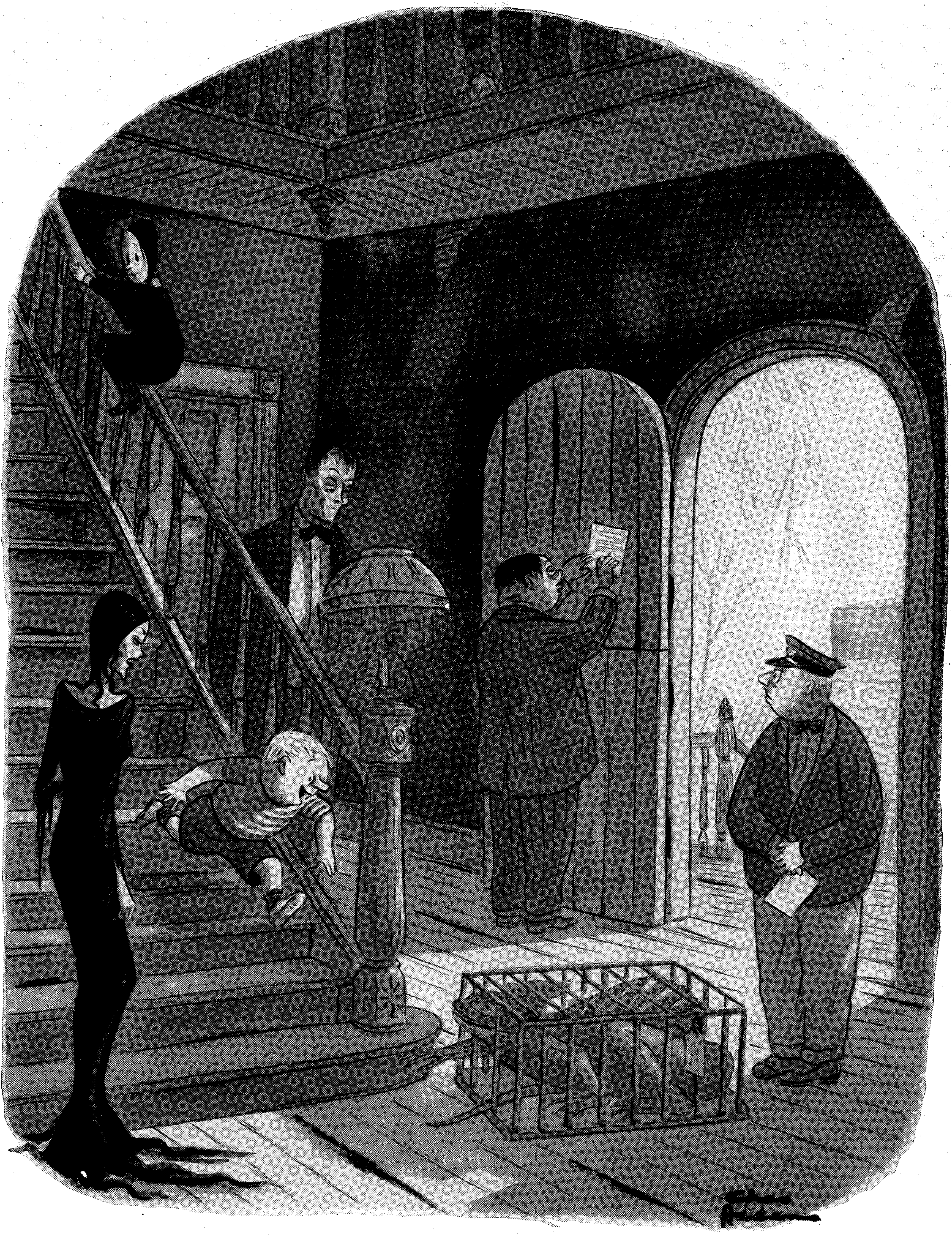
EPITAPH FOR AN EXPLORER

Tiger! Tiger! my mistake;
I thought that you were William Blake.

—Ogden Nash

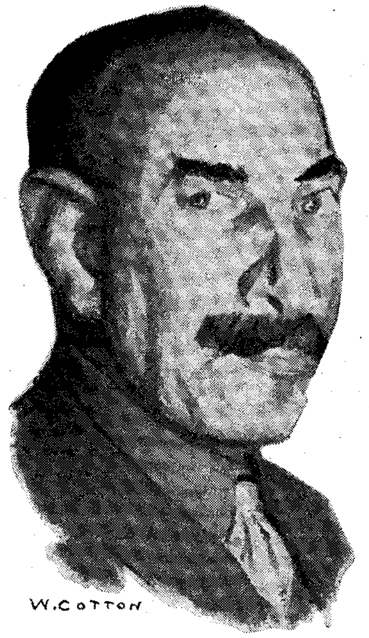


"Now, remember, you can have him as long as you feed him and take good care of him. When you don't, back he goes."

PROFILES

PUBLISHER

I—A VERY DIGNIFIED PAVANE



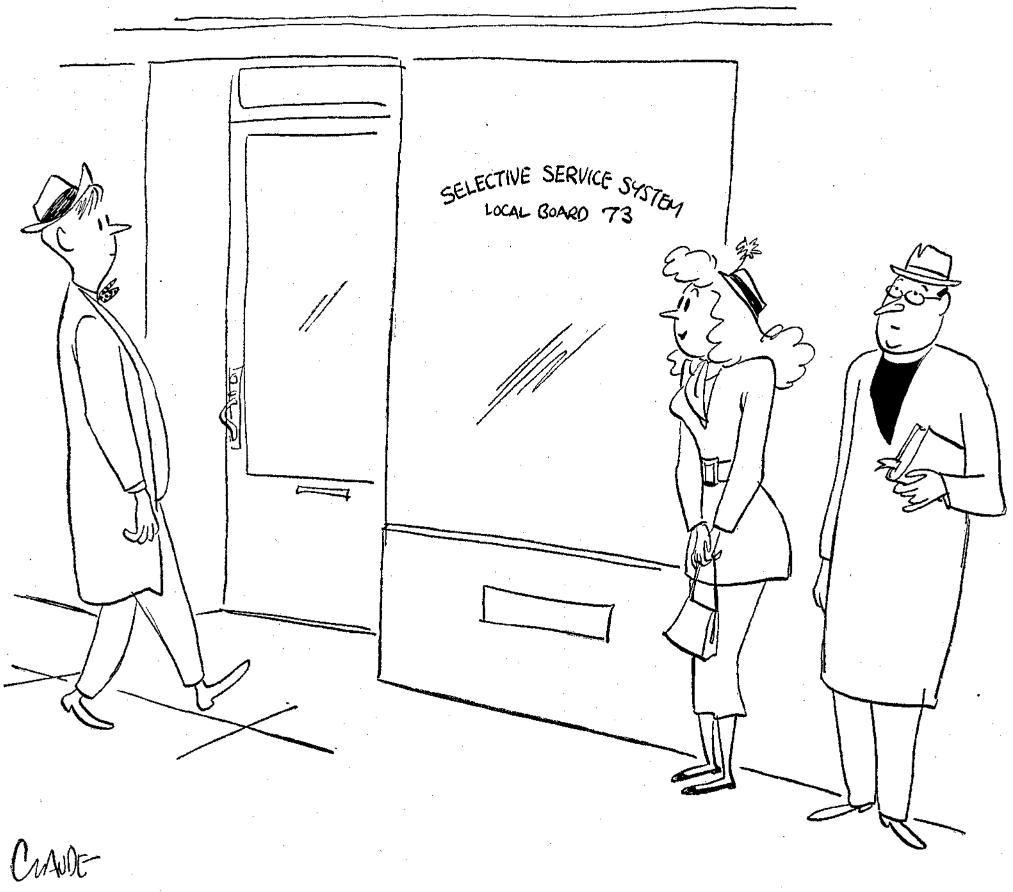
Alfred A. Knopf

AMONG New York book publishers, and among booksellers all over the country, Alfred A. Knopf, during the last thirty-three years, has proved to be a more durable topic of conversation than any other publisher. This record stands in the face of very respectable competition. The period has been the background of the erratic personal and professional activities of Horace Liveright and Mitchell Kennerley; the high-powered ascent of Richard L. Simon and M. Lincoln Schuster; the protean shenanigans of Bennett Cerf; the celebrated creative editing of the late Maxwell E. Perkins, of Scribner's; and the hardheaded, magisterial progress of such established firms as Harper's; Macmillan; Doubleday; Dodd, Mead; Appleton-Century-Crofts; and Little, Brown. The Knopf list, some four thousand titles in all, is a relatively distinguished one, especially in the fields of history, music, belles-lettres, and European novels; the Knopf books are notable for their colorful jackets, striking bindings, good paper, and extraordinary variety of type faces; and the Knopf advertising has long had a peculiar stateliness—half professorial, half impresario-like—that fits such Nobel Prize house authors as Thomas Mann and Sigrid Undset but may look a little incongruous when applied to the works of the Marquis Boni de Castellane and Fannie Hurst. These are only a few of the reasons there is so much talk about Alfred Knopf. He is a professional phenomenon among publishers, because his list is more a projection of his own personality than the list of any other publisher of comparable scope (he issues about a hundred books a year); because, unlike most heads of publishing houses, he frequently travels around the country to drop in on bookstores; and because his wife, Blanche, is importantly associated with him, as director, vice-president, and part owner, and, acting as a talent scout, brings in many of the firm's new authors. Knopf is also a phenomenon among publishers because of his appearance and his manner. The average publisher dresses conservatively and affects a placating air, possibly the result of dealing with overbearing writers. Knopf is at once Olympian and dressy; few literary men can stare him down. His aspect is bold and piratical. He has bushy black eyebrows; a bristling mustache, once jet and now gray; reproachful liquid brown eyes; and an expression at the same time intolerant and long-suffering. He is notable for his colorful jackets, striking neckties, good shoes, and extraordinary variety of vivid shirts. Thirty years ago, he was the only publisher in town who wore a blue shirt to work, but he didn't rest on this distinction; in fact, he has since gone far beyond it. He favors sartorial effects that might or might not work out on a John Farrar or a Nelson Doubleday but on him, since his features are imposing, mobile, and florid, are generally admired. His suits are cut by expensive tailors; his socks and shoes are the products, respectively, of Allen Solly and Faulkner; his shirts and ties are from Sulka and—in the case of some dating from before the war—from Washington Tremlett, the renowned Conduit Street haberdasher. Tremlett no longer sends a man over here with samples, and no longer has much stock, even in London, but Knopf still possesses a considerable assortment of Tremlett shirts in excellent repair. Among these, his favorites are half a dozen of a heavy Shocking-pink silk. He selected this material on a London visit just before the war and was told by a salesman that it was intended for pajamas. Knopf insisted that it be made into shirts for him. The salesman disappeared, presumably to seek high-echelon guidance, and came back with a pronunciamento: Mr. Knopf might have the shirts on the condition that he would never wear them in England. Knopf violated this agreement in 1946, when he turned up at Tremlett's wearing one of the shirts, an orange Tremlett tie, and a dark-blue herringbone Whitaker suit. This compelling pre-austerity spectacle caused old Washington Tremlett to burst into tears. "We haven't had that material for seven years," he said, "and we'll never have it again. And your *tie!*" On one occasion, at least, Knopf went too far sartorially. Five or six years ago, during an intermission of a Philadelphia Orchestra concert, for which he had dolled himself up in a black shirt and a magenta tie, he went backstage to the greenroom to pay his respects to his friend Toscanini, who was conducting. A politically conscious attendant took a horrified look at the shirt and quickly ushered him out.

Knopf's appearance has dazzled a good many of his authors. Carl Van Vechten, who has been published by Knopf since 1916, has compared it to that of a Persian prince. The late Clarence Day, all of whose books were published by Knopf, once said of him, "His voice rose an octave and we were in the Levant." H. L. Mencken has called him—referring to another man with a pronounced taste in haberdashery—the Roy Howard of the intellectuals. In "The Borzoi 1925," a collection, published by Knopf, of tributes to Knopf authors and to Knopf himself by other Knopf authors, Mencken says, "It must have been in 1913 or thereabout that I first met him—a very tall, very slim young fellow, but lately out of college, with a faint and somewhat puzzling air of the exotic about him. I recall especially his mustache: so immensely black that it seemed beyond the poor talents of nature, and yet so slender, so struggling that it was palpably real." Speaking metaphorically of the Knopf firm, Mencken adds, "In an imperial suite lolled the sybarite, Joe Hergesheimer. In 1917 I engaged passage myself, taking a modest room on D deck." Knopf's mustache was still on Mencken's mind and Mencken was still aboard fifteen years later, when "Alfred A. Knopf: Quarter Century," a volume of tributes to Knopf, privately printed by a group of his friends, appeared. "His black, staccato mustache has begun to show streaks of something hard to distinguish from gray," Mencken writes in this one. This time, Mencken came forward with an entirely new Knopf metaphor. "Since I put on his silks, I have been completely free of all the concerns that other authors tell me of," he remarks. "I have never given more than an idle thought to the design and printing of my books, nor to their merchanting, nor to matters of money. Alfred's operations under all of these headings are . . . plainly everything they should be. . . . He is, by my standards, the perfect publisher." The commanding nature of Knopf's appearance has also given Robert Nathan, a Knopf author since 1932, something to think about. "Alfred is terrifically majestic," he once said. "He and Blanche are like Jupiter and Juno. He is the ultimate, she the penultimate, but in her own right just as ultimate." Perhaps the most thoughtful summation of Knopf's loftiness occurs in "The Verdict of Bridlegoose," a book of reminiscences by Llewelyn Powys, the English writer, published in 1926:

> I set out for [Knopf's] office. I had never quite got over my nervous dread of New York business buildings, and for this reason I omitted to consult the porter about the number of the floor I sought, but instead stepped briskly into a waiting elevator, trying to represent myself as best I could as a man who knew his business, by God, and had no time to waste. . . . I asked the boy to let me out at Mr. Knopf's office. To my surprise and discomfiture he told me he did not know what floor it was on. I looked round the cage, in the hope of getting some help, for I knew everybody must have heard my question. It was now that my eye for the first time lit on an individual who seemed curiously to resemble Mr. Knopf as I remembered him, a dark, handsome man, who had the discreet, downcast eye and glossy look of an important Oriental official, who, after having witnessed the execution of Haman the son of Hammedatha, the Agagite, on a gallows fifty cubits high, was, in marabou-feathered sandals, hastening to present the King and Esther with a bouquet of Sharon roses. I was certain it was Mr. Knopf; but, when this same man quietly stepped out at the sixteenth floor without as much as a word or look, I was again not certain. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to be carried up to the twentieth floor, and from there down again to the ground floor, where, if the worst came to the worst, it would be necessary for me to consult one of those alarming alphabetical boards, merely to stand in front of which has invariably caused me to forget my a-b-c's. When, finally, I stepped out at the sixteenth floor, and saw, seated in the sanctum of a spacious office, my companion of the elevator, and realized that in very truth I had been flouted by the great publisher himself, it required all the presumption of my exaggerated self-confidence to support me in presenting my cause to his clever and beautiful lady. I don't suppose I shall ever be able to obliterate from the tablets of my memory the peculiar sense of ignominy . . . I experienced as I descended that day down, down, down, as if under the very heels, soft as shammy leather, of this powerful business man, who so obviously wished to dissociate himself from me and my affairs.

Knopf remembers the episode. He says he didn't recognize Powys and thought that he might be an insurance salesman. He is satisfied with Powys's description of him. He enjoys being noticed, come what may. Several years ago, at a gathering of the Publishers' Lunch Club, a group that meets once a month in a private dining room in the Yale Club, Howard C. Lewis, president of Dodd, Mead, sat down at the publishers' round table in a bright-pink-and-black striped blazer, a blue shirt, and an absolutely impossible tie. Mr. Lewis is a member of the Century Association and the Republican Party, and for a moment his colleagues looked at him in bewilderment. The joke became clear as he rose and, sipping a glass of sherry—Knopf's usual substitute for a cocktail—launched into a technical discussion of copyright law, one of Knopf's favorite topics. The subject of his burlesque roared wholeheartedly, and he likes to recall the incident, but he recently told a friend that his reputation as a clotheshorse is exaggerated. "I've never worn haberdashery as loud as the late John Macrae, of Dutton's, used to wear," he said. "His orange shirts and purple neckties put me to shame." Having got on the subject of attire, Knopf continued in a rather worried vein. "My old man was a very fussy dresser," he said. "One day when I was a boy, he came home with the important news that he had decided to part company with Wetzel, in favor of Whitaker. I later went to Whitaker, both here and in London. Wetzel and the New York Whitaker were both taken over by Saks Fifth Avenue's custom shop five or six years ago, and I now get some of my suits there, but—I don't know—tailors aren't what they used to be. There's little choice in materials here, and if you order from England, where there is a wider choice, the suits don't fit you. I had to throw two English suits away. The suit I have on today was made from some long-wearing material woven by a Swedish sister-in-law of Ben Huebsch—Viking



Press." Knopf's friend expressed approval of this garment, and the publisher looked relieved.

KNOPF's passion for clothes is part of his general concern about the way things look. Ever since he started publishing, in 1915, he has dressed his books as handsomely as he does himself. His first volume—a translation of four plays by Emile Augier, with a preface by Eugène Brieux—was bound in orange and blue, and printed in Cheltenham, an unusual and pleasing type face. He had been in business only a year when he engaged the late Claude Bragdon, an architect, artist, and writer who had a lot of aesthetic ideas, to advise him on bindings, end papers, wrappers, and so on. During his first three years in business, he published seventy-seven books, nearly all of them bound in bright cloths or gaily decorated boards and wrapped in arresting dust jackets. This was a distinct departure from the contemporary school of publishing thought. "I love books physically," he confessed in his 1917 fall catalogue, "and I want to make them beautifully. I do no one a serious injustice when I say that American books are *not* beautiful. . . . I have found the prevalent idea that a good-looking book must necessarily cost too much to manufacture wholly fallacious. Good-looking books do cost—the publisher's time and thought. And so I have experimented with boards printed up in brightly colored Continental designs, with Italian hand-made papers, with French papers, with a Russian artist's idea for a binding . . ." Knopf's preoccupation with his books' appearance runs a close second to his attention to their contents. "Van Vechten's 'The Tiger in the House,' " he observed in an elaborate catalogue (bound in lavender boards bearing a black-and-lemon foliage design) he issued in 1920, "is the only complete account in English of the domestic cat. It is Carlo's magnum opus and I have made in it, I think, quite the handsomest of all my books. A large octavo bound in half canvas with purple Japanese Toyogami sides stamped in gold. The text is set in Caslon old style type, and printed on India Tint Art Craft laid paper . . . [in an] edition of only two thousand numbered copies." Knopf then described an edition of Max Beerbohm's "Seven Men," for which, "in order to give the book the odd shape (square octavo) I wanted, I had to have the paper specially manufactured," and one of Hergesheimer's "San Cristóbal de la Habana," printed on Warren's India Tint Olde Style paper and half bound in black cloth, with Chinese-orange board sides spattered with gold. A seven-fifty edition of a hundred numbered copies, he went on, was being printed on Strathmore laid paper. In those days, the Knopf firm went in heavily for limited, signed, numbered editions in addition to the regular trade editions. They did not always sell well. Willa Cather's "One of Ours," for example, published in 1922, sold seventy thousand copies in the trade edition, but Knopf was stuck with a de-luxe printing, to the tune of three hundred and ten autographed, numbered copies, on Perusia handmade Italian paper, bound in purple-and-green batik boards and priced at ten dollars. He eventually unloaded this distinguished remainder on friends. One beneficiary who received a copy for Christmas in 1934 was presented with a second copy on the occasion of his marriage, several years later. He and his wife refer to the set as "Two of Ours."

The pioneering Knopf did in the production of good-looking books made his early authors feel that they were in sympathetic hands and gave his list a certain cachet with the reading public. Many old-line publishers were jolted into brightening up their products. George H. Doran once wrote, in a book on publishing, "In mechanical artistry of production Knopf set a new standard of excellence. . . . [He] not only made beautiful books but told the public they were beautiful books and thereby stimulated the public to require a more graceful format." In 1923, Knopf engaged Elmer Adler, a typography expert, to design title pages, letterheads, and advertisements for him. Adler, who is now an assistant professor in the graphic-arts department at Princeton and a consultant to the Princeton University Press, also designed several Knopf books, among them "Trivial Breath," a collection of poems by Elinor

WET THURSDAY

A stiff wind off the channel
Linking the chimney's mutterings
With rain; the shaken trees,
Mile after mile, greening the sand.
Turn to the fire as the afternoon
Turns gray. Then, suddenly,
The locked door opens without sound,
Thunder shaking the sky, to usher in
A monstrous cat that seems
Far older than the oldest carp
In the waters under the earth,
Moving like a shadow over the floor
To warm its frozen paws
Before the fire. He turns,
Smiling into the woodbox,
And says, "*Felis libyca domestica*
They call me, kept by man for catching
Rats and mice. Of Eastern or
Egyptian origin. Now to be
Your spiteful and envenomed shadow. Here
Will I live out my nine and evil lives
Before your very interesting fire.
And the days, months, years, are endless."

Wind pounds along the coast.
The trees bend double to the sand.
The cat sleeps like an old campaigner
During this season of the long rains.

—WELDON KEES

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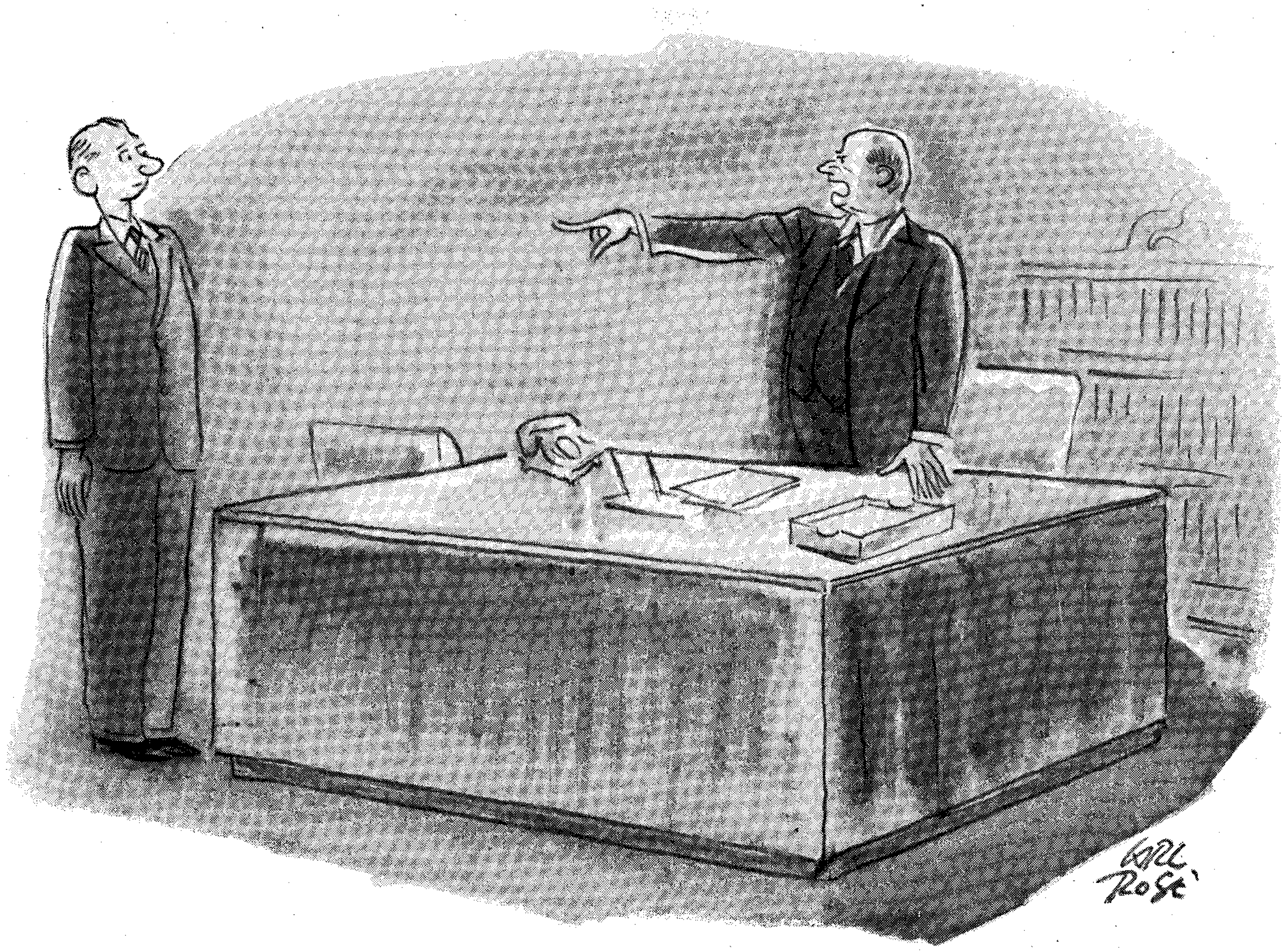


"Harris, I've cancelled your hospitalization and sick-benefit policy, closed out your old-age retirement account, cleared your case with the union, given proper legal notice to the Unemployment Insurance Bureau, and had a check drawn for your vacation credit, cost-of-living bonus, severance pay, and accumulated salary, including overtime. You're fired!"

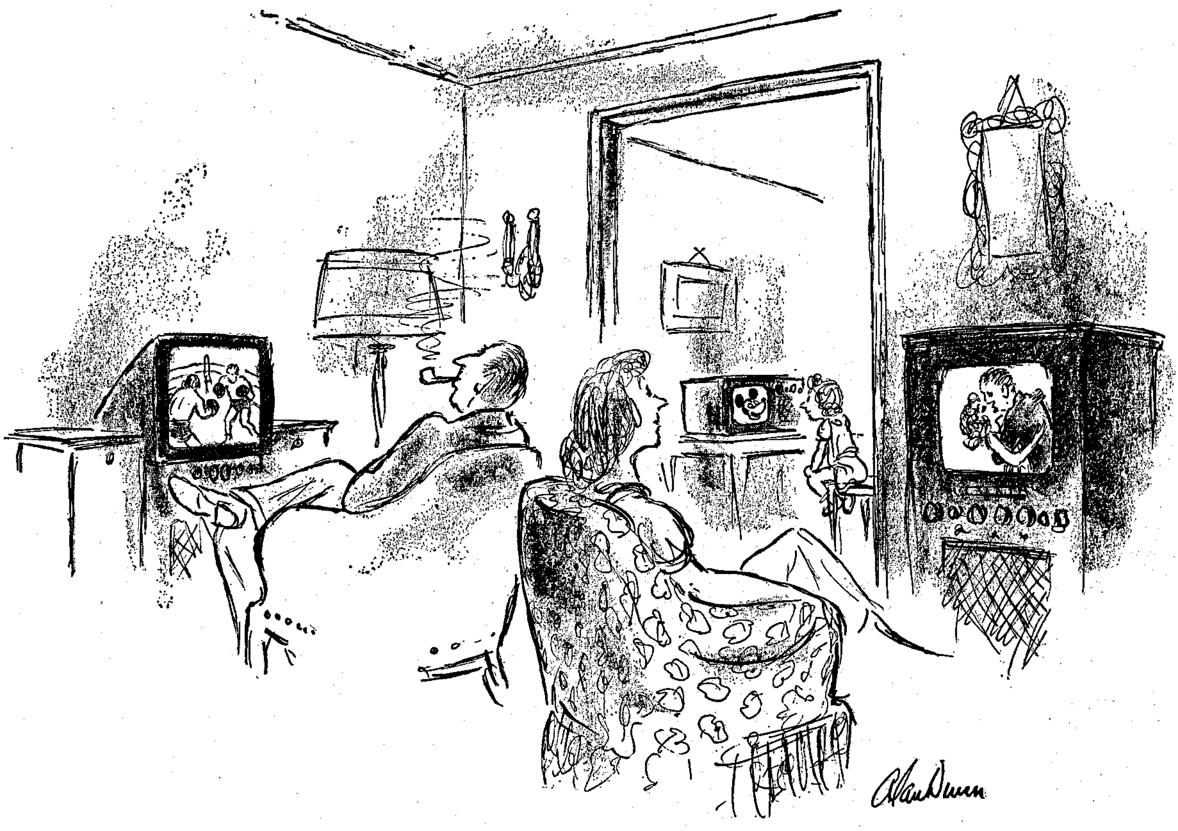
• •

Wylie. Adler introduced Knopf to the work of W. A. Dwiggins, a famous Massachusetts book designer and typographer; since 1926 many Knopf books have appeared in bindings designed by him and have been printed in type faces selected, and sometimes designed, by him. Since that year, too, all Knopf books have contained colophons describing their typographical features, in some instances providing a rather astonishing wealth of detail. Thus Knopf readers, through the decades, have been informed that the 1926 reissue of Miss Cather's "One of Ours" is printed in Old Style No. 1: "In design, the face is of English origin, by MacKellar, Smith and Jordan, and bears the workmanlike quality and freedom from 'frills' characteristic of English old styles in the period prior to the introduction of the 'modern' letter. It gives an evenly textured page that may be read with a minimum of fatigue." According to its colophon, Miss Cather's "Shadows on the Rock" owes its typographical beauty to "Pierre Simon Fournier (le jeune), who designed the type from which that used in this book is adapted." Charles Morgan's "The Fountain" is set in Granjon, "a type named in compliment to Robert Granjon, but neither a copy of a classic face nor an entirely original creation. George W. Jones drew the basic design for this type from classic sources, but deviated from his model to profit by the intervening centuries of experience and progress. This type is based primarily upon the type used by Claude Garamond (1510-61) in his beautiful French books, and more closely resembles Garamond's own than do any of the various modern types that bear his name." G. W. Fitch's "What Everybody Wants to Know About Annuities" is set in Baskerville, "a facsimile cutting from type cast from the original matrices of a face designed by John Baskerville. The original face was the forerunner of the 'modern' group of type faces." Clare Boothe's "Europe in the Spring" is in Janson, "a recutting made direct from the type cast from matrices made by Anton Janson some time between 1660 and 1681. Of Janson's origin nothing is known. He may have been a relative of Justus Janson, a printer of Danish birth who practised in Leipzig from 1614 to 1635. . . . Janson's types were first shown in a specimen sheet issued at Leipzig about 1675. Janson's successor, and perhaps his son-in-law, Johann Karl Edling, issued a specimen sheet of Janson types in 1689."

Knopf does not always show the utmost sensitiveness in relating the appearance of a book to its contents. Some of his volumes have been dressed beyond their station in life. For instance, he slipped Alice-Leone Moats' "No Nice Girl Swears" (a guide to modern etiquette that declares, "Anyone will admit that in the long run a reputation for being a heavy necker doesn't really add to a girl's popularity. . . . The day will inevitably come when your name will be brought up over a bottle of brandy, and your talents discussed") into a silver cloth binding and printed it on lemon-yellow paper in Cochin type, "which was adapted from a series of types cut by G. Peignot et Fils, Paris, and named in memory of Charles Nicolas Cochin, the designer and line-engraver. . . ." Knopf rigged up "Night Clubs" (a treatise by Jimmy Durante and Jack Kofoed that starts out, "A piano banged by a kid in a black sweater, its tinny notes inching through the voices of singing waiters, clattering glass-ware, shuffling feet. Louder, you bum . . ." in Estienne type, "another distinguished book face created by Mr. George W. Jones, the eminent English printer and the designer of Granjon." On the whole, Mr. Durante's colophon must have given him a lot of pleasure. "Typographers and printers," it stated additionally, "will be particularly interested in the notably new type texture Estienne provides—a distinctive, wholly charming pattern and appearance when set in mass form that is unlike that of any other face. Estienne capitals are compellingly attractive, possessing a dignity and beauty seldom approached by present-day book faces. The limpid, flowing grace and charm of the lower-case letters with their tall ascenders and long descenders makes reading easy. . . ."

A few Knopf authors have exhibited a regrettable indifference to the niceties of their publisher's manufacturing techniques. Knopf was lunching in a restaurant with a lady writer three or four years ago. At best, she was listening only abstractedly to his suggestion that her book be printed in Caledonia, and then she spied a familiar face at a neighboring table. "My God!" she said, clutching Knopf's arm. "There's a man who tried to rape me when I was fourteen. I haven't seen him since." Knopf is the publisher of several sex books, including "Our Sex Life: A Guide and Counsellor for Everyone," by Fritz Kahn, set in Janson, which contains a scholarly reference to rape—Dr. Kahn is of the opinion that bona-fide instances are uncommon—but sex is not one of Knopf's favorite topics. "Now, about your book," he said, disengaging himself and scarcely glancing at the object of his author's interest. "Dwiggins favors Caledonia, and I concur. This type has the hard-working, feet-on-the-ground qualities of Scotch Modern face, along with a definite liveliness and grace." His guest nodded, her eyes still fixed on her childhood admirer.

The lavish interest Knopf takes in typography is just one aspect of the fussiness he brings to bear on all details of the birth and career of a book. The standard Knopf contract with an author is a good deal longer, and a good deal more tiresome, than the contract of any other American publisher. Before he decided on publishing, Knopf had intended to become a lawyer, and he can pick his way as expertly, and as pleasurably, through the meticulously worded morasses of his book contracts as he can through the novels of Thomas Mann, all of which he has published. Although he is a bug on copyright law, he has frequently not taken advantage of its technicalities. His first big-selling book was W. H. Hudson's "Green Mansions," which he issued in 1916. This book had been published in England in 1904, and Putnam's had imported a small number of printed sheets and bound them into books in this country. At that time, American copyright law protected a British book only if an American edition, printed on American presses from type set in this country, appeared within six months of its initial publication in England, so by 1916 "Green Mansions" was in the public domain. Knopf paid royalties to the author anyway. He likes to make lordly gestures, but he does not always like to make them legally binding. In 1921, he made an outright purchase of "Buddenbrooks," the first Mann novel to be printed here. (Knopf had published an earlier Mann novel, "Royal Highness," in 1916, but he imported the sheets from England.) When, contrary to his expectations, "Buddenbrooks" sold well, he began to send Mann an annual bonus that brought his return up to the equivalent of a ten-per-cent royalty. Moreover, also without committing himself to such a course of action, he often sends Mann, who now lives in California, gifts of cigars—light Dunhill Double Claro Upmanns—for which Mann writes him enthusiastic letters of thanks.



KNOPF has a Prussian thoroughness, and his office procedure is as meticulous as the Knopf contracts. He and Blanche Knopf bring in about two-thirds of the books the firm publishes, and only they, and Joseph C. Lesser, who is their

CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR
men of action*
Gifts Lenthéric
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
MEN'S EAU DE COLOGNE
LENTHERIC
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
LENTHERIC
LENTHERIC
Tanbark

1. *Gift Shaving Set:* Lenthéric's Brushless Shave Cream and pinch-bottle of After Shave Lotion $1.75

2. *Master Gift Set:* Pinch-bottle each of After Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne and Hair Lotion, with matching Shaving Bowl and After Shave Powder $5.50

3. *After Shave Gift Set:* After Shave Powder and pinch-bottle of After Shave Lotion $2.25

4. *Eau de Cologne:* Decanter $2.50 and $4.00. In pinch-bottle, 50¢, $1.00 and $2.50.

5. *Men's After Shave Lotion* in handy pinch-bottle, 50¢, $1.00 and $2.50. In Decanters, ... $2.50 and $4.00

6. *Men's Decanter Set:* Imported English pigskin case, containing decanter each of "Tanbark" Cologne and After Shave Lotion $18.50

7. *Lenthéric Shaving Cream* — Lather or Brushless, each .... 50¢†

8. *Lenthéric's Shaving Bowl* .... $1.00†
.... (Refills 75¢)

9. *After Shave Powder* $1.00

10. *De Luxe Gift Set:* After Shave Lotion, Shaving Bowl and After Shave Powder $12.50

11. *"Three Musketeers":* Pinch-bottle each of "Tanbark" Cologne, After Shave Lotion and After Shave Powder or Scalp Stimulant $2.25

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He'll really go for this warm wrap-around robe in herringbone weave. Tailored in pure wool with wide hems for growing arms and legs, it's an outstanding value and an exclusive with De Pinna. Medium blue, luggage, tan or navy. 4 to 12 15.00; 14 and 16 16.00; 18 to 22 20.00

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DE PINNA

FIFTH AVE. AT 52nd ST., N. Y. 19

treasurer and general manager, can sign contracts. Once a manuscript is delivered by its author, whatever person in the office has been negotiating with him fills out—after conferring with colleagues in the sales, advertising, and production departments—a big pink card that calls for estimates of its advance sales, sales during the first six months, sales after six months, college sales, advertising appropriations, and print orders. The card also has space for "General Remarks," remarks on "Special Markets" (sections or communities likely to be especially interested because of the contents or the author), recommendations for advertising media and publicity, and advertising-copy suggestions. Well in advance of publication, the pink card is batted around at weekly business meetings attended by both Knopfs; their son, Alfred, Jr., who is the firm's secretary and manager of the trade-books department; Mr. Lesser; and various other company officials and editors. Estimates on the pink cards are checked against results twelve months after publication. The cards have been so reliable that Mr. Lesser has been able to make a reasonably accurate forecast of the firm's profits a year in advance.

Knopf enjoys meetings. Every workday morning at ten-thirty, an executive committee consisting of himself, Mrs. Knopf, and Mr. Lesser meets in his office. The top subordinates come in with their problems, which are disposed of in fifteen minutes, at the end of which the underlings troop out. The committee then takes up matters of house policy—how to deal with the book clubs, how to handle returns from book dealers, and so forth. Knopf also presides over a weekly editorial meeting. Although urbane and rather courtly, he frequently behaves at these conferences, which take place in the office library, a sizable room lined with a complete collection of Knopf books, like a highly nervous individual surrounded by nincompoops. "I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about," he may say to a lieutenant. "Even if I did, I wouldn't be any better off." Or "My God! You haven't the brains of a cat!" He pays his wife the compliment of treating her no more chivalrously than he does the rest of his staff, except that he prefaces his wails to her with the word "Darling," uttered in a tone of woebegone patience. "Alfred and Blanche sat at one end of the table," a former employee once said. "A good deal of time was taken up by Alfred's objecting to Blanche's ideas. The rest of us always looked down at the table to avoid taking sides." At least one literary agent, when sending manuscripts to the Knopf firm, tactfully begins his covering letters, "Dear Alfred and Blanche." Knopf likes to flick associates, but he does not always wait around to be flicked back. "He'd come out of his office into yours, throw the barb, and then retreat," a retired flickee has said.

A PICTURE of a borzoi has always appeared on the title page and jacket of every Knopf book, in every Knopf colophon, on nearly all Knopf office stationery, and in practically all Knopf advertising. A carved wooden borzoi, three feet long, is nailed to the wall of the company's reception room. Mrs. Knopf, who has been associated with her husband's business since the start, was crazy about borzois in 1915, or thought she was, and suggested that they use a drawing of one as a trademark. "I bought a couple of them later," she says, "and grew to despise them. They were cowardly, stupid, disloyal, and full of self-pity, and they kept running away. One died, and I gave the other to a kennel. I wish I'd picked a better dog for our imprint." Her disposition of her second pet may have been hastened by a weekend Hergesheimer spent with the Knopfs in the country. Knopf had published his "The Three Black Pennys" and "Java Head." He was the firm's best-selling author. After being kept awake most of the night by the moans and whimpers of the surviving borzoi, Hergesheimer came down to Sunday breakfast wearing a rather drawn look. "I bet Charles Scribner has no such goddam dog," he said. The Knopfs exchanged glances, and Mrs. Knopf went in for Yorkshire terriers.

The Knopfs have stuck to borzois in their business, however, and to the relentless use of the word "Borzoi" in their promotional material. "Mr. Alfred A. Knopf has the honor to announce the following new Borzoi books," said the first Knopf catalogue, thirty-three years ago, and his most recent catalogue carries the legend "Borzoi Books" in considerably larger type than that used for the name of the firm. Knopf has coined the noun "Borzoiana," and has on occasion indicated that he looks upon himself as a borzoi. "The Borzoi feels exceedingly complimented," one of his advertisements ran, "by the cordial reception that has vindicated his taste in those . . . books which he is offering to the present generation." Knopf has long sought to con-

Making television history, first coverage of air-sea maneuvers demonstrates value of research by RCA Laboratories to our armed forces.

Now television "stands watch" at sea

Picture the advantage—in military operations—when commanding officers can watch planes, troops, ships maneuver at long range . . .

This new use of television was seen by millions when the aircraft carrier *Leyte*—as Task Force TV—maneuvered at sea before a "battery" of 4 RCA Image Orthicon television cameras.

Seventy planes—Bearcats, Avengers, Corsairs—roared from *Leyte's* flight deck and catapult . . . dived low in mock attack . . . fired rockets. And an escorting destroyer stood by for possible rescues.

Action was beamed by radio to shore, then relayed over NBC's Eastern television network. Reception was sharp and clear on home television receivers . . .

Said high officials: "The strategic importance of television in naval, military, or air operations was dramatically revealed" . . . "There is no doubt that television will serve in the fields of intelligence and combat."

Use of television as a means of military communications is only one way in which radio and electronic research by RCA Laboratories serves the nation. All facilities of RCA and NBC are available for development and application of science to national security . . . in peace as well as war.

• • •

When in Radio City, New York, you are cordially invited to see the radio, television and electronic wonders at RCA Exhibition Hall, 36 West 49th Street. Free admission. Radio Corporation of America, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20.

RCA **RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA**

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

SET MY PEOPLE FREE
by Dorothy Heyward
with Juano Hernandez
and CANADA LEE
HUDSON Thea., W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

JOSE FERRER in
THE SILVER WHISTLE
by Robert E. McEnroe
BILTMORE Thea., W. 47. Mats. Thurs., Sat.
OPENS NOV. 24

MAKE WAY FOR LUCIA
By John Van Druten
with ISABEL JEANS • CYRIL RITCHARD
CATHERINE WILLARD
Scenery and costumes by Lucinda Ballard
OPENING SOON

The Musical Hit
ALLEGRO
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Entire Production staged by AGNES de MILLE
ON TOUR

CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
ON TOUR

DIRECT FROM 5½ YEARS ON B'WAY.
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
2 COMPANIES ON TOUR IN U.S.
THEATRE ROYAL—DRURY LANE

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ARTHUR SCHWARTZ presents
BEATRICE LILLIE JACK HALEY
IN THE NEW MUSICAL SMASH
Inside U.S.A.
Lyrics & Music by HOWARD DIETZ & ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
Dances & Musical Numbers by HELEN TAMIRIS
"Inside U.S.A." suggested by John Gunther's book
MAJESTIC, West 44 St.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Nov. 25
SEATS NOW FOR NEXT 16 WEEKS
Mail Orders Filled

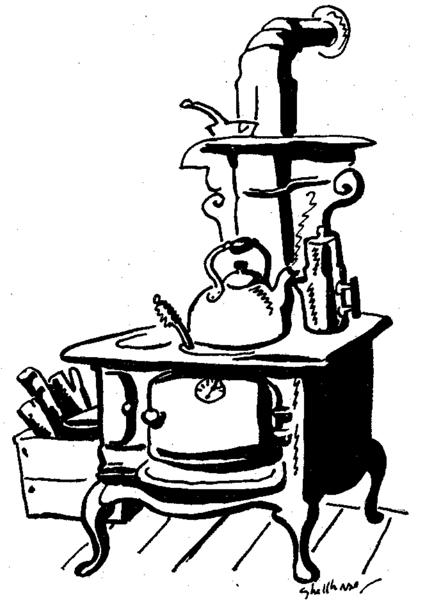
small wonder
"THE NEW HIT MUSICAL! DELIGHTFUL! AS NEW YORKY AS NEW YORK!"
—WALTER WINCHELL
CORONET, W. 49. Eves. 8:40. Mat. Sat. & Thurs.

JOHN C. WILSON
presents
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
in NOEL COWARD'S Comedy
"PRIVATE LIVES"
with
DONALD COOK
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th St. West of B'way
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees WED. and SAT., 2:40

vey the idea that there is something peculiarly wonderful, ipso facto, about a Borzoi Book. In the nineteen-twenties, he urged readers to buy his books because of the label, like cakes of soap. One ad went:

> The Borzoi imprint means a book that leaves an imprint on the mind! Buy a Borzoi Book today! . . . You can now buy books by the label. . . . Borzoi is the sign of a good book. . . . A Borzoi Book is taken up with pleasure and laid down with reluctance. . . . A Borzoi Book is a delight to read. . . . Devised originally as a trademark, it [the borzoi] has come to be regarded by thousands as the hallmark of a good book. . . . Take home a Borzoi Book and spend a pleasant evening. . . . It is obvious that books by their nature can never be uniform in quality of contents. But they must conform to certain well-defined standards of excellence to achieve the imprint of BORZOI. . . . Look for the Borzoi label and then buy the Book!

"A Borzoi book on a library table or on the bookshelf is a mark of distinction always," a Knopf advertisement in the *American Mercury* reported in 1928, a year that included the appearance of such Borzoi marks of distinction as "Old Pybus," by Warwick Deeping, and "The Bon Vivant's Companion, or How to Mix Drinks," by Professor Jerry Thomas. Borzoi institutional advertising may have reached its apogee the following year, when two-thirds of a Knopf advertisement was occupied by a photograph of Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, wearing a triple strand of beads, a dark suit, and a cloche hat, and holding a copy of a book entitled "My Brother Jonathan" in her lap. " 'My Brother Jonathan,' Francis Brett Young's latest novel, is a Borzoi Book," the accompanying text read. "Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, prominent in the society of New York, New-



Leland Hayward
presents
Mister Roberts
A play by
THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
(Based on the novel by Thomas Heggen)
Directed by Joshua Logan
NEW YORK CITY • ALVIN THEATRE
Starring HENRY FONDA
with DAVID WAYNE
ROBERT KEITH • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
CHICAGO • ERLANGER THEATRE
with RICHARD CARLSON
JAMES RENNIE • ROBERT BURTON • MURRAY HAMILTON

"A RIOT."—Morehouse, Sun
JOSEPH M. HYMAN presents
Make Mine Manhattan
The Gay New Musical Revue
Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Sketches & Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT • Music by RICHARD LEWINE
BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
BROADWAY Thea., B'way at 53rd St.
Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

"ANNIE REMAINS THE ACE."—Winchell
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
ETHEL MERMAN
in The World-Wide Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with MILTON WATSON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Life with Mother
with DOROTHY STICKNEY | HOWARD LINDSAY
EMPIRE. B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat

"A MUSICAL IN A MILLION"
—GARLAND, Journal American
MAGDALENA
Starring IRRA PETINA • JOHN RAITT
DOROTHY SARNOFF • HUGO HAAS
Music by HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS
ZIEGFELD Theatre, 54th and 6th Ave.
EVGS. 8:30. MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

port, and Palm Beach, is an enthusiastic admirer of Borzoi Books. Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher." This piece of news, which Knopf says he intended as a parody of endorsement advertising, was taken literally in publishing circles, and Knopf advertising has since eschewed satire.

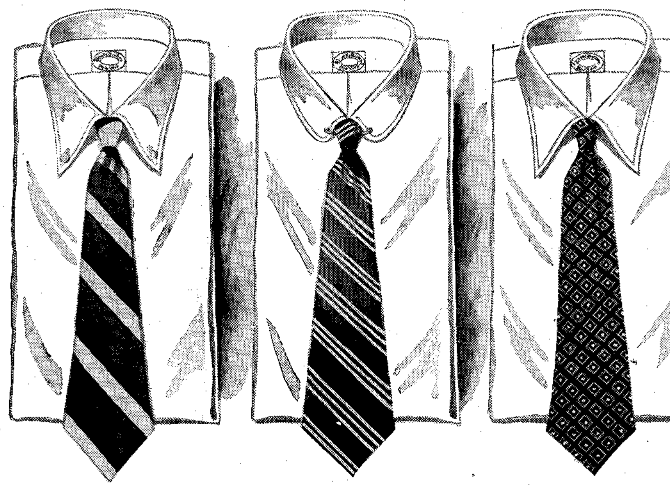
The original *American Mercury*, which Knopf, Mencken, and George Jean Nathan founded in 1924, and which Knopf published for eleven years, is a mine of Borzoiana. During a good part of its existence, it contained a monthly Knopf ad, sometimes written by Knopf and sometimes about him, called the *Borzoi Broadside*. In this, the publisher's majestic, dogmatic side came through strong and clear. A few extracts run:

> Here is a book ["The Spring Flight," by Lee J. Smits] that can be put on the shelf of American literature between "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Scarlet Letter."
>
> Well, my hat is off to Geoffrey Dennis and his new novel, "Harvest in Poland." Here to my mind is a work of sheer genius. . . . I urge every reader who has any confidence at all in my ability to know great literature when I read it, to buy or borrow "Harvest in Poland" without delay.
>
> Mr. Brett Young's present visit to America will be signalized by the publication this month of "Love Is Enough." This long novel is in my judgment incomparably its author's greatest to date. . . . I address this word . . . to everyone who is inclined to give the slightest weight to my personal recommendation.

That some people did give weight to Knopf's recommendation is indicated in an October, 1925, *Borzoi Broadside:*

> Every reader of "An Island Chronicle," by Mr. [William] Cummings, which Alfred A. Knopf published last year, is aware that Mr. Cummings is a careful writer who presents his material . . . in an effective and economical manner. There is an even more forceful indication of Mr. Cummings' conscientious attitude toward his art in the incident which concerns this writer and Alfred A. Knopf. When Mr. Knopf informed the author that his second novel seemed inferior to "An Island Chronicle" as well as to the quality of writing of which he was capable, Mr. Cummings . . . quietly destroyed the manuscript and set to work on an entirely new novel. The result was "Passion and Glory." This novel delighted Mr. Knopf.

Few novelists, however conscientious, destroy their manuscripts, either quietly or noisily, at a sign of disapproval from their publisher. Mr. Cummings' action was an extraordinary expression of confidence in Knopf's critical acumen. One writer whom Knopf never asked to tear anything up is



THE FAMOUS BROOKS' TRIO

Our Polo, Golf and Tennis Collar-Attached Shirts show the individuality that's found in all Brooks' clothing. They're cut on the distinctive Brooks' patterns and made in our own workrooms of two fine Oxfords: one woven from domestic cotton and the other from fine long-staple Egyptian cotton.

BROOKS' OWN
BUTTONED-DOWN COLLAR SHIRT
Domestic Cotton Oxford, $5,
White only, Pullover or Coat style.
Imported Egyptian Cotton Oxford, Pullover or Coat style,
White, $6.50, Blue, $7; Grey, Pullover only, $7

BROOKS' OWN ROUNDED COLLAR SHIRT
Rounded collar, Coat style, Egyptian Cotton Oxford
White, $6.50; Blue, $7

BROOKS' OWN PLAIN COLLAR SHIRT
Domestic Oxford, Pullover or Coat style, White only, $5
Imported Egyptian Cotton Oxford, Pullover or Coat style,
White, $6.50; Blue or Grey, Coat style only, $7

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BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
NEW YORK • BARRYMORE THEATRE
JESSICA TANDY
Marlon Brando • Kim Hunter • Karl Malden
CHICAGO • HARRIS THEATRE
UTA HAGEN • ANTHONY QUINN
Russell Hardie • Mary Welch

MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The LAUGH HIT
by GARSON KANIN
with JUDY HOLLIDAY • JOHN ALEXANDER
EVGS. INCL. SUN., 8:40. MATS. SAT. & SUN., 2:40.
NO PERFORMANCE MONDAY
HENRY MILLER THEA. 43 ST. E. of B'way

"OUT OF THIS WORLD!" Hawkins, World-Telegram
RAY BOLGER
in THE MUSICAL LAUGH HIT
"Where's Charley?"
ST. JAMES THEA. 44 St. W. of B'way LA 4-4664
Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

"A VIBRANT WORK OF ART."
—ATKINSON, TIMES
MARGO JONES presents
Summer and Smoke
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
MUSIC BOX, 45 St., West of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

New Stages, Inc. presents
ANN DVORAK
in Jean-Paul Sartre's
The RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE
Directed by MARY HUNTER
Adapted by Eva Wolas
TOGETHER WITH RICHARD HARRITY'S
HOPE IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS
Directed by JOSEPH KRAMM
CORT THEA., 48th St. E. of B'way CI. 5-4289
Evenings 8:45. Matinees WED. & SAT. 2:45

"FOUR ORCHIDS"—Walter Winchell
GILBERT MILLER & HENRY SHEREK present
ROBERT MORLEY • PEGGY ASHCROFT • IAN HUNTER
EDWARD, MY SON
A NEW PLAY
by ROBERT MORLEY and NOEL LANGLEY
with LEUEEN MACGRATH
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:25 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Special Mat. Thanksgiving Day

Thomas Mann. Knopf heralded the American edition of Mann's "The Magic Mountain," in 1927, with a piece of solemn fanfare, in a *Mercury* advertisement, that tells as much about the publisher as it does about the author. It ran:

> When I published Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" in 1921, I stated that it was not only the greatest novel I had put on my list up to that time, but the greatest I could expect to see under the Borzoi imprint during my generation. The last thought in my head then was that this sweeping guess might some day rise up to embarrass me; and I felt myself more than ever justified when, almost immediately, Hamsun was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature.
>
> Now, as I issue "The Magic Mountain" ("Der Zauberberg") by Thomas Mann, I can only say that the Borzoi has been blessed again. Mann's great work is already taking its inevitable rank as a world masterpiece . . . has every quality that I can think of as possible to fiction, including a mighty undertow of sheer narrative power. And it has in addition a profound originality that flaunts comparison.
>
> My own reading of it was an experience that I can never forget. Nothing I have ever published is more of a justification for thanksgiving on the reader's part, or for pride on my own.—Alfred A. Knopf.

"Alfred's advertising of Mann becomes a Knopf presentation of a Mann book," Robert Nathan once said. "The dance Knopf and Mann do together is a very dignified pavane."

In the case of some authors, Knopf has substituted a dirge for the pavane. Readers of the *Mercury* and subsequent Knopf advertising media have been regaled with—and certain of Knopf's writers have possibly been nettled by—such Knopf advertisements as:

> Erna Fergusson's "Dancing Gods" ($3.00) is one of the most satisfactory books I have ever published—satisfactory I should add in every respect but sales. . . . It has sold only 1,897 copies . . .

> This admirable biography ["Josephine, Wife of Napoleon," by E. A. Rheinhardt] failed to catch on as it deserved to over here. Only 3,281 copies have been sold. It's a book that deserved a better fate.

> I published many novels by Pío Baroja before I threw up the sponge. . . . I never expected a large sale for his novels, but I *did* expect better than this: "Caesar or Nothing" 2,297. "Lord of Labraz" 1,075. "The Tree of Knowledge" 1,191. "Red Dawn" 735. "The Quest" 1,450. "Weeds" 1,285. "The City of the Discreet" 1,042.

> They [the works of Olav Duun, a Norwegian writer] have sold as follows: "The Trough of the Wave" 1,063; "The Blind Man" 556; "The Big Wedding" 372. Not a very admirable record, this, but I am not at all discouraged. . . . I have already published books by five Nobel Prize winners. . . . I suspect that one of

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EDDIE ALBERT
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these days Duun will make the sixth. Anyway, when I was in Denmark and Norway this past winter [1932] I was told by literally everyone to whom I mentioned Duun's name not to give him up, that he was absolutely first class and almost certain sooner or later to get the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Duun hasn't won the Prize yet, but Knopf became the publisher of a sixth Nobel medallist in 1933, when Ivan Bunin, a Russian whose "The Gentleman from San Francisco" he had issued ten years before, was tapped. This event produced quite a bustle in the Knopf office. Notified of it by an associate, Mrs. Knopf cried, "What in the world did *he* win it for?" "The Gentleman from San Francisco," after selling only 1,150 copies, had been remaindered and then allowed to go out of print. The Knopfs at once decided to reissue it. No copy could be located in the office. According to an eyewitness, the place was in pandemonium until a salesman scouted up a marked-down copy in a drugstore. The Nobel Prize edition sold only 3,135 copies. Altogether, Knopf has published nine Nobel prize-winners. Besides Mann, Bunin, Hamsun, and Undset, they are Verner von Heidenstam, a Swede; Ladislas Reymont, a Pole; F. A. Sillanpää, a Finn; Johannes V. Jensen, a Dane; and André Gide, a Frenchman.

Knopf's fondness for foreign authors, his weakness for Nobel prize-winners, his advertising style, and his love of handsome bindings and unusual typography were once given joint recognition by *Publishers' Weekly*, which, in a parody issue, ran an advertisement commencing:

> Alfred A. Knopf
> has the honor to announce
> the DEATH of
> Birvadj Oglinsk
> (Esthonia's greatest living author)
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> THE LIEBFRAUMILCH SAGA
> (Nobel Prize Winner)
> A novel, 10 point caslon type, printed on Soso rag deckle edged paper, bound in Regulation Cloth, blind stamping...

Knopf does not mind this sort of joshing, which he interprets as a compliment. He especially likes being kidded about his Nobel prize-winners, of whom he is unashamedly proud. He was delighted in 1928, when, on behalf of the Polish Republic, Jan Ciechanowski, Polish Minister to the United States, presented him with the Cavalier's Cross, making him an officer of the Order of Polonia Restituta, for introducing Reymont and other Polish writers to America, and he is proud of the fact that only

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Rockefeller Center, New York

one Knopf author has been imprisoned for treasonable Nazi activities—Harold Tandrup, a Dane, whose "Reluctant Prophet," a novel about Jonah, he published in 1939. Hamsun, whose "Growth of the Soil" he still keeps in print, gave him some uneasy moments before he was set free, last December, upon the payment of an eighty-five-thousand-dollar fine, by the Norwegian court that had tried him on a charge of writing pro-Nazi articles during the German occupation of Norway. Knopf is very grateful to Nobel prize-winners like Mann, who keep out of trouble altogether.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(This is the first of a series of three articles.)

•

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD DEPARTMENT

(ONE TOUCH OF VENUS DIVISION)

[*"An Analysis of the Horoscope of Thomas E. Dewey," in the October Cosmopolitan*]

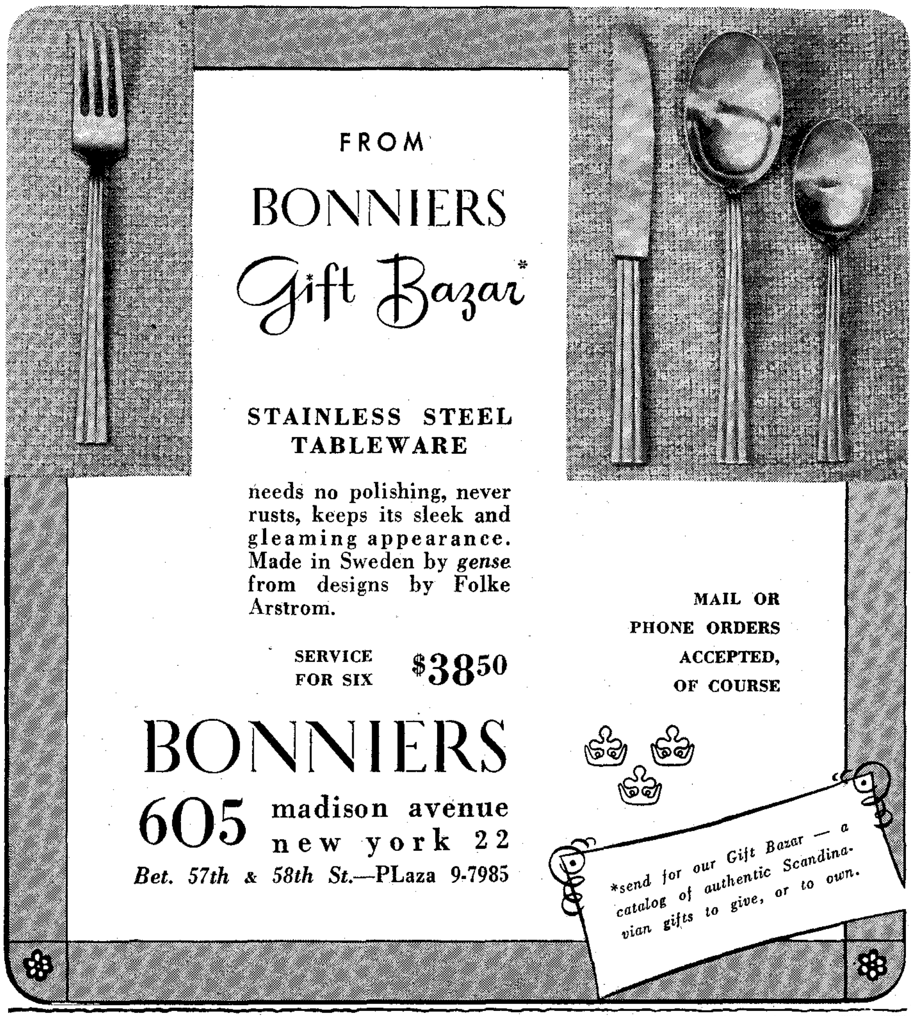
DEWEY'S MID-HEAVEN

Looking further into the Dewey planetary setup, I find that the powerfully beneficent Jupiter and the romantic, beauty-loving Venus are both in the mid-heaven of his chart. The mid-heaven is the highest angle of all; it is where the sun stands at noon, and it represents the highest achievements of life. This angle sheds a bright light over the rest of the chart when favorable planets occupy it, and none is brighter than Jupiter and Venus. Moreover, in Dewey's chart these planets are unafflicted, which gives them even greater strength, and they occupy the fortunate sign of Aquarius. Jupiter and Venus live very happily in this sign, which signifies the brotherhood of man; Venus becomes friendly and civic-minded herein, and the Aquarian Jupiter is a humanitarian leader.

Indeed, it appears that, had Tom Dewey been able to survey the entire planetary landscape at the time of his birth he would hardly have been able to find a better mid-heaven, particularly for the type of life his chart seems to be working for him.

GOOD PERIODS

During 1948-49 the progressed Venus has come to the conjunction of the Sun in his chart—an aspect which will never occur again during the entire course of his lifetime, and which is powerfully good. Furthermore, at the time of the Republican Convention in Philadelphia (June, 1948) other progressions to his ascendant were extremely advantageous, one of which (the progressed moon) will not happen again for another twenty-eight years. Thus the years 1948-49 are destiny-laden for Thomas E. Dewey and replete with happy portents. They are valuable enough to make him a popular President and will smooth out any difficulties with Congress or among members of his cabinet.



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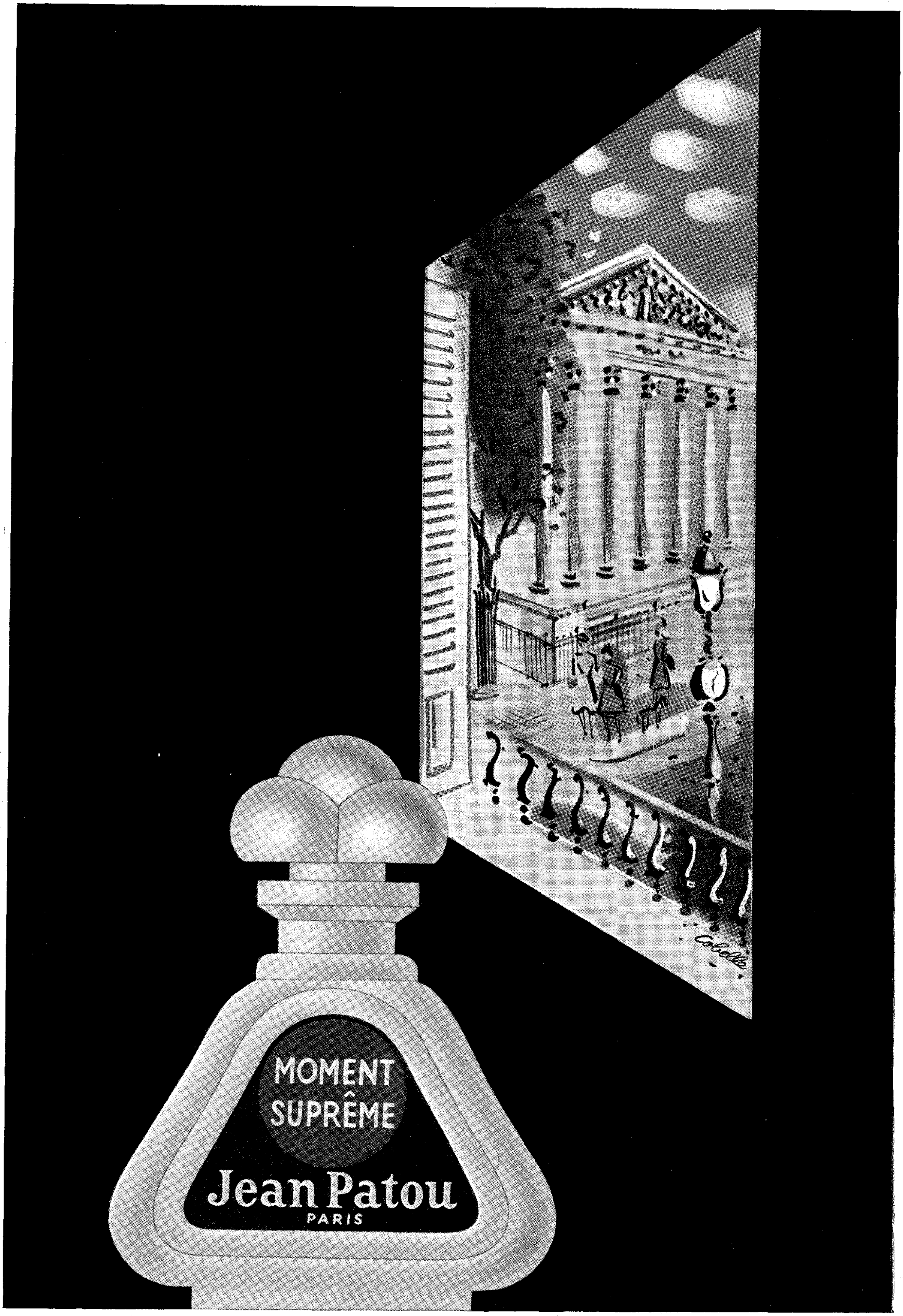
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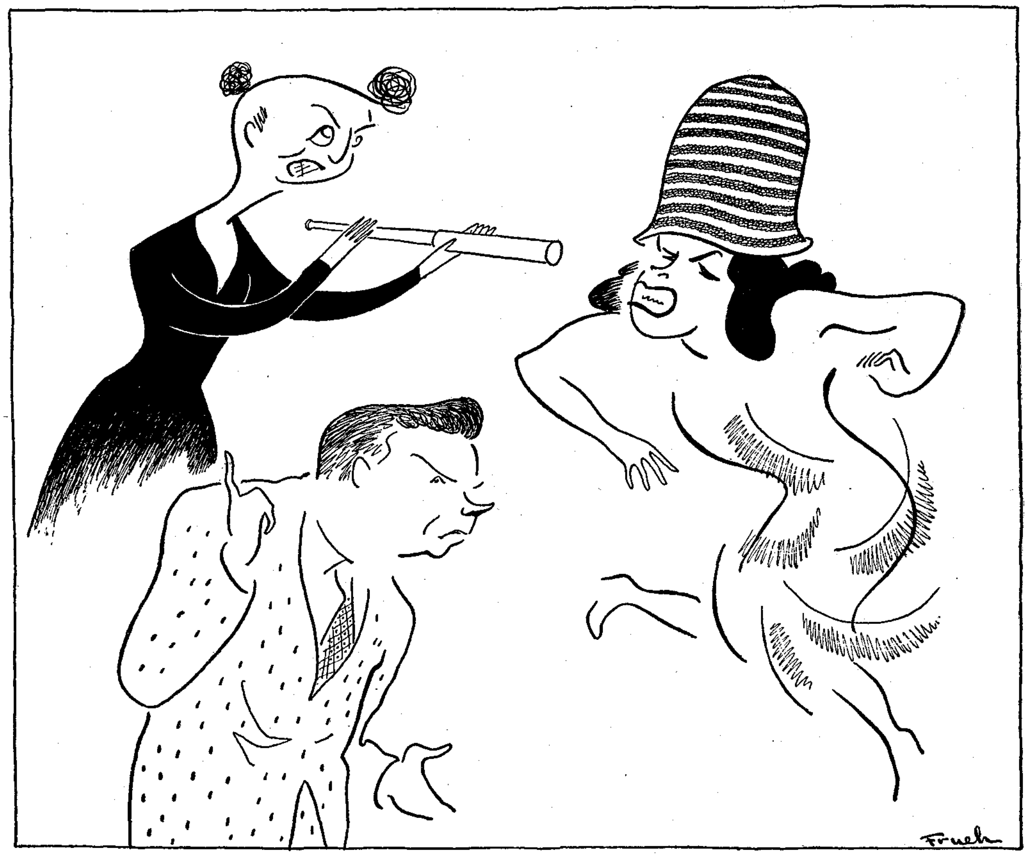
THE THEATRE

THE PRESIDENT'S HUSBAND

AT one point in "As the Girls Go," at the Winter Garden, Bobby Clark shows up with a walking stick made out of fur—raccoon, it looked like to me. At other times, he appears as a doctor, a fireman, and a manicurist, but the fur cane still strikes me as the happiest inspiration in an evening that is full of wonderful nonsense. A great many students have tried to explain just why Mr. Clark is the most satisfactory comic in the business, and I guess I won't go into it again here, except to say that in my opinion he has never been funnier. The trick cigar has never sputtered more furiously; the leer behind the painted spectacles has never looked more horrible; the strange, sudden laughter has never sounded more maniacal; there has never been so much clambering on and off furniture, so many scampering pursuits of tall, beautiful women, or so many offhand miracles with props—the hat scaled unerringly onto its hook across the room, the lumps of sugar tossed negligently into the distant cup of tea. Altogether, it is a classic performance, in the highest tradition of burlesque, and if it doesn't enchant you, the chances are that nothing in the theatre can.

The show that Michael Todd has assembled to go with this demoniac personality is very nice, too. The book, by William Roos, presents Mr. Clark as the husband of the first woman President of the United States, a lady much more concerned about whether her slip is showing than about the national debt. Undoubtedly, this idea has its satiric possibilities, but the author has chosen to keep everything on the broadest and simplest level, and I'm inclined to think that this was an intelligent decision, since a plot that made any real sense would have introduced another kind of humor, at war with the star's fine, free lunacy. As it stands, Mr. Roos's story is useful, unobtrusive (as a matter of fact, very little is heard of it after the first few scenes), and certainly a relief from the glum and complicated foolishness we have had to endure in the "Magdalena"s, "My Romance"s, and whatever else has passed for musical comedy so far this season. The score, by Jimmy McHugh, is also rather more than serviceable, offering two pleasant sentimental songs in "Lucky in the Rain" and "You Say the Nicest Things, Baby," and, with the assistance of Harold Adamson's lyrics, a couple of pretty funny items in a denunciation of Father's Day and "Brighten Up and Be a Little Sunbeam," a number piercingly delivered by Mr. Clark and a troupe of terribly fierce children, equipped with cornets.

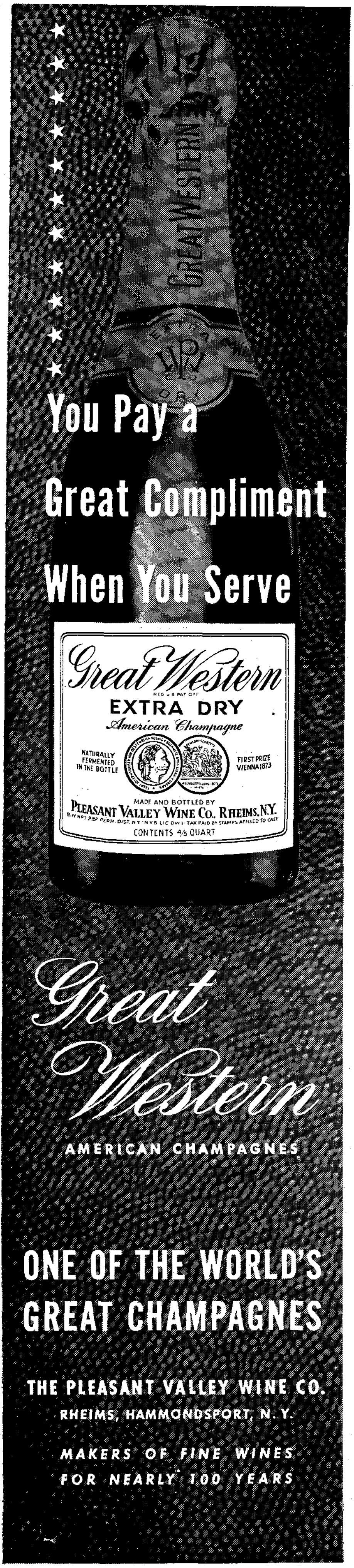
The supporting cast includes Irene Rich, who makes a charming Chief Executive; Betty Jane Watson, a melodious ingénue; Bill Callahan, who is a remarkably good dancer; and Kathryn Lee, who is an even better one. The ladies of the chorus, who really go through hell because of Mr. Clark's amorous disposition, are the most ornamental collection I've seen for a long time, and Oleg Cassini has dressed them very inspiringly indeed. There are twenty-one scenes, for which Howard Bay has designed some particularly bright and entertaining sets. On the whole, I think everybody connected with "As the Girls Go" can be congratulated. It's a fine show, and the head man, of course, is a great and disturbing genius.



"SMALL WONDER"

The girl with the double topknot and the telescope in this picture is Alice Pearce; the one in the hat is Mary McCarty. Tom Ewell, who serves as master of ceremonies in the revue at the Coronet, seems to be trying to explain what they're up to.

IN "Bravo!," at the Lyceum, George Kaufman and Edna Ferber have demonstrated that it is possible to combine the essential themes of quite a number of successful plays and still get nothing that can really be described as entertainment. A majority of the characters in "Bravo!" are refugees from Central Europe—disinherited aristocrats, jurists, scientists, illustrious people of



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the theatre—and the authors have overlooked none of the rather overpowering pathos and humor and gallantry that so many previous works have taught us to expect from men and women in their unhappy state. Naturally, they are employed in capacities that would have been unthinkable in the great days abroad. A ballerina is reduced to dancing at Roseland; one of the last of the Hohenzollerns rises from a position in the Automat to selling skiing equipment; a famous judge makes dress deliveries in the garment district; the daughter of the greatest Lear ever seen on the Continent is a waitress; an actress who was once the toast of three continents is happy to do bits in stock; and the most celebrated of them all, a Hungarian playwright with some twenty masterpieces to his credit, finding himself unable to grasp the American idiom, accepts a job reading plays for his old producer and distinguishes himself almost at once by rejecting "Mister Roberts." As you can see, it is quite a catalogue of disaster, and I can't imagine anybody's believing a word of it.

In addition to their exiles, Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman have invented, or perhaps just dusted off, a number of picturesque native specimens, including a taxi-driver who writes novels in his spare time, a couple of Broadway songwriters, who seem to have been transplanted almost intact from "June Moon," and a moving-picture star, whose tough conversation contrasts, of course, very effectively with her regal appearance. The story that keeps all these assorted types in motion has something to do with a young actress who faces deportation as an undesirable alien on the eve of her first American triumph. It is an elaborately contrived business, and the best I can do to give you some idea of its quality is report that she is rescued at the last moment by the offstage intervention of no less a personage than Bernard M. Baruch, whom another character happened to meet feeding squirrels in the Park. Although it was clear to me early in the evening that the authors were capable of practically anything, this device surprised me a good deal and depressed me even more. Since Mr. Kaufman can never wholly mislay his gift for comic invention, there are some funny bits of business and a few crisp lines in "Bravo!," but they are widely separated, and the total effect, I'm afraid, is mechanical, reminiscent, and dull.

In the principal role, that of the Hungarian playwright, Oscar Homolka,

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whose forelock, as usual, hangs persistently between him and his audience, gives a rather muffled and contorted performance that may be suitable for the portrayal of eccentric charm, though the charm seemed fairly dubious to me. His chief accomplices are Lili Darvas, whom I found genuinely touching as the bygone star who is his mistress; Christiane Grautoff, as the girl so providentially salvaged by Mr. Baruch; Kevin McCarthy, as the literary driver; Janet Fox; Oliver Cliff; Frank Conroy; and Fritzi Scheff, who got a considerable ovation on opening night, though her role was minute and villainous. The setting, by Leo Kerz, represents the living room of a crumbling brownstone in the West Sixties. It is so cluttered, for no discernible dramatic purpose, that the actors sometimes gave me the impression of groping their way through a junk shop.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

My friend and I recently dined in a restaurant which features "Chicken in the Rough"—using no silverware. (Instead of serving hamburgs or "hot dogs" these places feature fried chicken.) At the end of our meal, we were brought one fingerbowl between us. Can you tell me what procedure should have been followed so that neither one of us would have had to use the other's greasy water?—*From Emily Post's column in the Mirror.*

Society recognizes two methods of dealing with this "other fellow's greasy water" problem. The first method is to order another round of chicken, in which case you will receive another fingerbowl and will, of course, desperately need it, because by the time you're through both of you will be unbelievably filthy. The second method is simply to walk out of the place in a huff and wipe your hands on the side of the building. There is still a third way, but decent society frowns on it, and we shall ignore it therefore.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From a paper included in the Proceedings of the Meeting of the American Gas Light Association, 1880*]

I am led to the conclusion that the electric light which so recently, both in this country and in Europe, produced such commotion among the holders of gas stocks, need give us little alarm. . . . I presume every intelligent man is prepared to admit the possibility of electricity occupying in the future a certain place, of limited extent, in the general field of artificial illumination, unless, after a fuller investigation of its claims, it is found to be out of its sphere in this field.

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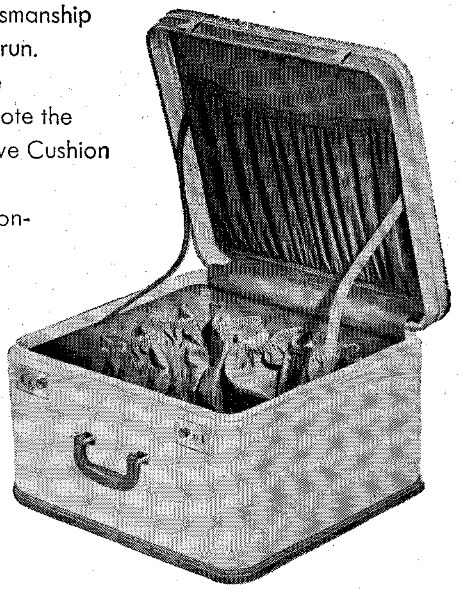

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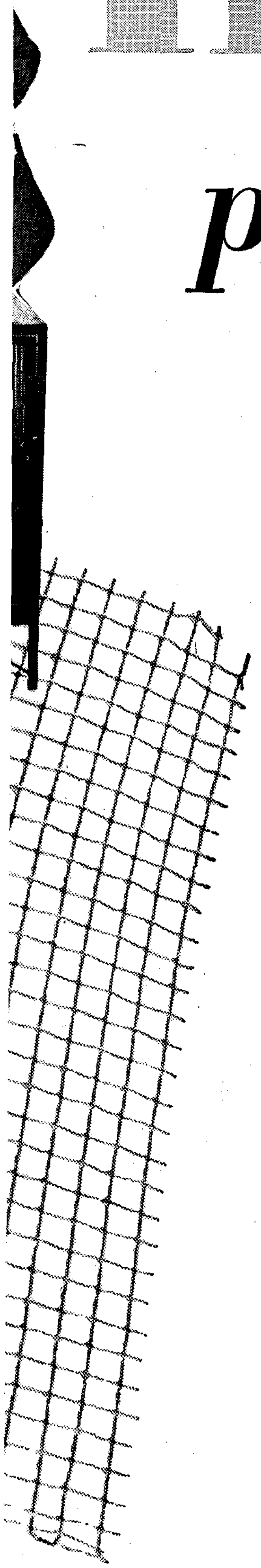

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DRY OR SWEET

THE RACE TRACK

Second Guessing

THE most interesting event of the tag end of the Eastern season was the Butler Handicap, at Jamaica, which was won by Donor on Saturday. It seemed to me that it was Donor's best race since he was a two-year-old. (He's four now.) He beat Phalanx, Better Self, and half a dozen other runners, most of whom had picked off at least one of the more important sweepstakes earlier this year. As an instance of the indifference of horseplayers to past performances, the fact that Donor paid $27.70 deserves mention in the next tract on handicapping. A fortnight before, Donor finished fourth to Better Self, War Trophy, and Phalanx in the Westchester Handicap, which is the same distance as the Butler—a mile and three-sixteenths—but he was beaten by less than a length and a half for first money. He carried a pound less in the Butler than he did in the Westchester, while Better Self had two pounds more. (If you don't think that a shift of three pounds in the weights can make a difference, just ask those busy little men who compile the speed charts; they'll quickly enlighten you.) Besides, if you were looking sharply during the Westchester, you noticed that Donor was neatly blocked by the leaders—quite legally, though, because they had the right of way—when he moved up along the rail in the stretch. Well, the Butler was something else again. Donor kept fairly close to the pace, took no chances of being boxed, went around his field on the turn for home, and came in a couple of lengths in front. I fancy that he would have had a harder time winning if the race had been longer, because Phalanx was wearing him down rapidly in the last furlong. I must report, too, that Conniver, who theretofore had run very well at Jamaica, seemed unable to raise a good gallop. Carrying a hundred and twenty-five pounds, as she did, sometimes affects a runner that way.

Donor isn't the stuff of which great racers are made—he hasn't the substance—but he's a hard worker. All told, he has won fifteen of his forty starts and $261,910 in prize money, $58,850 of it in the Butler. I can't say, either, that he has an impressive way of going, and he usually lays his ears back when

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running. Most horse watchers consider this a sign that an animal is ungenerous with his speed or is bad-tempered. I'm not so sure they're right. It might be just a habit (Donor sometimes does it *when he is merely cantering*), or else a show of grit, an indication of supreme effort. Have you ever noticed the expression of an athlete finishing a hundred-yard dash? He certainly hasn't the benign, contented look of a man being paid off on a long shot. Maybe horses are like that, too, and maybe it shows in their ears.

THERE are no longer so many two-year-olds on Long Island that sweepstakes for them have to be run in two sections, like railway trains. Nevertheless, a good collection turned out last week for the Ardsley Handicap, which went to Prince Quest in a head finish with Reveille. A horse named Option was third. Prince Quest is a big, fine-looking fellow, the sort a lot of stables would like to have for the classics next spring. He will winter at New Orleans, and you might keep him in mind.

IF I were asked to pick the race that surprised me most last week, it would be the Pimlico Cup, which was won by Miss Grillo. When I was in Baltimore recently, a taxi-driver gave me a tip on Miss Grillo for the Exterminator Handicap. I'm not exactly a pushover for information on horses, even from taxi-drivers, who, oddly, seem to be right more often than most tipsters, but I gave her an extra looking-over and decided that she wouldn't do; she seemed a trifle jaded. As duly reported in this department, she finished third, lengths behind Pilaster and Petrol Point. In the Cup, however, with Bois Joli, a stablemate, making the pace for the first mile, she not only won easily but set a world's record, of 4:14⅗, for the two miles and a half. Flying Missel was second and Pilaster third. The other afternoon at Jamaica, I asked a trainer who had had a runner in the Cup how Miss Grillo had impressed him at saddling time. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I didn't pay a bit of attention to her. I thought that *there* was one I didn't have to worry about." He found out.

—AUDAX MINOR

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When Russia wants peace, when it is content with the vast power it already possesses, the world can (From the Philadelphia Bulletin) get peace overnight—*Sacramento Bee.*

Good thing to know.

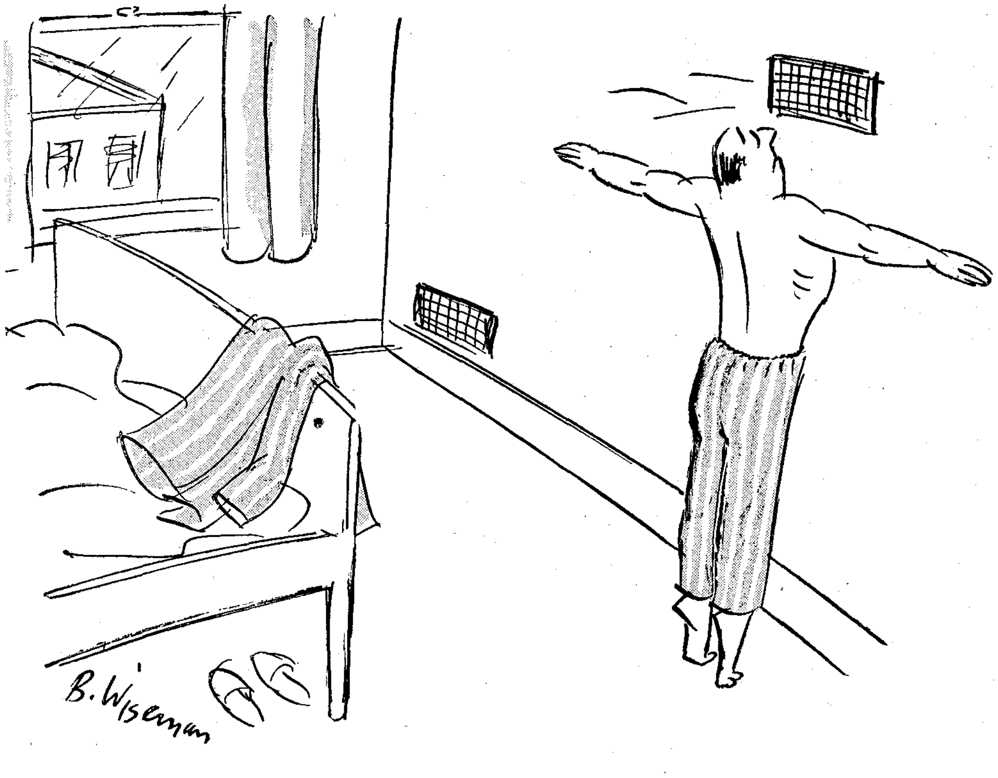
A REPORTER AT LARGE

ELEPHANT BILL'S ELEPHANTS

DURING the war, practically everything that happened in Burma was, compared to events in other combat areas, unconventional. It was in the Burmese jungles, for instance, that for almost three years the British and the Japanese Armies contended for the allegiance of several thousand trained elephants. The British were at a disadvantage in this competition because for the better part of the war the Japanese occupied most of Burma and thus controlled most of its inhabitants, including the elephants and their Burmese mahouts. Nevertheless, by the time of the Japanese surrender, the British had managed to spirit away from the enemy, by one means or another, sixteen hundred and fifty-three elephants, a good many of which, stealthily and at night, were guided by their attendants through Japanese-held territory over to the Allied side. The British Army valued these elephants because, as substitutes for mechanized vehicles in the jungle, they were better than mechanized vehicles. Some of the elephants assisting the British were eventually organized by the Royal Indian Engineers into two elephant companies, which at their peak strength numbered two hundred animals apiece. All the British-enlisted elephants, whether operating with or without military tables of organization, did their bit for the war effort under the supervision of a middle-aged English lieutenant colonel, who was known to his fellow-countrymen throughout Burma as Elephant Bill and who spent most of the war years at the front, surrounded by elephants, many of which he had known well since their infancy.

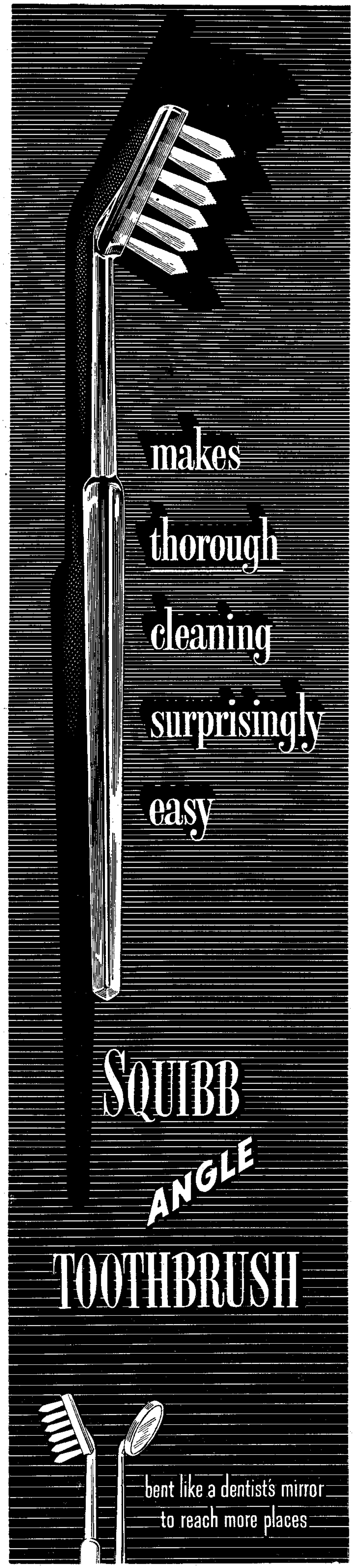
Elephant Bill has been retired from active duty for nearly three years. His current headquarters are in London, where he goes by his full name, James Howard Williams, and is occupied with the manufacture and distribution of an insecticide machine. A while ago, he came to New York on a business trip, and a mutual friend took us to dinner. I soon gathered that Colonel Williams, a tall, slender, ruddy-faced man with black hair graying at the temples, is a chap whose fondness for elephants exceeds that of the ordinary biped for the ordinary quadruped. We were scarcely seated before he told us how happy it had made him, upon his arrival in this country, to notice that so many of our newspaper cartoonists like to draw his favorite animal. "It's just a local political symbol, old man," our host said gently. "Oh," said Colonel Williams. "That's too bad. Did you know," he went on, turning to me, "that two thousand elephants were military casualties in Burma?" I replied that I did not, and he said that he wasn't at all surprised. While the war was on, he told us, the Allied officers who composed the South-East Asia Command's communiqués, well aware of the feelings of societies back home that were dedicated to the prevention of cruelty to animals, generally tried to disguise the fact that elephants were looked upon as legitimate military objectives, subject to bombing and strafing. When Allied fliers succeeded in blowing up a Japanese elephant train, the target was usually described simply as "enemy transport."

I asked Colonel Williams if he would tell me something about the dealings he had had with elephants in the war and how he had come to get mixed up with the creatures in the first place. He said that he would be glad to talk about elephants but that he didn't think his connection with them was particularly interesting. "Oh, come, now, old man," our friend said, "you know perfectly well that it's impossible to discuss the relationship of elephants to the war without discussing the relationship of Elephant Bill to elephants." Elephant Bill said he guessed that was bloody well so, and he began to talk.



TO teach an elephant to work for man, Colonel Williams told me, takes just about as long as it does to educate a child. You start in when your pupil is five or so and finish up some fifteen years later. To teach a man to work with elephants takes almost as long. Williams said he had been in a position to be of some small service to the Army in Burma only because, at the time the Japanese invaded that colony, early in 1942, he had already put in twenty-two years there hobnobbing with elephants. He was born in England in 1897, and during his boyhood associated solely with such medium-sized vertebrates as horses, dogs, and men. During the first World War, he served for a while in the Camel Corps on the Libyan Desert and grew quite attached to animals of greater size. While he was still in the Army, he heard that the Burmese teak industry was always on the lookout for footloose and adventurous young men who could learn to get along with elephants, and upon being demobilized he decided to migrate to that land of special opportunity.

Burma has long been the world's principal source of teak, a wood prized for its hardness and elegance and used extensively as decking for ships. The largest of the teak-cutting firms is the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, which for years, except during the war, has operated sawmills at Rangoon and Moulmein, in the southern part of Burma, and at Mandalay, on the Irrawaddy River, in the middle of the coun-



try. Burma has very few roads and railways, and the teak logs, therefore, are floated along rivers to the mills. The logs are dragged to the water by elephants, some of them wild ones that have been trained, some bred in captivity. The native mahouts who drive them, one to an elephant, are called *uzis*—or, by the British, "oozies." At the start of the war with Japan, six thousand elephants were employed in the teak business in Burma, twenty-five hundred of which belonged to the Bombay-Burma Corporation.

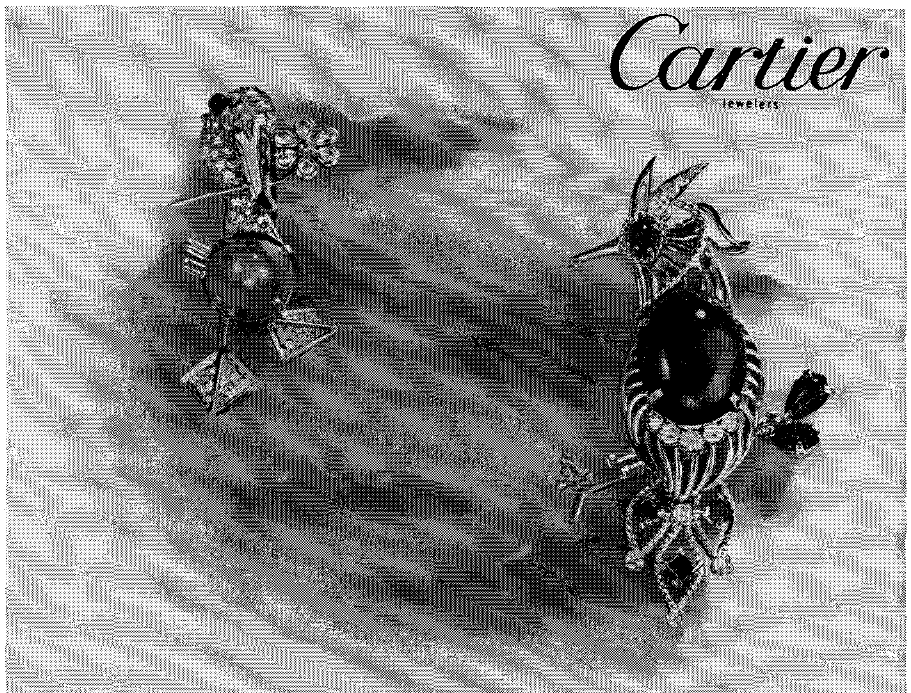
To maintain strict supervision over the operations of its herds, the company has always assigned a number of white men to rove the jungle from one teakwood project to another. In 1920, Williams presented himself at the Bombay-Burma office in Rangoon, and was engaged as an agent and told to proceed north up the Chindwin River, the main tributary of the Irrawaddy, until he found a company veteran named Freddie, who would give him further instructions. Williams started up the Chindwin and in due course reached a riverbank village where he found Freddie, who was smoking a cheroot, running a fever, drinking whiskey, and contemplating a group of elephants. "The four on the right are yours," Freddie told Williams. He added that since no one was worth a rupee until he learned to speak Burmese, Williams might as well go right out into the jungle to where the teak was being cut and stay there until he had mastered the language. Williams obediently set forth, with the four elephants, their *uzis*, and a primer on the care of pachyderms. He stayed in the jungle for three months, and he learned a good deal of the language and a good deal about elephants.

Over the years, as an agent in the jungle, Williams became adept at smoking cheroots, drinking moderate amounts of whiskey, catching assorted tropical diseases, and conversing fluently in Burmese. In 1930, he was made a forest manager and put in charge of a couple of thousand square miles of teak land and a couple of hundred elephants. A forest manager cuts quite a splendid figure as he makes the rounds of his domain. Sometimes Williams' retinue included as many as twenty elephants, to carry his tents, food, clothing, medical supplies, radio, phonograph, and other impedimenta. This setup much impressed the Burmese, some of whom often travelled with only one elephant. Williams became known throughout his section of the teak forests as Weeyan Thakin Gyee. "Weeyan" is as close as the Burmese can come to "Williams," "Thakin" is a deferential title appended by them to the names of all Europeans, and "Gyee" is a mark of special honor conferred by them upon people they particularly respect. Most of the elephants under Williams' jurisdiction had special names, too, some bestowed by Williams himself. He introduced an Anglicized touch in the case of one of them by christening it Susan Ma, in honor of his wife, an English lady whom he met in 1932 while she was visiting relatives in Burma, and who has since borne him two children. Elephant Bill believes that all elephants should have names, and during the war, whenever the British got hold of an anonymous pachyderm, he would name it, usually after some prominent contemporary human being. At one time or another, his elephant companies included a Slimmo and a Scoono (named in honor of Generals Slim and Scoones, of the British forces in that area), a Stilwell, a Cochran, and a Stalin, and, among the bad actors, a Hitlah and a Musso.

IN January, 1942, when the Japanese invaded Burma, Williams' wife and first-born child (the other was yet to come) were living in a teak-panelled, company-owned house at Maymyo, a town of about seven thousand people fifty miles northeast of Mandalay. Williams was off on a business trip, looking in on some elephants in the Shan States of northeastern Burma, close to the Chinese border. A company messenger intercepted him and told him to return to Mandalay. When he got there, early in February, Williams learned that the Japanese were rapidly advancing on Rangoon, that the fall of Burma was imminent, that the European women and children in Mandalay had been evacuated by plane to India, that there was little likelihood of getting anyone else out by air, and that sixty-seven white women and children, including his family, were still at Maymyo, having been overlooked in the scramble. There was no automobile road to the Indian border, a hundred and twenty miles away, and Williams, who swiftly assumed responsibility for all the families in Maymyo, was skeptical of their ability to walk there. The answer, of course, was elephants. He escorted his party by auto and launch as far as an elephant camp maintained by his employers, ninety miles up the Chindwin River. There he found a hundred and ten elephants, piled the women and children and their belongings aboard them, and headed west into the Kabaw Valley, a dismal, inhospitable region known in the British Army as the Valley of Death. One of the principal villages in the valley was Tamu, from which a trail led fifty miles across a series of mountains to the Indian border. Upon arriving in Tamu, after thirty-six miles and seven days of plodding, Williams decided that a hundred and ten elephants would be an unmaneuverable convoy over the terrain that lay ahead. He weeded out the males, because they are apt to become irritable under trying conditions, loaded thirty-five of the most phlegmatic of the females with women, children, and provisions, and set off.

Williams and his caravan crossed the mountains in five days, and when they reached the plains on the other side, they ran into a detachment of British Army engineers, to whom he turned over his refugees. Then he reloaded the elephants with provisions and went back to Tamu. He stayed there two months, running a camp for refugees from other parts of Burma and feeding them by bringing in rice, on elephant back, from neighboring village granaries. At the end of May, the retreating British forces came through Tamu, and as the Japanese were not far behind, Williams decided that he had better pull back into India along with them. He wanted to take the elephants with him, but the Army said they would be in the way, so he sent them off into the jungle with their *uzis*, who had no burning convictions about the war and in some cases preferred the company of their elephants to that of either the British or the Japanese.

WILLIAMS stayed in India until October, when the British Army, figuring that his knowledge of Burma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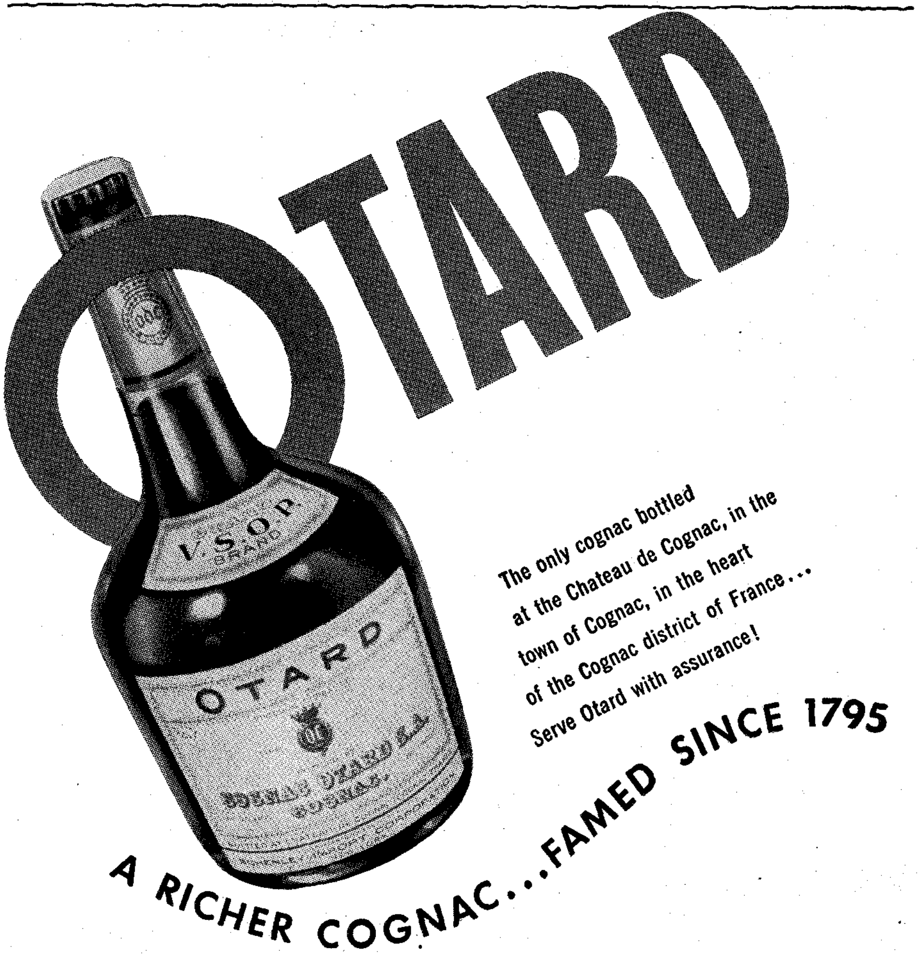

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should be put to official use, commissioned him a lieutenant colonel, assigned to Intelligence. In this job, he supplied a lot of information about the flora and small fauna of Burma, but rarely any, at first, about elephants. The Army hadn't used elephants since the nineteenth century. Williams knew that the Japanese had organized elephant trains, and it was intolerable to him that elephants should be working only for the enemy. He decided to take matters into his own hands. The Japanese invasion of the Kabaw Valley had bogged down short of Tamu, and he hoped that if he could reach that village before they did, he could round up at least part of the herd he had left in that vicinity and, if nothing else, keep the animals neutral. The British, he learned, had succeeded in building a road, of sorts, from India into the Kabaw Valley, and some units of their Army had advanced along it. Williams borrowed a jeep near the border and drove to Tamu. Except for a few Indian troops on outpost duty there, the village was deserted. It was filled with a ghastly jumble of automobiles, some abandoned by refugees, others with skeletons of refugees still in them. Williams was overjoyed to find forty elephants, some of which he knew, hanging around the outskirts of town. Their mahouts explained that they had been using them to transport supplies for the Japanese but had tired of the job. While greeting the elephants—patting a familiar trunk here and slapping a tusk there—Williams spotted Susan Ma. "I hadn't seen her for ages, but I recognized her right off," he said. "I had a sentimental feeling for that elephant."

Williams was still getting reacquainted with his old friends in the herd when a British engineer officer came along and asked him if by any chance the animals could help out the Army sappers by dragging logs for a bridge his men were going to throw across a nearby river. "I wanted to know what kind of bridge," Williams told me, "and he said strong enough to support a ten-ton tank. I said, 'Why, hell, my elephants'll build you a bridge strong enough for a twenty-ton tank, and they won't need much of a hand from your sappers, either.' The sapper had a lot of fancy blueprints with him, but I ignored them and drew him a rough sketch of an elephant bridge." Here Williams produced a pencil and an old envelope and drew *me* a rough sketch of an elephant bridge. It looked something like a corduroy road and was resting on cribs, which are huge boxes, made of logs and filled with stones, that take the place of piles. "I asked the sapper when he wanted the bridge," Williams went on, "and he said in fifteen days. We had the job done in thirteen days—we hauled a hundred and twenty tons of logs in all—and a whole brigade went across that bridge right away. As far as elephants were concerned, that was the turning point in the war."

Presently, word of Williams' demonstration of the military potentialities of the elephant got back to headquarters, at Imphal, across the Indian border, and not long after that the Army began encouraging him to augment his herd. He sent word by native messengers to *uzis* in Japanese territory that Weeyan Thakin Gyee hoped they would join him, and within a short while he enlisted seventeen more elephants. They drifted into Tamu, one or two at a time, guided by *uzis* who had become disgusted with the Japanese attitude toward elephants and knew that Williams could be trusted to treat their beasts properly. For one thing, they complained, the Japanese had taken to satisfying a longing for ivory war souvenirs by sawing off their elephants' tusks. This didn't injure the elephants, but it did reduce their effectiveness in logging—a matter of no concern to the Japanese, because they were using the animals only as carriers. The *uzis*, for emotional as well as economic reasons, resented having their animals handicapped and disfigured, and were further annoyed by the refusal of the Japanese to respect the dietary habits of the elephants. It has long been customary in the teak forests to let the elephants loose at the end of the day, so that they can browse about at night and stuff themselves on vegetable matter, of which each needs something like six hundred pounds daily. Every elephant ordinarily wears a distinctive bell around its neck, and in the morning its *uzi* tracks it down by listening for an accustomed tinkle. The Japanese, who were afraid to give the *uzis* much freedom, because of their tendency to wander off into the forests with their animals and never come back, had been tying the elephants up at night and placing a guard over the *uzis*. Moreover, not content with the tusks they had sawed off, they had begun to appropriate elephant bells as souvenirs, too. The elephants, obliged to subsist on what they could manage to nibble during working hours, plus whatever fodder their riders could collect for them in the evening, grew

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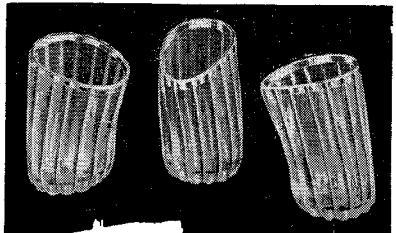

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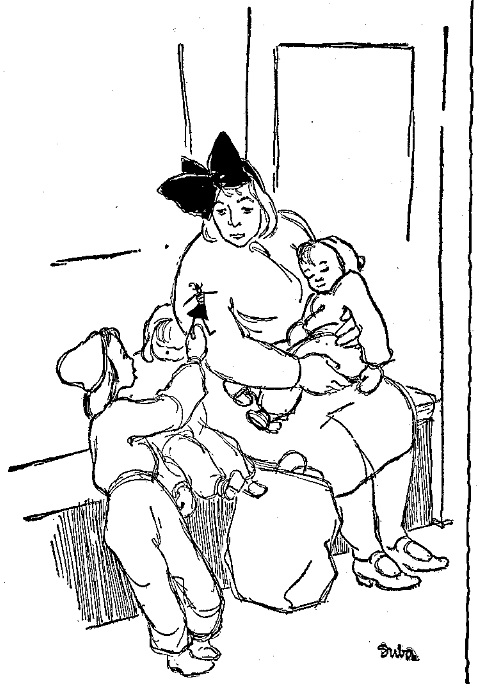
thin and moody. Weeyan Thakin Gyee, the *uzis* knew, approved of the use of elephant bells and of night grazing. As a further inducement, Williams flashed word over the jungle grapevine that excellent elephant bells could be made out of used Allied shell cases.

THE monsoon season in Burma begins in June and lasts until October. In May of 1943, therefore, the British decided to curtail their operations in the Kabaw Valley until the next dry season. When it came time to move to the rear, Elephant Bill was asked what he wanted to do about his elephants. He and another Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation alumnus, who had joined him, said that they would like to remain at Tamu with them. "We stayed there through the bloodiest rains a couple of Europeans ever experienced in Burma," Williams told me. The two men occupied themselves by rebuilding washed-out bridges, working on roads, welcoming additional deserting elephants, and sending messages back to headquarters that victory could be expedited, if not precisely won, by elephant power. "I was becoming a bit of a character toward the end of the war," Williams said, "and among some of the headquarters crowd I guess I was almost a jest. It was forbidden to wear shorts out there, you know. Malaria. Well, I informed the Army I didn't give a tuppenny damn what I was supposed to wear. I said that I had had malaria for twenty-three years and that mosquitoes dropped dead off me. I wore shorts." He added that he had declined to cover his legs even when, soon after the Army started taking an interest in



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elephants, Viscount Wavell, the Viceroy of India, came to lunch one day at his camp, bringing with him an extremely high-ranking American general, who was making a round-the-world tour of inspection. "They told me to entertain your general," Williams said, "so I began to explain to him what elephants were doing in the war. He didn't really seem interested in that, though. All he wanted to hear about was their sex life."

In March, 1944, after two years of practically static warfare, the Japanese resumed their advance toward India, and Williams had to get out of Tamu in a hurry. By then he had seventy-eight elephants. Trying to move all of them back in one group, he thought, might cause a serious traffic jam, so he divided his forces, sending thirty-three elephants off with his associate over one route and taking the remaining forty-five himself over another. Some Allied airmen, mistaking the associate's elephants for enemy transport, killed six of them in a bombing attack, and in the resulting confusion the Japanese captured the others, one of which was Susan Ma. Williams led the other herd on a roundabout twenty-one-day march across five mountain ranges, finally pulling up at a tea plantation in India, where he and the elephants stayed for four months.

In the fall, the British began to drive the Japanese out of the Kabaw Valley and to reëstablish themselves there. Williams had received orders beforehand that he was to help build bridges for the offensive and had started back into Burma with his forty-five elephants. Along the way, he was joined by sixty more animals, among them Susan Ma, seemingly little the worse for having switched sides so often. Many of these elephants, however, had suffered bad wounds during the Allied bombings, and others had ugly open sores on their backs, caused by acid that had spilled out of storage batteries they had been transporting for the Japanese. Williams established the war's only elephant field hospital. Some of his patients were so badly hurt that he was unable to save them, even with barrels of sulfa drugs, but he managed to pull the majority through.

The Army, hoping to drive straight down Burma to Rangoon before the 1945 rainy season, asked Williams to collect still more elephants. There were quite a few scattered around in the forests, but to reach the British lines their *uzis* often had to slip them past roving Japanese patrols, an undertaking for

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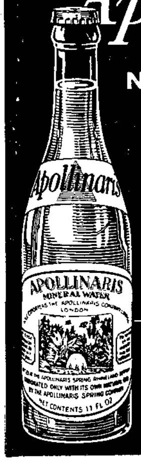

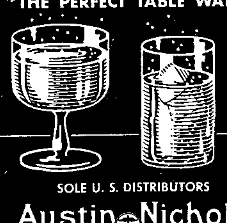

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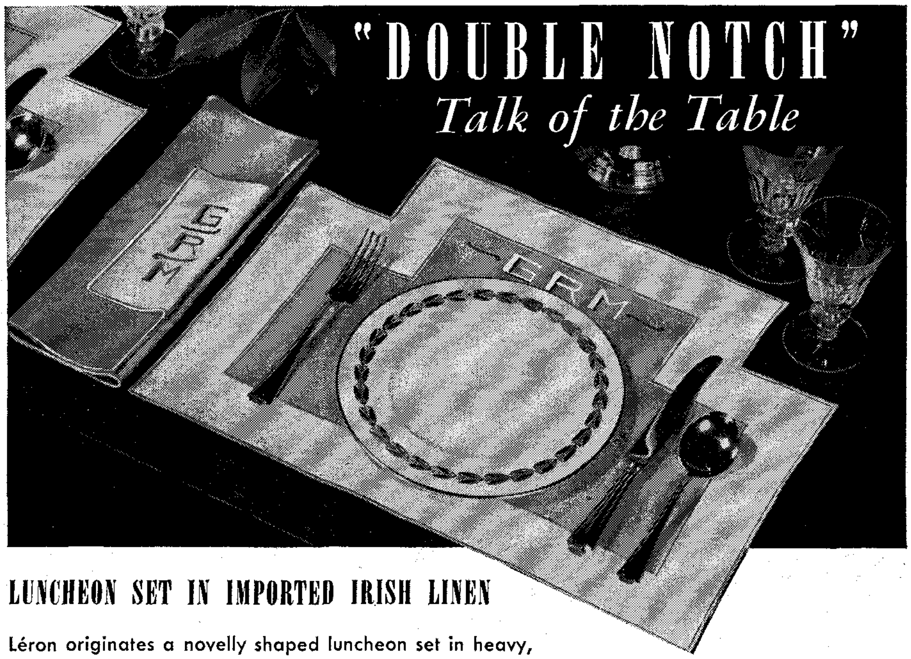
which elephants are not ideally proportioned. Williams went out into the wilderness, tracked down natives he had known before the war, and got from them news of the movements of the enemy patrols. This information enabled him to escort many *uzis* and their elephants safely through the lines after dark, with bells, if any, muffled. His best score for a night's work was twenty animals.

Emboldened by this success, Williams persuaded the Army to lend him a two-seater observation plane and a pilot, and started flying over enemy territory, swooping low over villages where he was known and dropping notes. These, signed "Weeyan Thakin Gyee," asked the residents to urge any *uzis* in the vicinity to proceed toward the British. One day, when he was in the air eighty miles behind the Japanese lines, he decided to call on some native friends. "I dropped a chit to announce myself," Williams told me, "and a few minutes later my pilot landed in a paddy field. The Burmese who came running up were very excited when I got out. 'It *is* Weeyan Thakin Gyee!' they all shouted. 'By God, he is alive!' They informed me that there were Japs all around, that the Japs were very angry because I had been taking their elephants away, and that there was a price on my head. I visited with them for only fifteen minutes, but they were so glad to see me that a few days later they sent me forty elephants."

From the start of 1945, as the British retook more and more of Burma and the Japanese kept scrambling back, Elephant Bill acquired elephants at so accelerated a rate that by early spring he had more than a thousand of them. In the closing months of the war in Burma, elephants on the Allied side hauled logs to build five hundred and seventy bridges and to rebuild dozens of roads. (Along one five-mile stretch of military highway, they brought up and trampled down twelve thousand five hundred logs.) They also moved thousands of tons of supplies, and were even reported, by a few perhaps overenthusiastic *uzis*, to have stepped on a stray Japanese or two. "By then, most of the elephants had become hardboiled soldiers," Williams said. "Early in the war, when a plane passed overhead or a jeep backfired, the elephants would get terribly upset and stampede off into the jungle. They got so used to loud and sudden noises, though, that after a while they would go right on building bridges even when the Japs were throwing heavy mortar shells at them. And when



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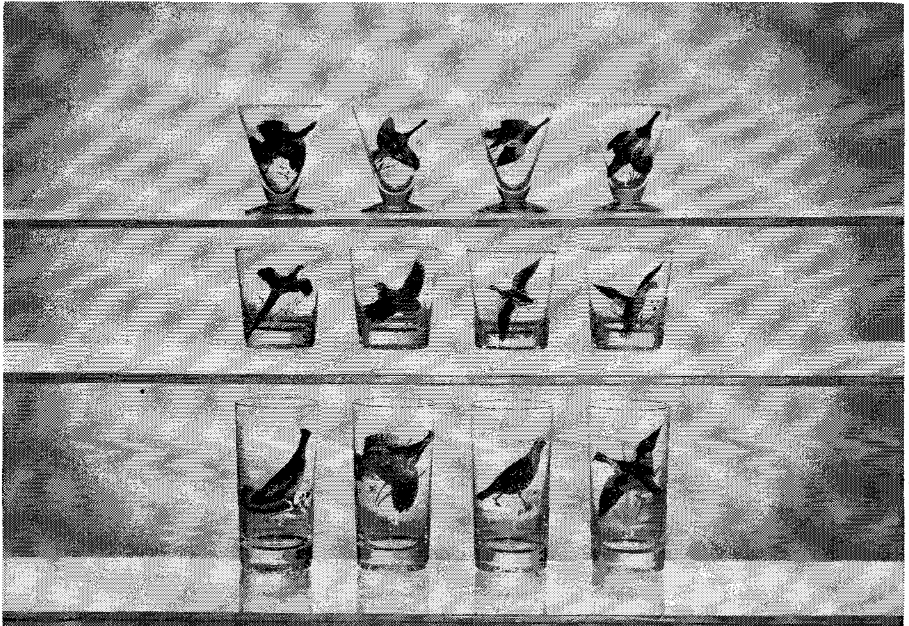

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they heard a plane overhead, instead of running away, they would move quietly under a tree and stand there, stock-still."

WHEN the fighting was finished, Elephant Bill decided not to go back to Bombay-Burma. He moved to England, settled down in Cornwall, and began to raise daffodils. His career as a gentleman gardener was interrupted by a British industrialist, who asked him to become managing director of a new Anglo-American firm, the Lister-Todd Engineering Corporation, whose insecticide machines are based on a principle similar to one used by the Allies to lay down smoke screens in wartime. Williams accepted, and plans to make a number of trips to various parts of the world during the next couple of years, selling machines to obliterate bugs. "I hope to kill half the insects that have bitten me," he said. "That is a very large undertaking."

As for the elephants, the last Williams heard they were to be returned to the teak companies. "I was ever so proud of the way they behaved," he told me. "But, you know, after the whole business was over, I realized that it's a hell of a thing that, for the folly of man, you've got to fall back on elephants in a war."—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

Two performances of the opera "The Pirates of Penzance" have been sung by the Davidson and Queens college singers who will present the opera in the City auditorium here Friday.... The opera will be sung in English.—*Asheville (N.C.) Citizen-Times.*

What's the idea of *that*?

•

The mate fought his way to the chart house, and, leaning in, shouted to the skipper, "Wheel's carried away, sir."

And, looking up, the skipper said, "All right."

What else could he say?—*From a story in the Montreal Standard.*

He could have said, "All right, *please*."

•

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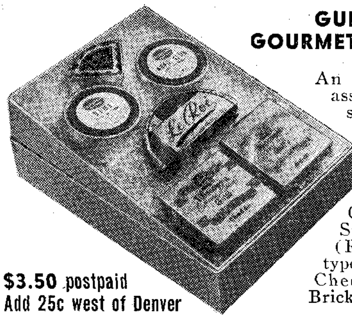
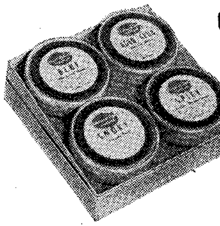
[*From "Boy Almighty," by Feike Feikema*]

For a month after he had stumbled upon Martha's love-nesting, a darkling wind blew fiercely upon his flame. He cared for nothing. Women, friends, jobs, children, sunlight, all of them, were as nothing to him. His skull was filled with wisps of smoke, cinders, blackness.

The finance company took his car away.

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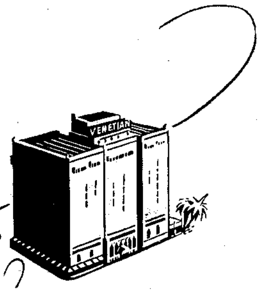
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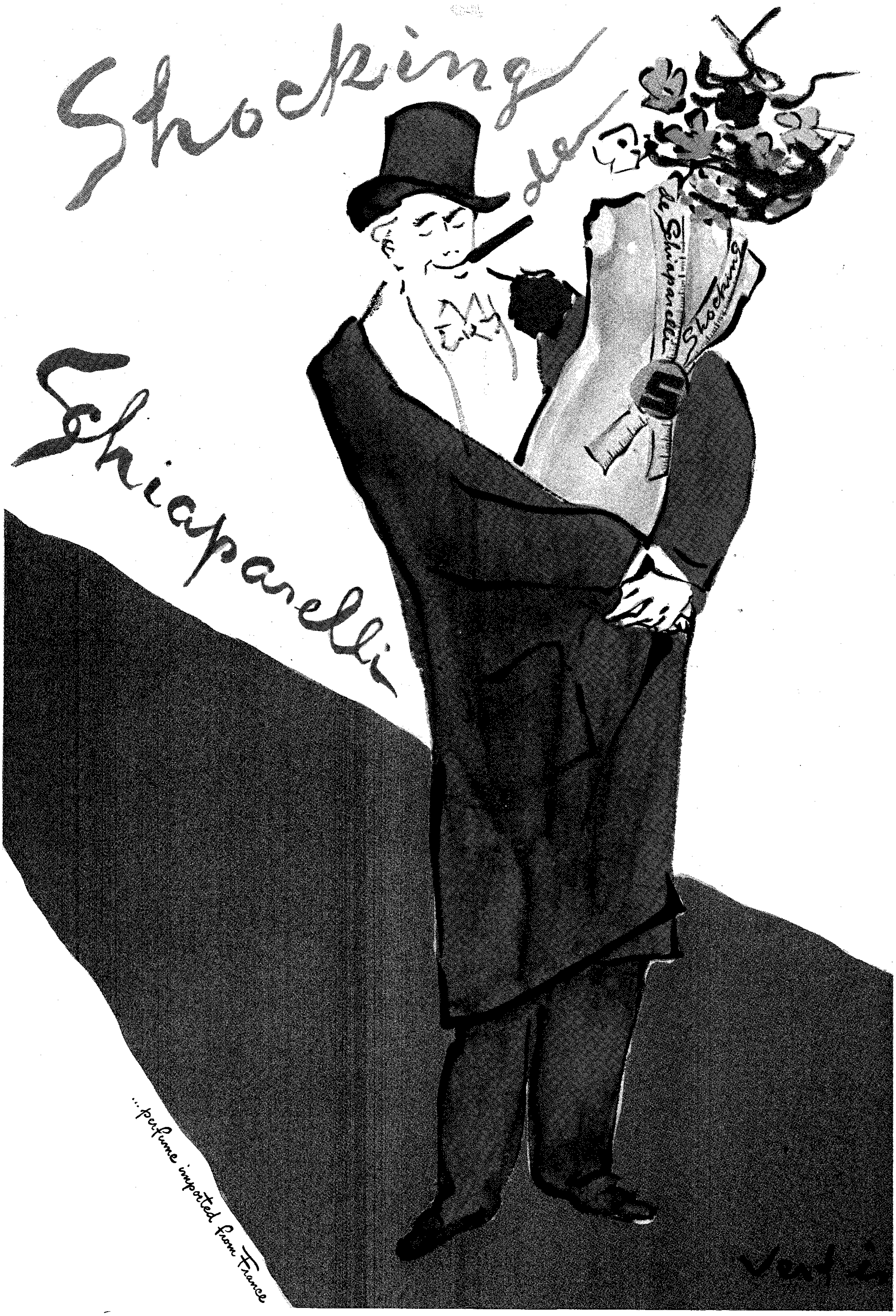
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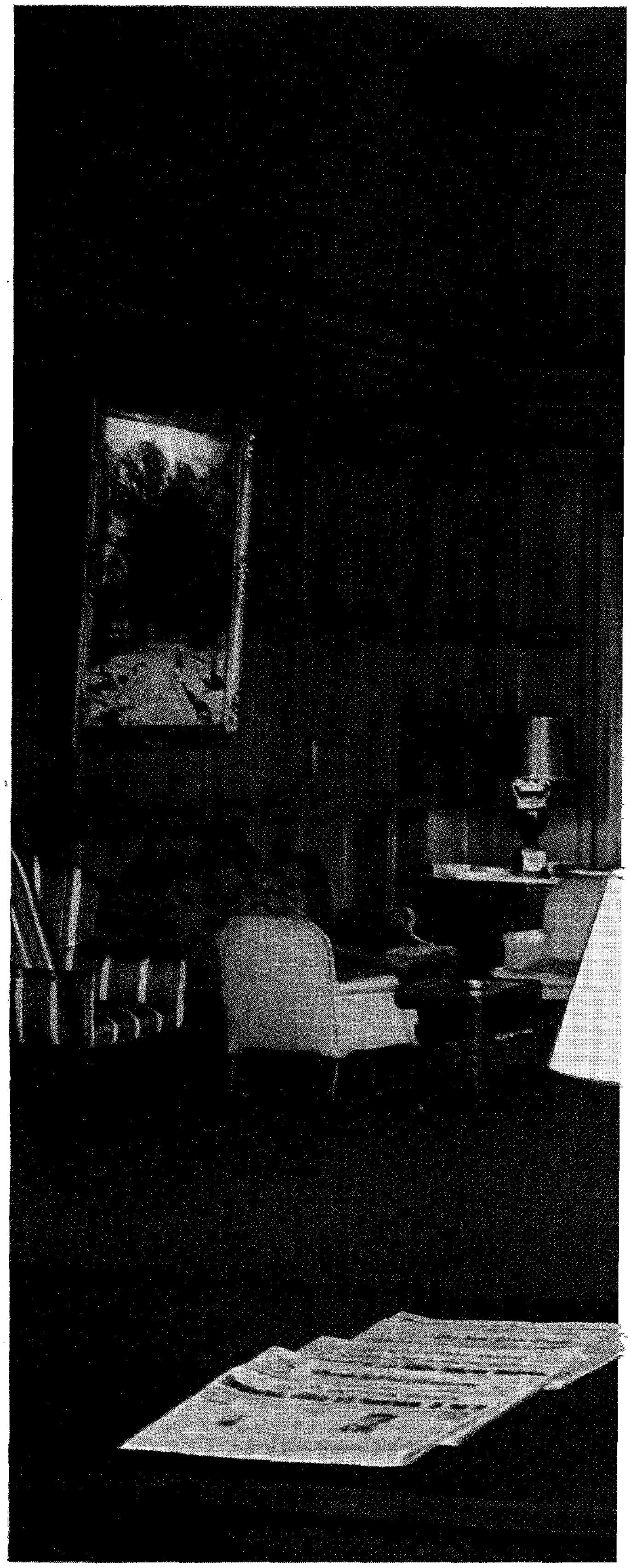

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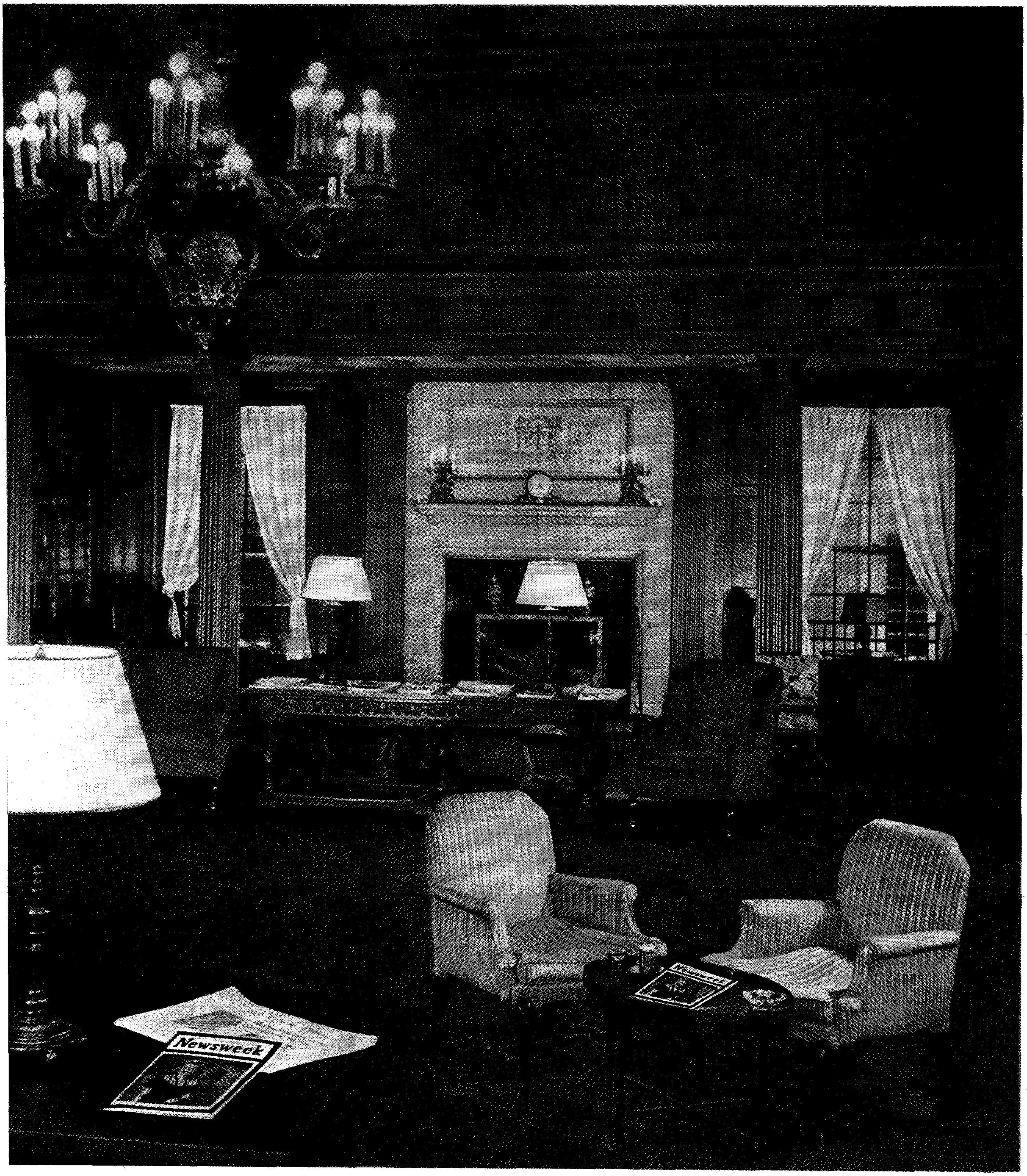
Newsweek *is in the picture*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IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING

ST. NICHOLAS magazine once published a poem that I can still repeat. It began:

> Once there was a little boy
> Whose name was Robert Reece.
> And every Friday afternoon
> He had to speak a piece.

On the occasion this poem records, Robert forgot his piece. With an aplomb that at the time of my learning the poem I considered magnificent, and now look upon as sickening, he substituted lines from the poems of preceding Fridays and was very pleased with himself. The poem ends:

> You see it doesn't matter,
> Robert thought, what words I say,
> So long as I declaim
> With oratorical display.

After four seasons of lecture touring, I think I am qualified to assert that Robert was a young squirt who did not know what he was talking about. I put on an oratorical display at DePauw University last season that I would be willing to match against any of his, and the response was hardly inspiring.

DePauw University is at Greencastle, Indiana. I have known about it always, but last winter I visited it for the first time. Like that Reece boy's, my piece was to be spoken on a Friday —Friday morning, however—January 16th. My last engagement before that had been on the fourteenth of January, in Winter Park, Florida, which seemed to me fairly remote from Greencastle, Indiana, until I got into conversation with the conductor on the train from Jacksonville to Cincinnati. I was to change at Cincinnati to a train for Greencastle.

The conversation grew out of the conductor's interest in my railroad tickets. My tickets for the entire tour are purchased by the lecture bureau, stapled together, and sent to me in a neat little folder. I am so afraid of tearing off the wrong ticket —or, worse, the wrong half of a ticket—that I generally hand the folder to a conductor and allow him to make his selection. Some conductors are bewildered by the display of tickets, but the gentleman on the Jacksonville-to-Cincinnati train was delighted by it. He lingered over the other tickets after extracting the one he required, leafed through them, and said, "You're on a tour, aren't you? Singer?"

I told him no, that I was a lecturer.

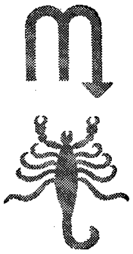
He was evidently disappointed by my calling, but he was polite. I understood his disappointment when he said, "I used to be assigned to the Chicago Opera Company tours. There was a great bunch of people! Boy! The times we had on those tours. Never been anything like 'em since, I guess."

As he talked, he was reading through my tickets again, and he broke off in the middle of an anecdote. He hadn't noticed the first time he looked through them, he said, that I was going to Greencastle, and he wanted to know if by any chance I was speaking there at DePauw. I told him I was.

He handed back my folder and sat down in the seat facing me. He took a small notebook from his inside pocket, wrote something on one of its pages, then tore the page out and handed it across to me with the request that if I should happen to see the president of the university, I hand him that note. I told him I should be delighted to deliver it, and he sat back happily. He and the president, Clyde Wildman—he was sure I knew his name—had been through high school together in Greensburg, Indiana. And the president's wife, too—Forest, her name was—the prettiest girl in the class. "Smart as a whip, too," he added.

I settled back contentedly. This was good old familiar Hoosier talk, and I love it. I asked about the president. My friend the conductor—and we *were* friends by now, because we Hoosiers become friends with other Hoosiers quickly —my friend said that he had not seen the president for years, but that at school he had been a great talker, a wonderful debater. Could talk on almost any subject extemporaneously. Had a fine vocabulary. He was, in fact, such a good talker they had named him Demy. "Short for Demosthenes, you know." It was a pity I wasn't going to hear *him* make a speech.

I ARRIVED in Greencastle Thursday morning. A taxi was waiting for me, sent by the college to take me to Mason Hall, a dormitory for girls (DePauw is coeducational), and I didn't leave there until it was time to go to the lecture the following morning,



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because the weather was piercing cold.

Mason Hall is a beautiful new building, with the most attractive commons room I have seen at any college. I was shown to the guest room, on the first floor, and lunch was sent in to me on a tray. Shortly after, a group of girls called to invite me to take a walk around the campus. I asked if they would mind very much my declining the invitation. They assured me that they would be delighted. The excursion had seemed to them a poor idea but one that must be broached to visitors. We settled down in the commons room and talked. Other girls joined us, coming in from classes. Some boys called on us, too, later in the afternoon. Altogether, I had a thoroughly good time.

Just after I had finished an early breakfast Friday morning, the president's secretary telephoned. The president was very sorry that he and Mrs. Wildman had not seen me yesterday, but they had been in Cincinnati, at a conference of college presidents, and had returned late last night. They would both come over to Mason Hall, however, at nine-thirty to take me to the lecture. Meanwhile, the secretary had been instructed to ask me if she might show me over the campus. I declined. The weather had not changed.

I KNEW the moment Dr. and Mrs. Wildman came toward me in the commons room that I was going to like them. There was something about the way they called to me from the door, spontaneously and easily, that made me aware at once that they were warm, friendly, unassuming people. We talked a little about the conference in Cincinnati, and then Mrs. Wildman said it was time to start for the lecture. I suddenly remembered the message from my friend on the train and took it out of my purse. Dr. Wildman read it with delight and passed it over to Mrs. Wildman. They both remembered their classmate and were glad to hear from him after so many years. They had not seen him since high-school days, but Dr. Wildman said they would certainly make a point of looking him up, through the railroad, at Cincinnati.

I asked as we left Mason Hall if we had far to go. The weather was just as cold as I remembered it from the day before. I learned for the first time that I was to speak in a church—the Gobin Memorial Church—which, Dr. Wildman told me, was about a block away; he added that it was DePauw's only auditorium, but they hoped to have another someday. I told him apprehen-

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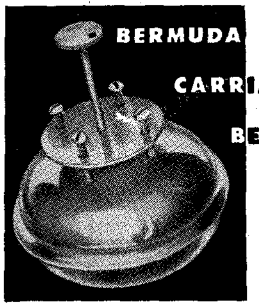

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sively that my lecture was not in any sense a church subject. Did he know that I was going to talk about Hollywood and motion pictures? He assured me that he did know; he had selected the subject himself from my list. I need not be concerned, nor must I be put off by the incidental of speaking from the pulpit. It did put me off, however. I began to have misgivings about my being in Greencastle, Indiana, at all, in spite of my fondness, up to this moment, for the people I had met there.

IN the vestry of the church, Dr. Wildman turned me over to a member of the English Department, who was to introduce me. She told me not only that I was to speak from the pulpit but that I must speak into a microphone there, because the acoustics from that particular spot in the church were very faulty. I told her that I would be delighted to speak from any other spot. That was the only place from which I could be seen in the gallery, she said. I protested that I had been born in the Middle West and so had a carrying voice, but she was firm. I dislike very much speaking into a microphone and told her so, but she repeated that there was no getting out of it.

She made the introduction from the chancel steps while I sat in a high-backed chair behind her. At the conclusion of the introduction, she waved me to the pulpit. It was a three-sided enclosure, vaguely suggesting in its general outlines a dressing-table mirror, and I stepped into it through the open rear. I noticed that a shelf, which obviously served as a reading desk, ran across the forward part of the pulpit about a foot below the top. I had never stood in a pulpit before, and, somehow, being there made me more nervous than I had ever been on any platform. It was probably my nervousness that made me forget the microphone. It may, of course, have been obstinacy. At any rate, I opened without it, and with the most curious effect I have ever experienced. My first sentence rolled back to me from the corners of the gallery some time after I had spoken it and was well into the next sentence. The result was a jumble of sound that certainly no one could have understood. It brought

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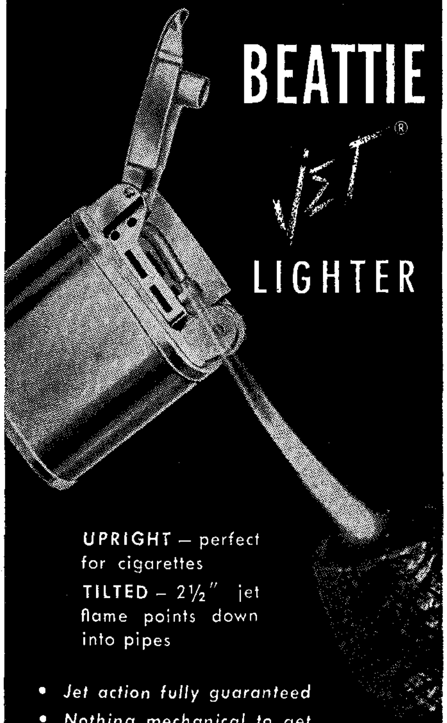
me around immediately to remembering the microphone. And I could not find it. I looked fruitlessly around the pulpit for it, then tilted my head back to see if it could be dangling above me. It wasn't.

This was the moment when the memory of Robert Reece returned to me. I had not thought of the boy for years, but the whole poem came to me with dazzling clarity and brought me inspiration. If Robert had won triumph by oratorical display, in spite of confusion of words, I would give an oratorical display that DePauw would long remember.

Ordinarily, I do not make gestures, I think. At least, what I did that morning felt very unfamiliar. I skipped a little; I pranced; I wreathed my arms around my head, stretched them toward the audience, flung them out from my shoulders as if I were doing setting-up exercises. I was contemplating a down-thrust finger when I caught sight of the microphone. I am not surprised that I had not seen it before. It was embedded in the reading shelf. Evidently it had been designed to make articulate the reading of the Lesson or sermon.

In my relief at finding it, I discontinued my oratorical display abruptly. I put my face toward the little disc and discovered that the regular occupant of the pulpit, for whom the microphone must have been installed, was of proportions very unlike mine, or perhaps the shelf was adjustable and had been adjusted that morning inflexibly to someone's mistaken estimate of my height. I measure, I think, a scant five foot five, but the only way I could come within speaking distance of the microphone was to bend my knees. When I did this, I disappeared immediately and completely from the sight of the audience. The position itself was difficult and uncomfortable to maintain. To ease the discomfort in my knees, I tried coming out temporarily around the side of the pulpit, being careful to accompany each sally with strong gestures. I came out, too, because I felt an urgent necessity to reëstablish communication with my audience, in order to see how we were getting on together. Also, I have always felt an obligation to be visible. If I am engaged to appear before an audience, it seems to me that I ought to *appear*. But when I appeared skittishly around the pulpit at DePauw, interpreting the jumble of my words by sprightly pantomime, I had the uneasy impression that my audience was not happy to have me there. Accordingly, after perhaps three sorties, I retired behind the pulpit to stay, bent my knees, and maintained that



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position for the remaining fifty minutes of my allotted hour.

I finished the lecture, came out for the last time from behind the pulpit to make my bow to the audience, and discovered that after fifty minutes of bending I was unable to straighten my knees. The very effort to straighten them so intensified the cramp in my muscles that I gave a sudden leer from excruciating pain. From the moment of my arrival in the town, I had loved the people there. Now I wanted only to get away from them all as quickly as possible. My exit, however, was not quick. Bent and cramped, I shuffled slowly off the platform. With the purpose of distracting attention from my posture, I accompanied my departure with a final flight of pantomime, making as many gestures of farewell as I could conjure up during my passage.

I did not return for a second bow. I was in no position for it. But as I sat in the anteroom, rubbing my knees, a woman approached me.

"I wanted to tell you, Miss Kimbrough," she said with certain emphasis, "that we enjoyed *what we heard* this morning very much."

—EMILY KIMBROUGH

•

If you want to get your Murphies straight once and for all, you have only to consult Kay Murphy, known as Kay, whose seven-month-old is known as Cammie. Having named the baby Cecilia Anne, Kay and her husband, Jimmie, hit on the original solution of assuring the child her individuality by adopting her initials as a nickname—CAM—and expanding it for euphony to Cammie. Whereas Kay Murphy known as Sis (not without some effort) and christened Catherine, who is no relation to the Kay above but who lives in the same building—with her husband's connivance had priorly named her first-born (the second is Maureen Birgine) Catherine Alma and to avoid confusion hit on the original solution of adopting the child's initials as a nickname, expanding them for better cadence to Cammie. There is considerable comfort in the fact...—*The Villager.*

What makes you think we want to get our Murphies straight?

•

THE COÖPERATIVE PRESS

[*From the New Haven Register*]

Capt. Wilson also reported that a bicycle that was found last week is waiting in Police Headquarters for its owner. It is a red and cream colored Columbia bicycle, trimmed with chrome. It has a kick stand and a light on the front with a reflector on the rear fender. The owner of this bicycle may claim the same by identifying it in headquarters.

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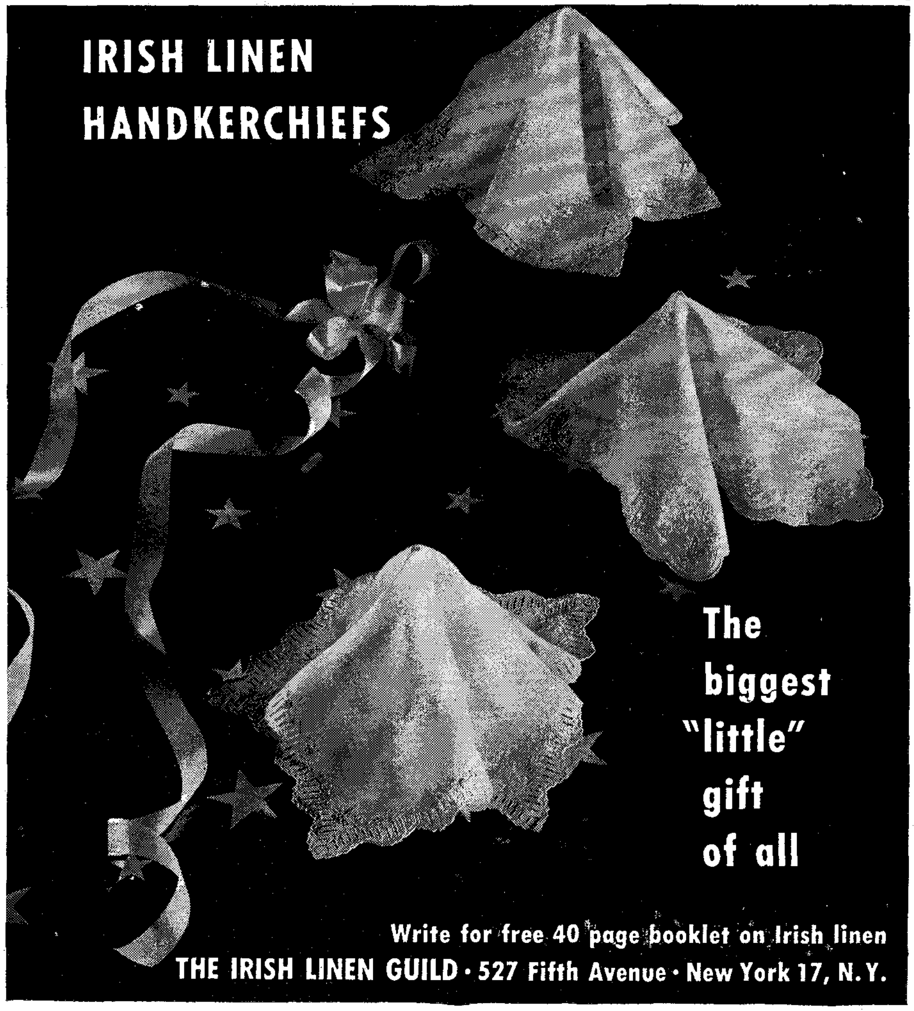

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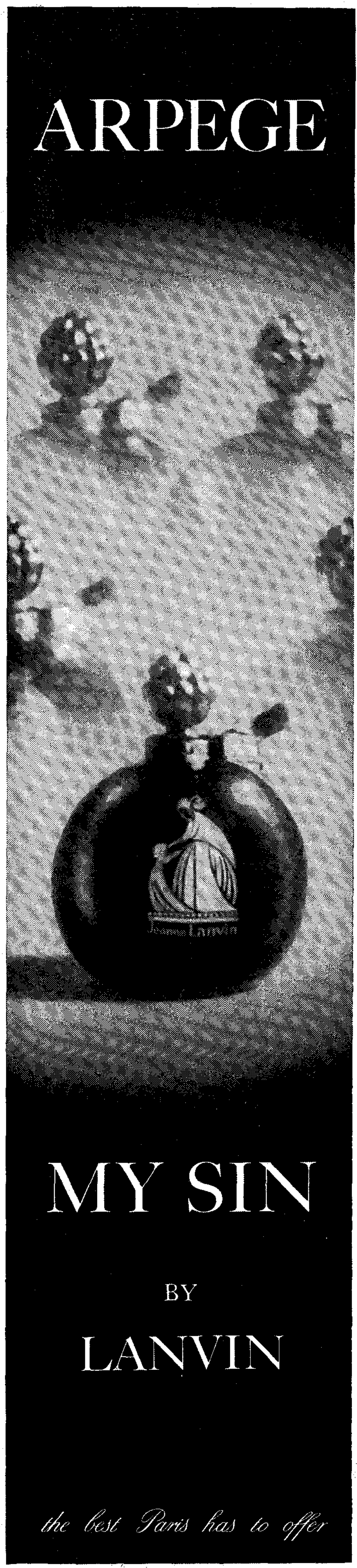
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BY

LANVIN

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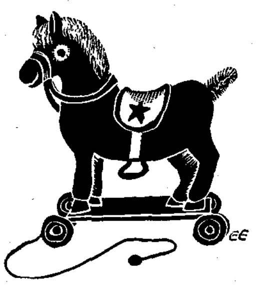
LETTER FROM VIENNA

NOVEMBER 8

THOUGH Vienna and Berlin find themselves in much the same geographic and military predicament—both deep in Russian-held territory, both occupied by the four major powers—the Viennese are not in quite the same anguished state of mind as the Berliners are in over their position as human chattels disputed by two big, tough bruisers. Citizens of Vienna and members of the occupation forces alike spend a good bit of their time these autumn afternoons in PX snack bars, *Kaffeehäuser*, Navy, Army, and Air Force Institute stores, *Les Economats*, and, for all one knows, in the *universaln'ye magaziny* on the other side of the line, remarking on how marvellously normal things seem to be in their city, compared to the way they are in Berlin. These stout-hearted mutual reassurances often gloss over thoroughly confuting evidence, but there is no doubt that international relationships in Vienna have a distinctly cousinly air about them—at least, by comparison with those in Berlin. The delegates to the Allied Control Council go right on drawing up chairs together on alternate Fridays, the members of the international police patrol continue to tour the international sector side by side in their command-and-reconnaissance cars, and a barroom brawl between a G.I., say, and a Russian private, each under twenty and each newly arrived in Austria from his respective Georgia, is still treated as a barroom brawl rather than as an occasion for tank maneuvers.

The Viennese consider this situation, now so unhappily outmoded elsewhere, the inevitable reaction to a favorable environment. In their opinion, it is natural that a spirit of civilized understanding should flourish more successfully in Vienna's soft, cultivated surroundings than in the brassy, harsh atmosphere of Berlin. This assumption overlooks the possibility that everybody gets along, more or less, in Vienna because nobody has yet decided to make things really difficult, and it ostentatiously overlooks such thorny facts as the kidnapping or disappearance of nearly a hundred Viennese during the past year and the recent killing of an Economic Coöperation Administration man by four thugs in Russian uniforms, but it is a comforting straw and the Viennese cling to it. Indeed, it is not uncommon in the cafés to hear a party of local citizens, lubricated by new wine, assure each other that things are going so well that the occupying forces will soon be withdrawn entirely. As the evening progresses, the hour of the withdrawal keeps being advanced, until finally, at closing time, it is generally agreed that it has been set for the next morning. At this point, the café orchestra is likely to break into "Erst Wenn's aus Wird Sein," the words of which reaffirm the notion that as long as wine and music last one can count on finding the Viennese lifting their glasses and dancing their waltzes with the grace and elegance of the old days.



ONE of the stories the Viennese tell to illustrate the relative poise of their town under its four-power siege concerns an international soirée, given by the British and attended by an impressive representation of local high brass, including General Vladimir Kurasov, the Russian boss here, at which a Yugoslav D.P. magician performed. The entertainer's specialty was unbuckling wristwatches worn by members of the audience without their being aware of what he was up to. Any act involving the lifting of wristwatches is a nervy business when there are influential Russians present, because most of them are apt to be very touchy over the fact that the special fondness of the Russian soldier for other people's timepieces is so notorious that it has become a staple source of gags for Western European cartoonists. (Even kids playing cops-and-robbers on the streets of Vienna have substituted "Hand over that watch!" for the passé command "Stick 'em up!") In any case, the Yugoslav, who was equipped with British credentials and therefore able to display considerable temerity, contrived to find all the wristwatches he had taken from the guests in Kurasov's back pocket. What astonished the Viennese at the party was that this bit of flummery caused nothing more than laughter among those present, and that one of the heartiest laughers was the handsome, gray-haired general. "Imagine that sort of thing going on up there in Berlin nowadays," the Viennese lawyer who told me the story remarked complacently.

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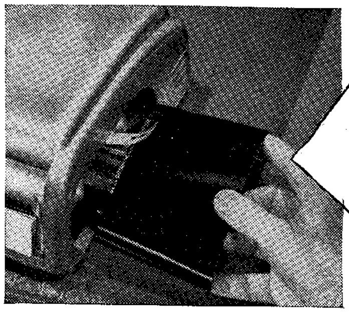

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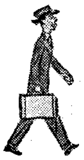

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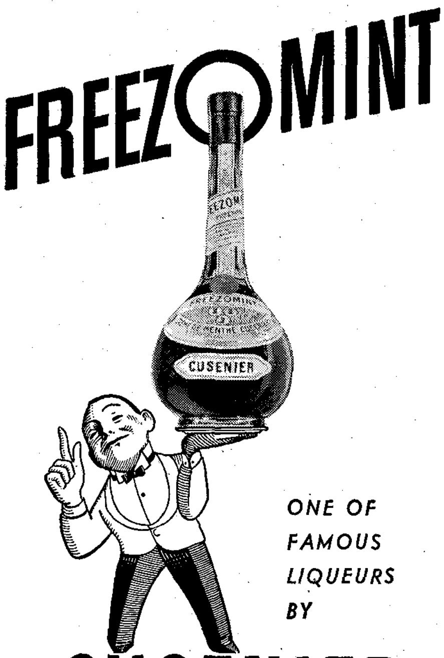
power coöperation in Austria from collapsing is the fact that the actual administrating of the country is done by a full-grown, reasonably self-respecting Austrian central government, which pretty much runs its own show. This leaves the representatives on the Allied Control Council free to do their Olympian wrangling over policy on a philosophic plane that is usually too far above the timber line to be incendiary. The Austrians are able to carry on independently, with only an occasional sharp word from on high, because of a provision passed by the Allied Control Council in June, 1946, under the terms of which the Russians agreed with the three other powers that any general law passed by the Austrian Parliament would go into effect within a month unless the four authorities expressed unanimous disapproval; only laws changing the country's constitution are subject to individual veto.

How it came about that the Russians jockeyed themselves out of most of their veto power is still a lively subject of debate here. The most frequent conclusion is that the Russians made the mistake of thinking that they were granting nothing more than a temporary concession, assuming that the Austrians, before they could start governing, would have to draft a new constitution, the dimensions of which the Russians could prescribe exactly, by means of the veto. The Austrians, however, have been getting along very handily with their 1920-model constitution, paying no attention to the sideline clamor from the local Communist press, which occasionally howls that common decency and respect for the new form of government call for turning in the twenty-eight-year-old museum piece for one of a new design. At present, the government—a coalition of the Socialists and the conservative People's Party—can afford to ignore this noise from the Left, inasmuch as the Communists got only five per cent of the vote in the last election and wouldn't be able legislatively to propose a change in the constitution if they wanted to; it requires eight members of the hundred-and-sixty-five-man House of Representatives to introduce a bill, and the Communists, to their embarrassment, number no more than four.

Vienna's comparative equanimity is only partly explained by the circumscribed role the Russians and their Austrian protégés have been playing in the city's affairs. Another reason for it is that the Austrians seem to have a natural agility in ducking a hard fact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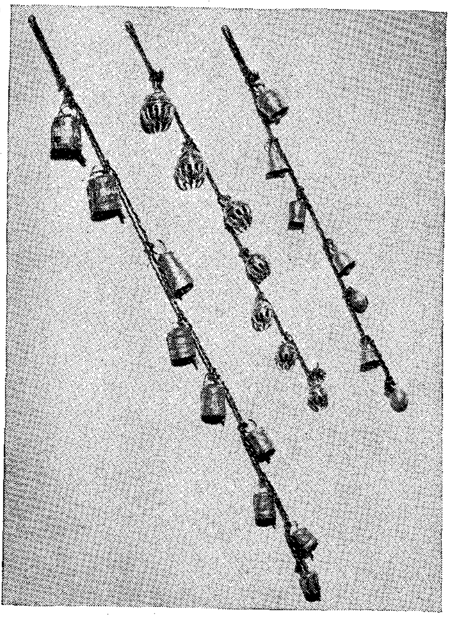
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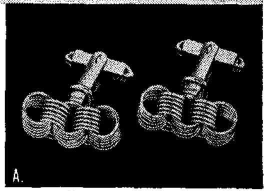

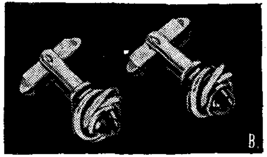

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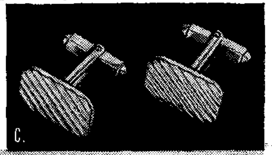

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or an unpleasant truth. An example of this national talent is a remark made by the Austrian wife of General Karl Wolff, Himmler's chief deputy in the S.S., who later was in charge of all the Waffen-S.S. troops in Italy and is now in British custody. Frau Wolff, who lives near Innsbruck, told an American official the other day that she could not understand why Karl was still being detained. "It must be that somebody—some Britisher or American—holds something against his organization," she said. From the tone of her voice, the American reported later, one would never have gathered that the outfit in which her husband was an *Obergruppenführer* had had any more deadly purpose than Phi Gamma Delta.

THERE is one segment of the Viennese population that finds such unwillingness to face reality far from charming—the Jews who were expelled from the city after the Anschluss and who have now returned, many of them from such very real places as Dachau and Buchenwald, to try to recover their homes, their businesses, and whatever fragments remain of their other belongings. In the district of Leopoldstadt, where many of them formerly lived, there stands a statue of the Austrian naval hero Admiral Tegetthoff, carrying a telescope; according to an elderly joke, he employed the glass in a continuous and vain search of the district for a Gentile face. Leopoldstadt is a bit the worse for war nowadays, and of the 169,436 Jews who lived in Vienna, in Leopoldstadt and elsewhere, in 1937, only about nine thousand are around these days to clutter the Admiral's marble lens. Of the vanished tens of thousands, more than half were destroyed in Nazi forced-labor camps and gas chambers, and about sixty thousand have found sanctuary in America and other Western countries. About two thousand Jews, most of them married to Gentiles, managed to remain here during the Nazi years; the others have made their way hopefully back since the end of the war. The reception given them was hardly open-armed, as one of them, a Belsen graduate, told me the other day. "Knowing that practically all one's family and close friends died during the years of Hitler makes a man feel highly presumptuous to be alive at all," he said. "Still, it was a shock to come back to my own city—*liberated* from the Nazis, you remember—and find that most people here also thought that my being alive was presumptuous."

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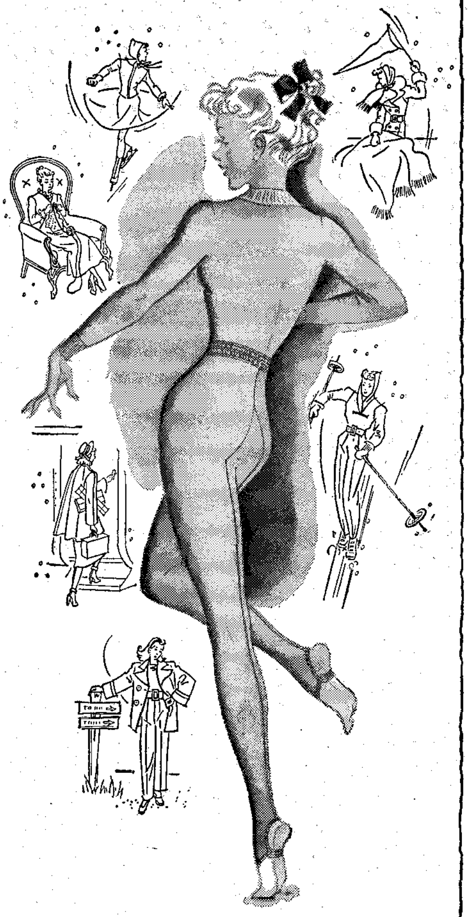

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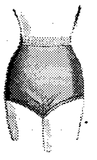

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fretfulness of many non-Jewish Viennese over the return of these native sons is the existence of four laws—passed in 1945 and 1946, after some prodding from the occupying powers—that give the returned Jews legal as well as moral rights to some of their Aryanized property. This is, naturally, inconvenient for the present possessors, who have a big numerical edge on the dispossessed, and as a result the enforcement of the laws has been somewhat listless. Of about nineteen thousand claims that have been filed, more than eleven thousand are still pending, and, according to the discouraged plaintiffs, will probably remain so for some time. An organization that will certainly make every effort to see to it that they *do* remain pending and that no new remedial laws are passed is the Verband der Richtstellungspflichtigen, or Union of Sufferers from the Restitution. This society holds regular meetings, issues indignant statements at intervals, and generally conducts itself in the way its name would lead one to expect. It and its predecessor, the recently outlawed Verband der Ariseure (Union of Aryanizers), have probably been responsible for the fact that the restitution laws have not yet been broadened, even on paper, to any unseemly lengths. The four existing laws, for example, provide for the righting of a long list of wrongs connected with real-property holdings but say nothing about the return of small businesses to their original owners or apartments to their original lessees. Since most Jews in Vienna lived in apartments and operated small businesses before the Anschluss, redress of this sort would be particularly distasteful to the Aryanizers.

If Austrian officialdom has been languid in doing the right thing by the Jews, it has not been indolent about digging the country out of the rubble left by the war. Germans like to start off any discussion of the Austrian character with the indulgent epithet "*Schlamperei*," which means a kind of easygoing and charming ineffectuality, but there is no evidence of *Schlamperei* in Austrian reconstruction work these days. In fact, one look at Vienna and another at Munich—they were about equally mutilated by the war—almost do away with the idea of the Germans' superior industriousness, a postulate with which the Germans prefer to begin any discussion of *their* character. Well over half of the smashed buildings of Vienna have been put in habitable shape now, and the basic food ration of twenty-one hundred calories a day can be so exten-

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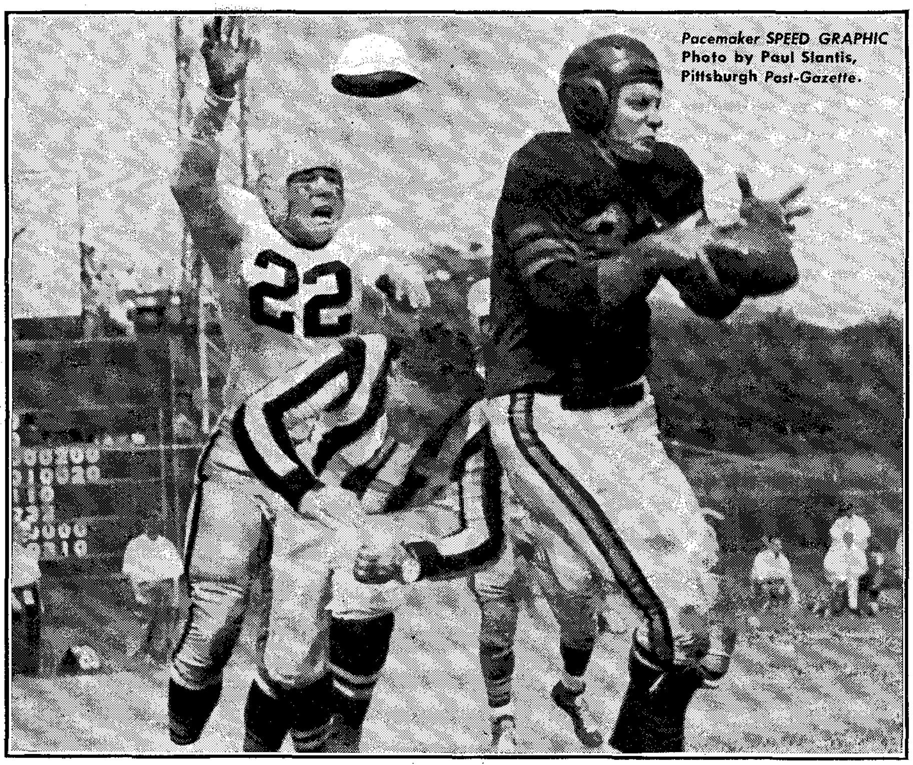
sively supplemented with point-free produce in the market places that calories have all but gone out of style as a topic of conversation. Indeed, the old-fashioned Viennese bi-hourly invitation to a snack—"*Sollen wir eine kleine Jause nehmen?*"—is frequently heard again, and it is no trouble to find a place where a snack can be had. Many of the city's famous old restaurants are open again, as are nearly all the *Heurigen*, the small cafés on the border of the Wienerwald, where one can drink this year's wine to last century's music. Moreover, the average citizen of Vienna is able to stir out of his house nowadays without taking along a shabby briefcase, which used to be the professional equipment of the scrounger here and is still a necessary piece of gear in many parts of Germany. The shopwindows, and even some of the shops, along the Kärtnerstrasse, Vienna's Fifth Avenue, are surprisingly full. Between last spring and this spring, industrial production in Austria went up from forty-one to eighty-four per cent of its 1937 level—the fattest increase in Western Europe—and at present is at ninety-eight per cent, with some industries, such as pig iron, touching a thumping seventy-five points above that.

ALL in all, Austria has beaten her way back to such an extent that the presence of the occupying forces is almost beginning to be the vestigial encumbrance that the Viennese have long considered it. At present, the contribution of the four powers—administratively speaking, at least—is so nearly imperceptible that some of the more headstrong complainants insist that wooden Indians could be substituted for the American Civil Service employees and their French, British, and Russian counterparts without producing a quiver of change in the Austrian government or economy. It is true that the departure of the occupation authorities, which is highly unlikely, would divert to other fields the energy many Austrians now expend in complaining that the liberating armies seem to require most of the city's biggest hotels and office buildings to plot their graphs and compile their reports of what the Austrians are accomplishing in more cramped quarters. It would also relieve the Austrians from having to pay out nearly ten per cent of their national budget toward the cost of the occupation. Most of this money goes to Russia, which is the only one of the Big Three that still insists on full payment of occupation costs.

There are Viennese newspapers that



Pacemaker SPEED GRAPHIC Photo by Paul Slantis, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

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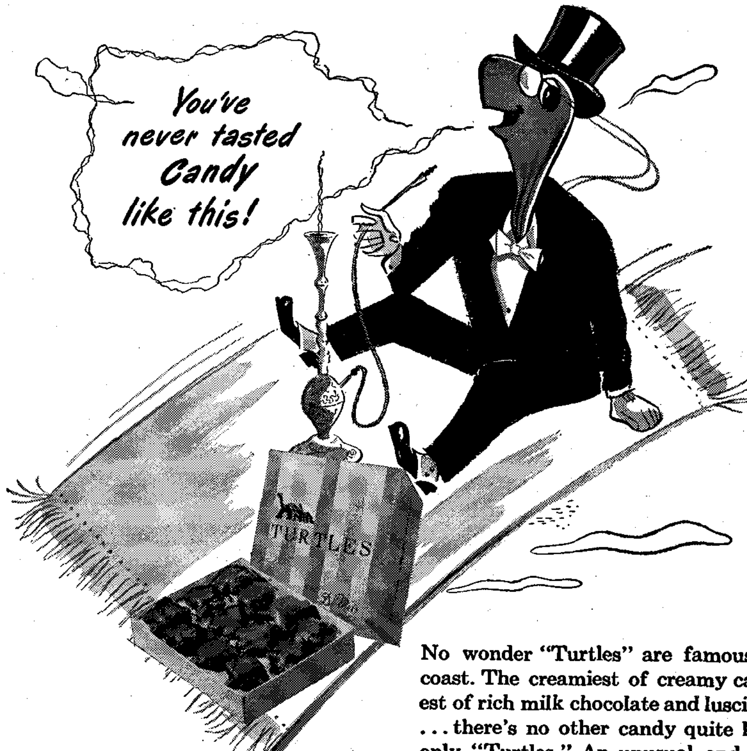
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shout daily at the occupying forces to head back where they came from, but even they turn out not to mean exactly what they say. Like adolescents insisting on their right to live their own lives, they are not prepared to concede that freedom from guardianship also means freedom from the privilege of showing up at dinner—in this case, the food sent over from the United States, which takes care of at least half of Austria's total food requirements. And their cry for a new, independent existence also assumes the continued presence within, or just without, their borders of a military force large enough to come to their rescue if they should be jumped by anybody bigger than they are.

"We have wild dreams, of course," an Austrian government official said to me the other day. "One is that some way will be found for us to get our peace treaty after all. Then we would pay off the Russian reparations claims—with money that I'm fearfully afraid we would have to borrow from you Americans. After that, we could really settle down to work in peace and as much neutrality as we could manage, developing the tourist trade and building up our small manufacturing elements—rather like Switzerland, I suppose, if we should be very, *very* fortunate. We've come a long way from the times of Emperor Frederick the Fifth. He was the man, you know, who once proved to his satisfaction in two languages that the vowels of the alphabet stood for Austria's right to rule over all the rest of the earth—'*Austria Est Imperare Orbi Universo*' and '*Alles Erdreich Ist Österreich Untertan.*'"

—ANDY LOGAN

•

In an emergency, when you haven't time to change from your best shoes to your house ones for some last-minute cooking or dish washing, protect the shoes by slipping paper bags over your feet and secure them at the ankles with rubber bands.—*Collingswood (N.J.) Tri-City Sun.*

And if you're interested in emergencies as such, set fire to the bags.

•

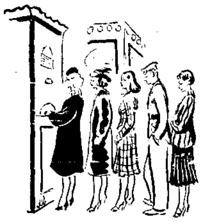
WHAT PAGE OF THE BOSTON "GLOBE" D'YA READ?

A raccoon washes its food before eating it, and the name raccoon is a derivation of the Indian name "arathcone" meaning "the washer."—*Page 10, feature section, October 17th.*

The Indian name for raccoon was "arakun," meaning literally, "he scratches with his hands."—*Page 32, same section, same date.*

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Old Familiar English Faces



"DULCIMER STREET" is a meandering English film that concerns itself with the residents of a genteel but seedy rooming house in London in 1938. The people it portrays are mostly of a sort you've met before in English pictures—lower-middle-class types poised on the brink of poverty but holding to their various eccentricities as proudly as any peers. The pattern of the film is not very consistent. It starts out as a mild little comedy, dealing with the home life of a pair of wispy Cockneys, progresses rapidly into melodrama, and finishes as a brazen farce. The melodrama, which takes up a bit too much of the footage, has as its central figure a youth who loves his mother but is so determined to be a dude that he swipes a car. When he becomes involved in the death of a young lady who is riding home with him and winds up in jail, his neighbors on Dulcimer Street rally to his assistance, abetted by a sect of balmy citizens whose whim it is to dress like well-tailored Raymond Duncans. Together, they draw up a petition half a mile long and hold a parade.

All this is reasonably diverting stuff, but the best part of the film has to do with the efforts of a medium, a very devious fellow, to win the hand of a susceptible landlady who is anxious to keep in touch with her dead husband. (As I said, the plot meanders.) The medium, played by Alastair Sim, is an altogether engaging party who speaks in a graveyard voice except when he's getting a flash from above, at which times his voice usually rises to a mousy squeak. The porousness of his character is indicated in a scene in which he peers into a mirror, asks himself if he has sunk so low as to take advantage of a poor widow, briskly replies in the affirmative, and goes forth to subvert the lady further.

Richard Attenborough, as the boy gone wrong, gets most of the space in "Dulcimer Street," but the actors in secondary roles—Mr. Sim, Stephen Murray, Fay Compton, Wylie Watson, and Ivy St. Helier—are the ones who make the picture lively. It is Mr. Murray's task to ride about on a bicycle decorated with signs denouncing the appeasers of Hitler, which he does with an

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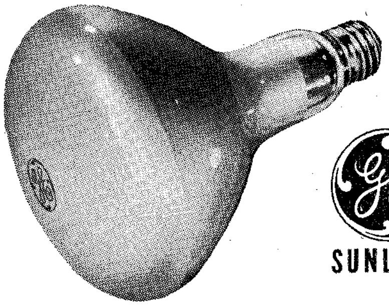

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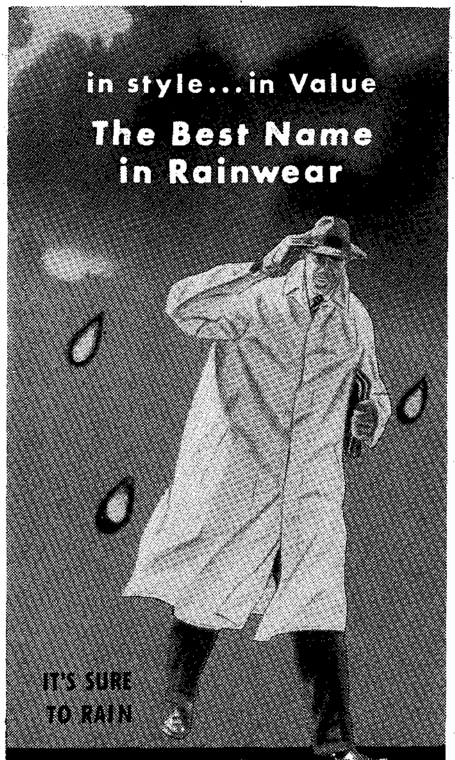

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air of lunacy that I thought a little exaggerated in the impersonation of one whose ideas had it all over those prevailing at 10 Downing Street ten years ago.

RICHARD WIDMARK, who has played romantic leads on the stage, is evidently never going to get a chance to show his pleasant side on the screen. In "Road House," in which he makes his third appearance in the movies, he is once again a psychopathic hoodlum. He is cast this time as the proprietor of what looks to be a fairly profitable roadside pleasure dome, but he isn't happy, because his chanteuse (Ida Lupino) doesn't love him; instead, she yearns for his house manager (Cornel Wilde). Before Miss Lupino and Mr. Wilde are able to start housekeeping, Mr. Widmark has the latter sent up the river on a fake robbery rap, and then, the cad, has the poor boy paroled in his custody. There is no suspense whatever in this one, and even when Mr. Widmark and Mr. Wilde are belting hell out of each other, it's difficult to work up any enthusiasm about it.

"BLOOD ON THE MOON" is standard cow-country fare, with the usual assortment of livestock providing companionship for Robert Mitchum, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Robert Preston. Rustlers and homesteaders figure prominently in it, and there's violence enough to engage the attention of any small fry who coax you into taking them along.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

CAT'S SKULL

A cat's skull is the hand's balm,
a shape made for the human palm,
a curve for which the hand has craved
beyond the flesh of ladies laved
with sun and air, but bare
of fur. For fur, like hair, will dare
the grave and cushion bone when
flesh is gone. And now, as then,
fur dulls the skull's stark curve
and makes death's symbol serve
as slope of life's most shining sheen.
And who in watching has not seen
a child's hand curve in that curved fur
and listening heard the sheathed skull
purr.

—JESSAMYN WEST

•

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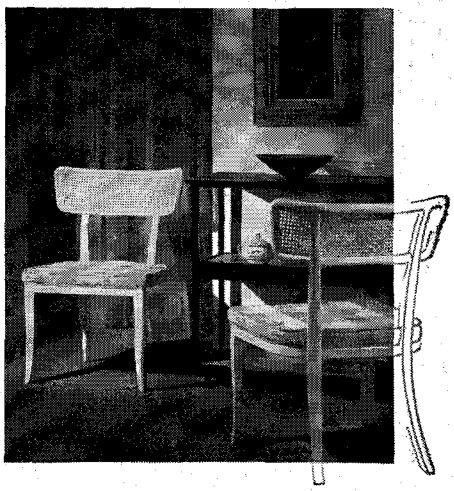

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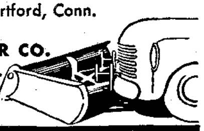

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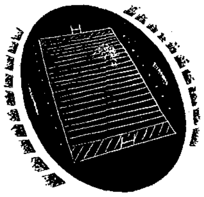
FOOTBALL

This Was It



WHAT could understandably be mistaken for the greatest exposition of spectators' football ever presented was unwrapped at Franklin Field, in Philadelphia, last Saturday, with the generally expert collaboration of Army and Pennsylvania. The technicians have, of course, pointed out a number of flaws in the performance, but it might also be pointed out that if football were played every weekend in such do-or-die fashion, no one would have to worry about the box office any more. (Not that there was much dying, at that; Yeoman, Army's captain, twisted his trick knee again, and Lunn, a teammate, was knocked dizzy, but there was no other damage.) It was nip and tuck all the way, even after Army came from behind, in the last thirty seconds, to make the score 26–20 in its favor. It was the third time Army had come from behind that afternoon, and it was no sure thing that Army could make the deal stick; on the next play, Rhoads, of Penn, took Army's kickoff and, if it had not been for one Army tackler who could not be pushed aside, would have run the ball back for the tying touchdown. Army's strategy followed a now familiar line; the team made enough mistakes to lose several games and still came out on top. Army men kept dropping the ball at the most embarrassing moments, and they were not opening up many holes in the truly splendid Penn line for their backs to run through, and though Galiffa, Army's major quarterback, was completing a lot of passes, most of the recipients seemed to be Penn men. There were, indeed, times when it appeared that Army had lost everything except its inflexible self-possession.

As things turned out, it was a day for self-possession all over this section of the country. Princeton had to come from behind twice to beat Yale, 20–14, and Cornell had to come from behind once to beat Dartmouth, 27–26.

THE Army-Penn game began peacefully enough, and might have gone on that way but for a bit of supernatural intervention. The sun suddenly vanished and a real movie-studio tempest—wind and rain blowing in five or six directions at once—descended upon the field. In an instant, the play-

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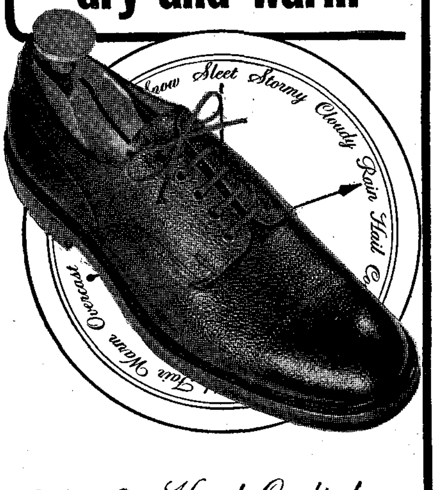

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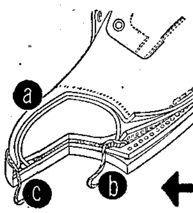

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ing surface and the ball were as slick as glare ice, and things began to happen. Galiffa fumbled on his fourteen-yard line, and Penn recovered and romped to a touchdown on a handsome pass by Dooney, its best back this season. Four plays later, Army had a touchdown to match, on a magnificent run by Scott. Galiffa then fumbled the ball on his one-foot line, and Dooney made another touchdown. A moment later, Penn kicked off, and Stuart ran a hundred and three yards for Army's second touchdown. The storm went away, but the mood for action had by now taken hold, and there was no more peace.

Stuart's run was a perfect illustration of why Army is a great football team, blending individual brilliance with teamwork. When Stuart caught the kickoff, he was all alone at one side of the field, but instead of taking what looked like the shortest and easiest path to Penn's goal, he cut across to the other side and sheltered himself behind a group of compatriots. Shuttling to the right and to the left of this group, he kept it between him and every intervening Penn man until no one was barring his way. Then he shot ahead of his convoy, which spread out behind him to knock down anyone who might be attempting to overtake him.

Dooney, in his way, is a perfect illustration of the guilefulness of Penn's coaching staff. For two years, he has been used solely as a line-smashing ballcarrier, so everyone knew what he was going to do when he got the ball. But Penn had some pass plays for Dooney. It saved them, wisely, for a good, tough opponent—Penn State—the week before. None of them went for a touchdown against Penn State, but one of them did get Penn's first touchdown against Army, which was completely fooled by the maneuver. As Dooney lowered his head to butt into the enemy line, he lobbed a short pass to a confrere standing as innocently and inconspicuously as possible beyond the line of scrimmage. Army gave Dooney a royal crowning but paid no attention to Sponaugle, a Penn end, who was busy making a touchdown with the ball Army thought Dooney had.

—J. W. L.

●

(e) *Marriage* is of course a pre-determinate recusable particular nexus. —*From an article in the Columbia Law Review.*

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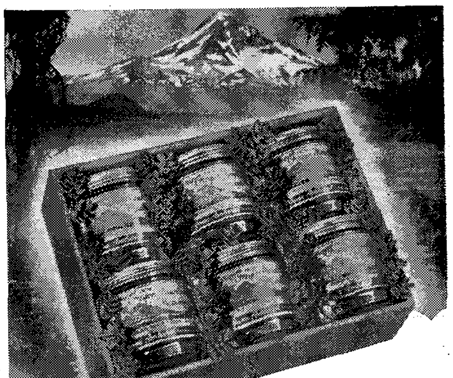

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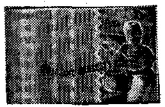

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saw no need for further reports on the subject could have been expected to have a definite effect upon the outcome of a campaign that was only just beginning. It could conceivably have deterred many Democrats from registering. There is less incentive to register when you think your vote will be futile, whereas there is a certain satisfaction in casting a vote for a winner, especially if your party has been out of power for sixteen years. It also seemed to me that Mr. Roper's announcement might easily discourage businessmen from contributing to Democratic campaign funds, because no favors are to be expected from a sure loser, and, *per contra*, might stimulate large gifts to the Republican treasury. (Having done their best to choke off Democratic income by predicting defeat for the Party, some political writers then cited the Democrats' lack of funds as an additional reason for that defeat.) As things turned out, the poor state of the Party treasury was indeed a handicap to Mr. Truman's campaign. The Party could pay for little radio time, and on several occasions the President was cut off the air before he had finished, because the money had run out. He was in the position of a man in a phone booth without a second nickel. The business community has become notoriously sensitive to "scientific" forecasts, because most poll-takers are primarily interested in the market-research field, and conduct inquiries into consumer preferences in regard to such commodities as soap and ketchup. The ketchup manufacturers believed in polls because they thought the pollsters had helped them sell more ketchup. I read with interest, in the *Wall Street Journal* of November 5th, the statement, "Economic consequences of the election upset are beginning to be felt . . . among the market-research firms of the nation." From this I concluded that, finding the researchers

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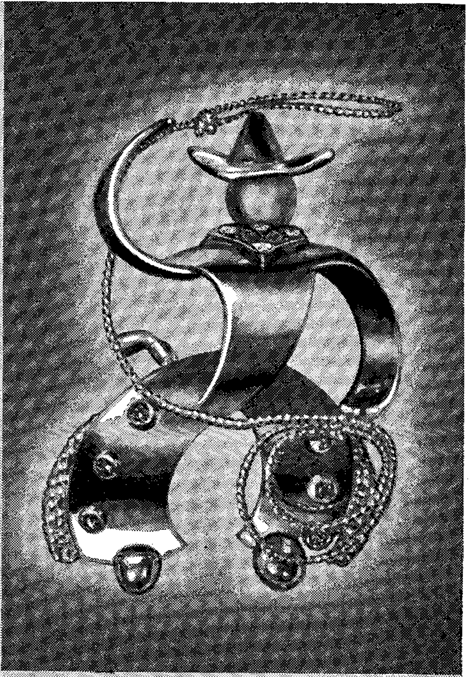

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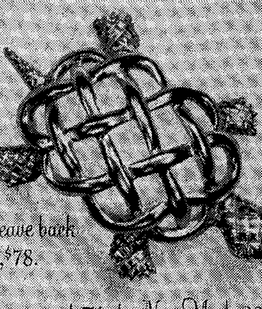

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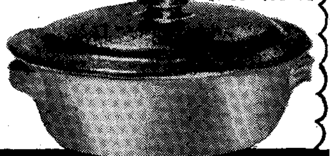

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unable to predict a vote, the ketchup people were starting to lose faith in them.

The election returns, of course, have made any detailed criticism of the polls superfluous; the polls are now one with the "science" of phrenology. What seems more serious to me than the wrongness of the poll-takers is the fact that the political reporters for the newspapers were unanimously as far off in their predictions as were the ketchup oracles. Certainly they weren't all reflecting prejudice. There were many newspapermen and a few publishers who wanted Truman to win, and it would have added much to the professional prestige of any of them to have called the turn correctly. But none did. The *Star*, New York's newest daily, and the only local one that editorially favored President Truman, predicted on October 31st that Dewey would get 358 electoral votes to the President's 132—an estimate that agreed pretty well with those of the pro-Dewey *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, *News*, and *Journal-American*. *Newsweek* printed in its Periscope Preview department a summary of the opinions of fifty prominent political correspondents of the press associations and of the larger newspapers. The list named several men who I know desired Mr. Dewey's defeat with a fine intensity, and who represented publications of the same point of view, but not one of them believed that his defeat was possible.

One estimate of the situation that in retrospect particularly impresses me was based on a survey of the opinions of editors in Southern states by the N.E.A.'s Mr. Edson. The great majority of these editors gave Edson an accurate picture of how the South would go—113 electoral votes for Truman, 38 for Thurmond, and none for Dewey. Their composite guess at the national vote, though, was Dewey 343, Truman 150. They had been so impressed by the polls that they believed their own region to be politically unique in not rejecting Truman. James Reston, of the *Times*, told the story better than I can, in a letter to his editors, published by his paper on November 4th. "Before we in the newspaper business spend all our time and energy analyzing Governor Dewey's failure in the election, maybe we ought to analyze our own failure," he began. "For that failure is almost as spectacular as the President's victory, and the quicker we admit it the better off we'll be. . . . In a way our failure was not unlike Mr. Dewey's: we overestimated the tangibles and underestimated the intangibles; we relied too much on techniques of reporting which are no longer foolproof; just as he was too isolated with other politicians, so we were too isolated with other reporters; and we, too, were far too impressed by the tidy statistics of the polls. . . . We tend to assume that somebody else is doing the original reporting . . . and if the assumptions of the political managers, or the other reporters, or the polls are wrong (as they were in this campaign), then our reports are wrong. The great intangible of this election was the political influence of the Roosevelt era on the thinking of the nation . . . and we didn't give enough weight to it. Consequently we were wrong, not only on the election, but, what's worse, on the whole political direction of our time." Frank Conniff, another member of the *Journal-American's* squad of columnists, said it all in one sentence on November 5th: "They [the reporters] underestimated the intelligence of the American voter."

FOR two weeks the air has been full of the stories of bulls committed by publications that were sure Dewey would win and that printed the news before it happened. Most of the items, such as the headline "Dewey Defeats Truman," which reached thousands of Chicago *Tribune* readers, and the Alsop brothers' column headed "Flying Dual Control" ("Oddly enough, the members of the outgoing Administration seem to be more concerned with this urgent problem than the entourage of the victorious candidate"), which ran in the *Herald Tribune* on November 3rd, have received a great deal of publicity. But until half an hour ago I had not seen an editorial that ran in the Detroit *Free Press* on the morning after the election, under the heading "LAME DUCK PRESIDENT—A WAY OUT." Because you miss the sweep of the thing unless you get it all, I quote the editorial in its entirety:

> After his defeat at the polls in 1928, Alfred E. Smith remarked that neither he nor the 15,000,000 Americans who had voted for him would be shot or sent to concentration camps.
>
> That's what might have happened to them in Soviet Russia.
>
> The American way is to forget the campaign and to pull together and make our system of government work. The one exception was in 1860—and that led to our greatest domestic tragedy.
>
> A comparable tragedy can now be averted only by this Nation presenting a solid front to its enemies abroad and at home.
>
> The Detroit Free Press has, and it believes most other Americans have, a good

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PEG GIVES UP ON U.S.A.

A BRONXVILLE man I know who never reads anything in the papers except Westbrook Pegler and the football scores asked me on the morning of Saturday, November 6th, what had ever happened about the elections. "I thought they were supposed to be last Tuesday," he said. "First Tuesday after the first Monday in November, they always used to be. Not even Old Moosejaw tried to change that when he changed Thanksgiving Day. I didn't go looking for news of the elections, because Peg said we were sure to win. But Peg hasn't said anything about them in the three columns he's written since Tuesday. Maybe they've been postponed."

I assured my friend that the elections had indeed been held, but having read the three columns in question myself, I could easily see why he was confused. On Wednesday, Pegler's piece in the *Journal-American* had started out, "The show is over," which at first led me to believe that he was about to acknowledge that there had been an election. Upon reading on, however, I reached the conclusion that the statement was intended to be a declaration not that the vote was in but simply that the candidates had brought their campaigns to a close and were awaiting the reaction of the electorate. For, as if he still had a nagging fear that Henry Wallace might win, Pegler turned at once to an attack on the third-party candidate. From this, he proceeded to a discussion of a manifestation called babism, which he defined as a "Persian delusion launched early in the century by a swami named Abdul Baha, also known as The Bab." Concerning this delusion, Pegler wrote, "I do, however, venture a fearless rejection of babism as a hellish doctrine . . ." It is hard to intimidate Peg.

I had waited eagerly for Pegler's Thursday column, in which, I felt sure, he would come to grips with the subject everybody else was talking and writing about. But on Thursday Pegler was still assailing Wallace, who had long since conceded. "Wallace," Pegler wrote on that day, "has not dared to deny that he was a chela to Nicholas Roerich, but there is no doubt that he was. He was absolutely ga-ga and I am now slowly building up proof that Roosevelt knew Henry had been as nutty as a praline over Roerich's hocus-pocus when Roosevelt made him Vice-President." A chela is something like a praline, I guess.

On Friday, Pegler apparently *still* had not heard that the elections had been held. In fact, he had me believing for a moment that nothing had changed at all, for he was back at his old stand, putting the blast on labor unions. "Proud of his criminal traditions, the American union goon can hold up his head in any society of cutthroats," Pegler wrote on this occasion. "He was notorious when Roosevelt and a poltroon Congress passed the Wagner Act and the debilitating Frankfurter anti-injunction law which bore the names of Norris and LaGuardia." It seemed a trifle ghostly, like a dotty old ballerina performing pirouettes in an abandoned opera house.

On the next day, Saturday, Pegler broke down. It now developed that there had been an election, after all, and Pegler even conceded the result. His piece indicated that he was not satisfied with the outcome. Under the heading

ELECTION RESULTS CALLED END
OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC

he wrote:

> . . . But to the cunning and highly intelligent conspirators of the Left it [the outcome of the election] means that the American Republic that prospered and created a standard of living beyond comparison in history is done for.
>
> Now we go socialistic after England and we are never coming back. Truman's 81st Congress will come in snorting for the blood of the aristocrats whom the President so noisily damned. The mob-rule of the union gangsters has been vindicated by the response to his theatrical shrieks against the Taft-Hartley Law, which now will be repealed, thus restoring the right of club and torch of the brown shirts of the party.

I imagine Pegler will presently be shopping around for a country with a future.

SUGGESTION BOX
Kovarsky

NOT all the deep thinkers were as slow to take cognizance of the election results as Mr. Pegler. There was Walter Lippmann, for instance, who last July had advised the Democrats to accept "the realities of the political situation—that the Democrats are not out to win the Presidency but to survive as the national party of opposition, to be critical, vigilant, but good-humored about the return of the Republicans and the rise of Dewey." On the Thursday morning after the election, Lippmann said in the *Herald Tribune*, "There was never any doubt that in this political generation there are more Democrats than Republicans, that the Democrats are the majority party, and that the Republicans could win only if the Democrats refused to support the regular Democratic ticket." In view of the fact that Mr. Lippmann, never doubting that the Democrats were in the majority, advised them to let the Republicans win by default, it seems plain that he does not believe in the principle of the ballot at all.

On the same day, George E. Sokol-

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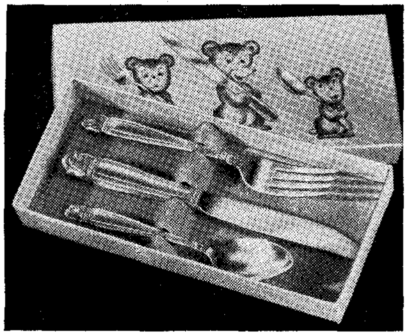

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sky, of the *Sun*, apparently well rested from his Election Night vigil, suggested that it would be a nice idea if national campaigns hereafter were cut to five or six major speeches per candidate (a patent advantage for the one who has least that is relevant to say). "Truman gave out during the campaign, becoming boisterous and vulgar," Mr. Sokolsky complained. "Some say that he made votes for himself that way. If true, that is a reflection on the intelligence of the American people. . . . His speeches were in bad taste and if they won him votes, it can only mean that good manners are not of our times."

David Lawrence, another *Sun* columnist, wrote, in the space right under Mr. Sokolsky's, "If it hadn't been for the polls, Dewey himself might have made a fighting campaign. So, all in all, Mr. Truman should thank the pollsters—and also those members of the Un-American Activities Committee who made Communism and the Wallace cause so unpopular as to drive almost all the Wallace vote back into the Democratic party from which it had strayed." This didn't jibe with a statement of Lawrence's that I had set aside from his column of August 6th. He wrote then that the President had pulled a boner by disparaging the Un-American Activities Committee and that Mr. Truman's attitude toward that raucous *Klatsch* "will not sit well with the American voters." I also had at hand a piece from the *Herald Tribune* of August 13th that began, "Herbert Brownell, Jr., Republican campaign manager, after conferring here today with Governor Thomas E. Dewey, Presidential candidate, indicated that Communist infiltration in federal government would transcend the high cost of living as a major issue of the campaign." That seemed to indicate that the Republicans were *thinking* of the diffident Mr. Thomas's Committee as one of *their* assets. As for Mr. Truman's attitude toward the pollsters, the President, who is now credited by his victims with considerable low political cunning, spent much of his time during the campaign denouncing their findings. If he had felt that the polls were helping him, it seems probable that he would have begged people to pay *more* attention to them.

The post-election proposition advanced by a number of newspapers—that the low total vote (around forty-eight million) aided the Democrats—is at variance with Mr. Lippmann's discovery that there are more Democrats than Republicans in the country. If everybody had voted, he evidently believes, the Democrats would have won anyway. The unhappy poll-taker George Gallup was quoted in the October 5th *World-Telegram* as saying, "The New York figures point to a turnout for the nation of under 47,000,000. [That was one prediction he wasn't too far off on.] . . . *Low turnouts are a factor unfavorable to the Democrats because a high percentage of the stay-at-homes are Democratic in their political leanings*." (The italics are mine.)

Finally, I will cite Louis H. Bean, Department of Agriculture statistician and economist, who has recently been singled out by the press as the only forecaster who predicted that the Democrats would win. Mr. Bean didn't do quite that, but on October 30th he did predict that the Democrats would win if the total vote was a *high* one. On that day, Bean told Peter Edson, of N.E.A. (I quote from Edson's paraphrase of the interview, as published in the *World-Telegram*), "President Truman will need an all-time turnout of nearly 60 million voters to win the election. That is what he is fighting for in the last hours of the campaign—to get out the vote and turn the tide which all the polls have indicated is against him." With a popular vote of only 51 million, Bean estimated, President Truman would receive but 110 electoral votes. With 55 million voting, the President would get 166 votes. With 60 million voting, the President would win. The one thing he was sure of was that the *more* people who voted, the *better* Truman's chances would be. I think it is a good idea to put these observations on record here because I fancy I can see the birth of a convenient editorial legend—that Truman won by default, since not enough people bothered to vote. In the light of what happened, it would appear that if everybody twenty-one or over, white or Negro, had voted, the President might have carried everything but Maine and Vermont.

I DON'T mean to imply that I foresaw Mr. Truman's victory myself. I did not believe in anything like pinpoint accuracy in the preëlection polls, but I thought that they reflected an approximation of probability. At times, to be sure, it looked to me as if the way in which their findings were being presented might be prejudicial to a fair election. For example, Elmo Roper's pronouncement on September 9th that Dewey was so sure to win that he, Roper, deal of sympathy for Mr. Truman, as a man.

As far as this world's goods go Mr. Truman appears to be well fixed. There's, first, the prospect of a $25,000 pension as a former President. Then there are all the radio contracts and the magazine articles and books which he can look forward to and which will net him a handsome income—close, they say, to a million. The path for him doesn't lead from the White House to the poor house.

The sympathy we feel is rather for a game little fellow, who never sought the Presidency and was lost in it, but who went down fighting with all he had to prove to the leaders of his own party, who tried to kick him aside, that he was a better man than they.

We should have had greater sympathy for him, though, if in his campaign he had not established a new low in a game none too high at best.

The test of how well he deserves this natural reaction of American sportsmanship to the loser will be the manner in which he plays out the rest of his string in office.

Certain precedents should be recalled to his mind.

While the outcome of the 1916 election seemed to favor Charles Evans Hughes, Woodrow Wilson, thinking he had been defeated, was ready to appoint Mr. Hughes Secretary of State. Then he intended to resign and persuade Vice President Marshall to step aside. The Secretary of State would then have become President. That was a patriotic concept of highest order.

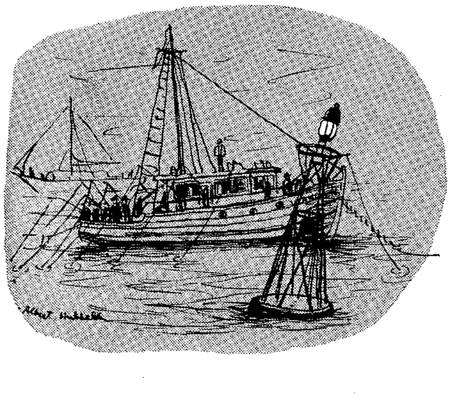
The Presidential succession has now been changed to make the Speaker of the House first in line after the Vice President. The House could, of course, choose President-elect Dewey as Speaker. Then Mr. Truman could resign and Gov. Dewey would immediately succeed him.

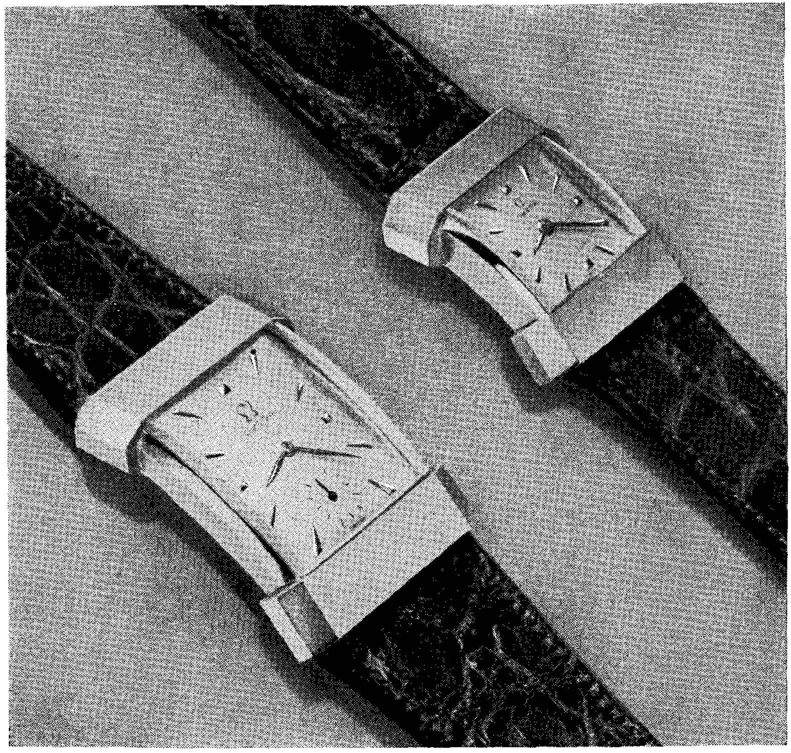
That is stretching what might be done considerably beyond probability.

A more feasible precedent was set in 1920. When President-elect Harding named Charles E. Hughes as his Secretary of State, Secretary Bainbridge Colby took Mr. Hughes right into the State Department and showed him all the ropes.

As a result of this briefing, Secretary Hughes, when he took over, was able to steer the Ship of State competently through the troubled waters which followed World War I.

Secretary Marshall is reported anxious to resign an office in which he has not had a free hand. John Foster Dulles, who has worked closely with Secretary Marshall on certain important aspects of our





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foreign policy, appears likely to be the next Secretary of State.

Why should Gen. Marshall not be permitted to resign now and Mr. Dulles be appointed immediately to succeed him? That would restore confidence in our foreign policy abroad and at home.

Gov. Dewey, we presume, naturally hesitates to accept any share of responsibility for domestic or foreign decisions in which he has no authority to impose his views, when they differ from the lame-duck Administration's.

This obstacle could be removed by Mr. Truman's accepting the verdict of the Nation and lending the authority of his office to the policies of the man who will so soon occupy it.

True, that is asking a good deal of Mr. Truman. Yet these are times which, with all our unity and patriotism, will ask a great deal more of millions of other Americans.

PRACTICALLY every newspaperman above the grade of a Sokolsky was stunned into contrition by the events of the incredible Tuesday, but before long a few of the smitten were beginning to wriggle. A *Times* editorial on the fifth mumbled hopefully, "A shift of one voter in every nineteen from Mr. Truman to Mr. Dewey would have given Mr. Dewey a popular majority. . . . This is a fact that should be taken into consideration by those who interpret the result of the election as a smashing endorsement of Mr. Truman's whole legislative program, as outlined in the campaign." "Governor Dewey was dignified, high-minded, and often eloquent," the same paper declared two days later, while attempting to explain the people's ungrateful rejection of its editorial board's chosen offering, "but he was not often definite." Elsewhere in the same editorial, the *Times* remarked, "It is an arresting fact that while Mr. Dewey fared well in the industrial East—carrying New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and New Jersey . . ." This, I have a hunch, will develop into a conviction that the election was not a mandate to the President to get rid of the Taft-Hartley Act. A point that might be considered equally arresting in this respect was that Mr. Dewey carried New York by more than fifty thousand votes only because Henry Wallace cut into President Truman to the extent of five hundred thousand. Since all these five hundred thousand Wallace voters are undoubtedly opposed to curbs on unions, New York State actually voted against Mr. Dewey's labor policies by the largest majority in any state in the country—four hundred and fifty thousand votes. By the same token, the Republican candidate fell farther short of a majority in

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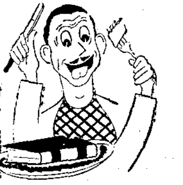

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New York State than in any other state in the Union. He carried Michigan, like New York, only by virtue of the votes deducted by Wallace from the Truman total. Mr. Dewey, if he had been elected, would have been ungrateful indeed not to have asked Mr. Wallace to be his Secretary of Agriculture. The Progressive candidate put three states, with a total of seventy-four electoral votes, in the Dewey column, which is a great deal more than Mr. Brownell or Governor Warren succeeded in doing for him.

In closing, I should like to award a prize for wrongness in predicting my favorite election. So many people were wrong at the finish that it is impossible to grade them properly, but I think a prize can be awarded on a basis of priority in error to the national officials of the Progressive Citizens of America, from which Mr. Wallace derived much of his support. These gentlemen sent around word to all chapters early in the fall of 1947 that now was the time for a third party, because Truman couldn't possibly be elected under any circumstances. Therefore, they argued, it really wouldn't hurt him to split his potential support. The Progressive Citizens of America were, as they esteemed themselves, the political avant-garde. They got there fustest with the wrongest. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Gaston* (*Ind.*) *News*]

THE FARMER AND HIS AUTOMOBILE

Farmers need good cars very much,
How much they use them, beats the dutch,
They haul their produce to the city,
With a poor old automobile, what a pity.

The farmer must have his feed ground,
A big load of it, and weighed by the pound,
He may get it for his dairy cows or hens,
Or maybe for his pigs that are kept in pens.

The farmer's car is kept busy every day.
He drives into town, not long does he stay,
The farmer is always a very busy man,
He can use a car a lot, you just bet he can.

He produces nice eggs and jersey milk for you,
A lot of meat on the hoof he raises for you, too,
He drives into your town, not well dressed, but clean,
They may be tall, others fat, and some are lean.

The farmer gets up long before daylight,
He works pretty hard all day, and some at night,
He needs a better auto, when he drives in to worship God,
Jesus lived on this earth once, and on it here He trod. —By R. F. Cummins.

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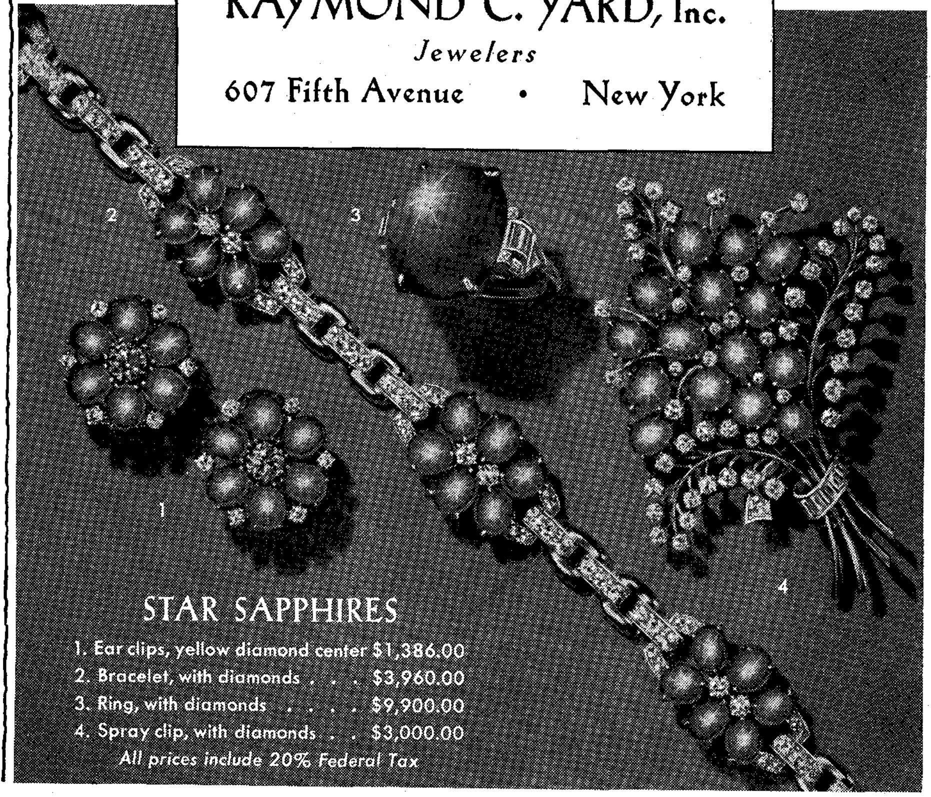
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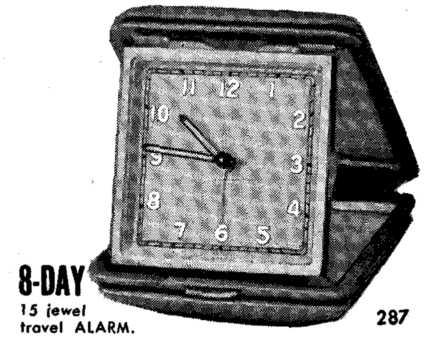

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LA VIE PARISIENNE

I HAD occasion, not long ago, to have the manuscript of a novel retyped in Paris, and with the help of a Frenchwoman whom I had hitherto considered well disposed I secured the services of a Mlle. Rocher. "She's an expert typist who knows English thoroughly and is very efficient," my friend said. "She'll do a good job—you'll see."

The next morning, I began telephoning at nine o' clock, and by eleven-thirty (not even the Germans succeeded in improving the French telephone system), I had Mlle. Rocher on the wire. Her voice was deep and pleasant, she spoke English with an English accent, and she did indeed sound efficient. She told me she would be delighted to take on the job. She had lived in England for many years, she said, and the language presented no problems for her. "You're an American?" she asked.

I said I was.

"I thought so," Mlle. Rocher replied. "No matter."

We were silent for a moment, listening to the crackle of the French telephone wires, and then Mlle. Rocher went on, "When will it be convenient for you to have the manuscript called for?"

"As soon as it's convenient for you to come," I said.

Mlle. Rocher laughed. "I shan't come to your hotel *myself*," she said. "Look heah, I'll send my sister, Mme. Bonde, who lives with me. She'll make all arrangements with you."

Mme. Bonde arrived at my hotel that afternoon at five. She was about fifty, plump and excitable, with wild gray eyes, untidy white hair, and a generally dishevelled appearance. She did not speak English. "It is my sister," she said, "who is the linguist." The price she quoted for the work seemed reasonable, and the amount of time required would be about ten days.

"But not more," I said. "I'm leaving Paris in two weeks."

Mme. Bonde nodded and stuffed the manuscript haphazardly into her reticule, which was about the size of a market bag. I quieted my misgivings with the reflection that it was not, after all, Mme. Bonde who was going to do the typing.

A WEEK later, I telephoned again. This time Mlle. Rocher sounded cold and distant. She said the work was progressing satisfactorily but might take a little longer than her sister had at first estimated.

"How much longer?" I asked. "Don't forget I'm leaving next week."

"Only a day or two," she replied. "I shall communicate with you." There was a click, a little louder than the other clicks that had been going on throughout our conversation, and I realized I was no longer in contact with Mlle. Rocher.

I left money with the concierge and told him that if the manuscript was delivered when I was out, he was to accept it and pay the bill. I was fairly confident that Mlle. Rocher's coldness would not interfere with her finishing the work. After all, she was a French bourgeoise and there was money at stake.

Two days before I was to leave Paris, I returned to my hotel late in the evening and I found the manuscript in my room. I began to look through it. At first glance, it seemed neat and competently typed, and I was relieved that everything had worked out so well. Then I noticed, with some annoyance, that Mlle. Rocher had changed the spelling of the words to conform to English taste. "Color," for instance, had become "colour," "check" "cheque," "tire" "tyre." I had never in my life said or written "an hotel," but there it was in my manuscript. And then I realized that Mlle. Rocher had also changed the punctuation slightly wherever it did not seem quite suitable to her.

But that was by no means the worst of it. About halfway through the manuscript, the quality of the typing changed. The last part of the manuscript looked as though it had been typed by a five-year-old child. The left-hand margin was jagged, quotation marks drifted irresponsibly in and out of the text, and periods and commas were scattered across the pages as though they had been beans dropped out of a bag. Worst of all, many of the words seemed to have little relation to any known language. Clearly, either Mlle. Rocher had a split personality or someone else had done the second half of the typing. I suspected, from the untidiness, that the someone else was Mme. Bonde.

It was too late in the evening to telephone the sisters, so I read helplessly on, fascinated by the horror of the language I had presumably written. The person who had typed the second half seemed to have an indefatigable sense for the *mot injuste*. "Satisfield" was one of her creations, and "covements" and "everwrought." A character I shall not soon forget was

The high cost of living is shooting us all sky high!

When living costs rise like a rocket, that's every bit as bad for business as it is for customers. Fewer people buy when prices are too high.

In our own business we do everything we can to keep prices *down* and quality *up*. Once each month key men from all our companies sit down to plan new ways to increase efficiency and improve products—so you will get *top quality at lowest possible price.*

Here are some figures which show how milk prices compare with food prices, from 1939 to 1948:

Increase in cost of food . . .	**116%**
Increase in cost of fluid milk .	**78%**

Notice that milk has not increased nearly so much as the average of other foods. Our profit from all of our milk divisions averaged less than ½ cent per quart sold in 1947—far less than the public thinks business makes—and much less than the average profit in the food industry.

Milk—nature's most nearly perfect food—helps your budget by giving you more for your money than anything else you can eat. We guard the quality and nutritional values of milk, and cheese, butter, ice cream and other milk products. *Then we make them available to the largest number of people at the lowest possible prices.*

An impartial national survey shows that most Americans consider 10%-15% on sales a fair profit for business. Compared to this, the average profit for the food industry is less than 5%. And National Dairy's profit in its milk divisions in 1947 was less than 2%.

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Chagles, who, after playing contrast bridge until quite late, was awakened with a hanover by the crowing of the cook. I also discovered in the manuscript a new and rather provocative English poet named William Butler Yeast.

The typist's principal difficulty came with "x"s, "v"s, and "w"s, which apparently had no separate existence in her mind. She had given birth to such interesting words as "ewactly," "sister-in-lax," "Mevican," and "forxard." Many of the phrases were almost Joycean, and sounded as though they had been worked on for a long time. I was particularly impressed with the way the sentence "She was waving the ballot box" came out: "Chez was waxing the ballet bow." I doubted if anyone had ever before thought of waxing a ballet bow, although I'm sure that ballet bows need just as much waxing as xalnut tabletops.

I SPENT a restless night dreaming of unpronounceable "x"s, and next morning I decided not to trust my imperfect nerves to the telephone system. The two sisters had given me an address that was not far from the Gare Montparnasse, and since Paris was in one of her good moods that morning, I set out down the Rue de Rennes with the manuscript.

I found the address, which was that of a rather shabby apartment building, and the concierge told me to go up to the third floor. Mme. Bonde opened the door, looking even more untidy *en déshabillé* than she had the last time I had seen her. "*Tiens*," she said when she saw me, and then, "*Alors, bonjours.*"

She led me into a grimy, overfurnished living room and went off to call her sister. Clearly, she knew why I was there. While I waited, I stood at the window, which was open a crack, and tried to get a breath of fresh air. There was a pervasive musty smell in the apartment. Finally, Mlle. Rocher entered. She was a little fatter than Mme. Bonde and seemed a little older, although her hair was black. Her eyes were dark, deep-set, and not very reassuring, and she was as untidy as her sister.

"Good morning," she said, wholly without cordiality. Mme. Bonde stood behind her, with her arms folded and a cigar-store-Indian expression on her face. The atmosphere in the room was antagonistic and oppressively female. I felt as though I had wandered into the lair of the Cumaean sibyl.

"I have come about the manuscript,"

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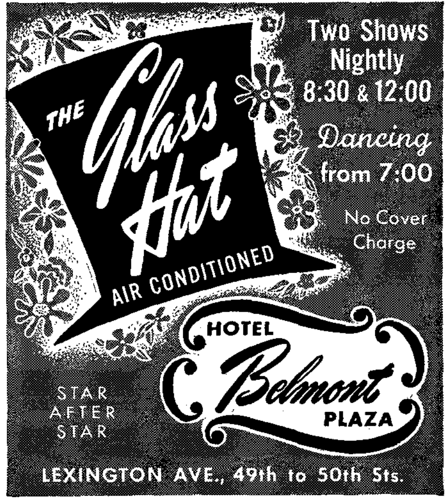
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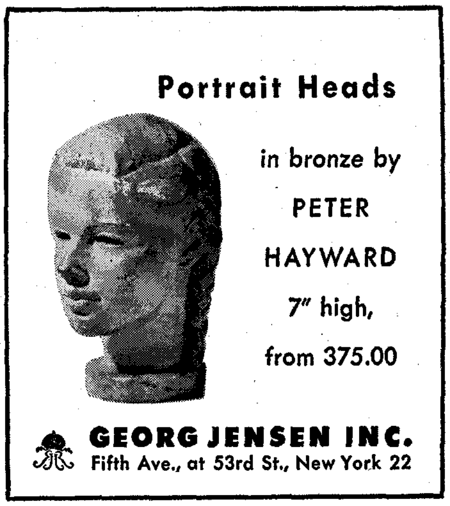
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I said. "I did not find it entirely satisfactory."

Mlle. Rocher cleared her throat. "You must understand, Monsieur, that the second half of the work was done by my sister," she said.

"But your sister does not know English."

"No, Monsieur." Mlle. Rocher's eyes did not waver. "And also she is not by profession a typist."

"Evidently," I replied. We were all silent for a moment, and finally Mme. Bonde, in her excited French, told me that she had forbidden her sister to continue with the work after Mlle. Rocher had translated some of the manuscript for her. The characters, she said, were shocking.

"I have no doubt, Monsieur, that such people exist," Mlle. Rocher said. Her tone implied every doubt.

I was growing angry. "Of course such people exist," I said. "They are expatriates, living in a small town away from their own country. In any case, I would like—"

Mlle. Rocher interrupted. "It appears to me, sir," she said with finality, "a great deal of corruption for so small a community."

"But the manuscript was merely given to you to type," I said coldly.

Mme. Bonde stepped forward between her sister and me. "*Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?*" she demanded.

Her sister told her.

Mme. Bonde now turned to me again. "*Je l'ai défendu*," she repeated. "I cannot permit my sister to read such things. She is, after all, a *jeune fille*." Mlle. Rocher, who looked every bit of fifty-five, blushed. Mme. Bonde went on to explain that she had herself typed the second half of the manuscript because, for one thing, she had been married, and, for another, she did not understand English.

The two women faced me aggressively, the air in the little apartment grew heavier, and, since there seemed to be nothing more to say, I was glad to escape with no souvenirs more permanent than a badly typed manuscript and a pretty good dinner-table story. As I walked back along the Rue de Rennes, it seemed to me that the French reputation for moral laxity is not entirely deserved.

—GORDON SAGER

•

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MORE ABOUT CHRISTMAS

LONDON PARIS

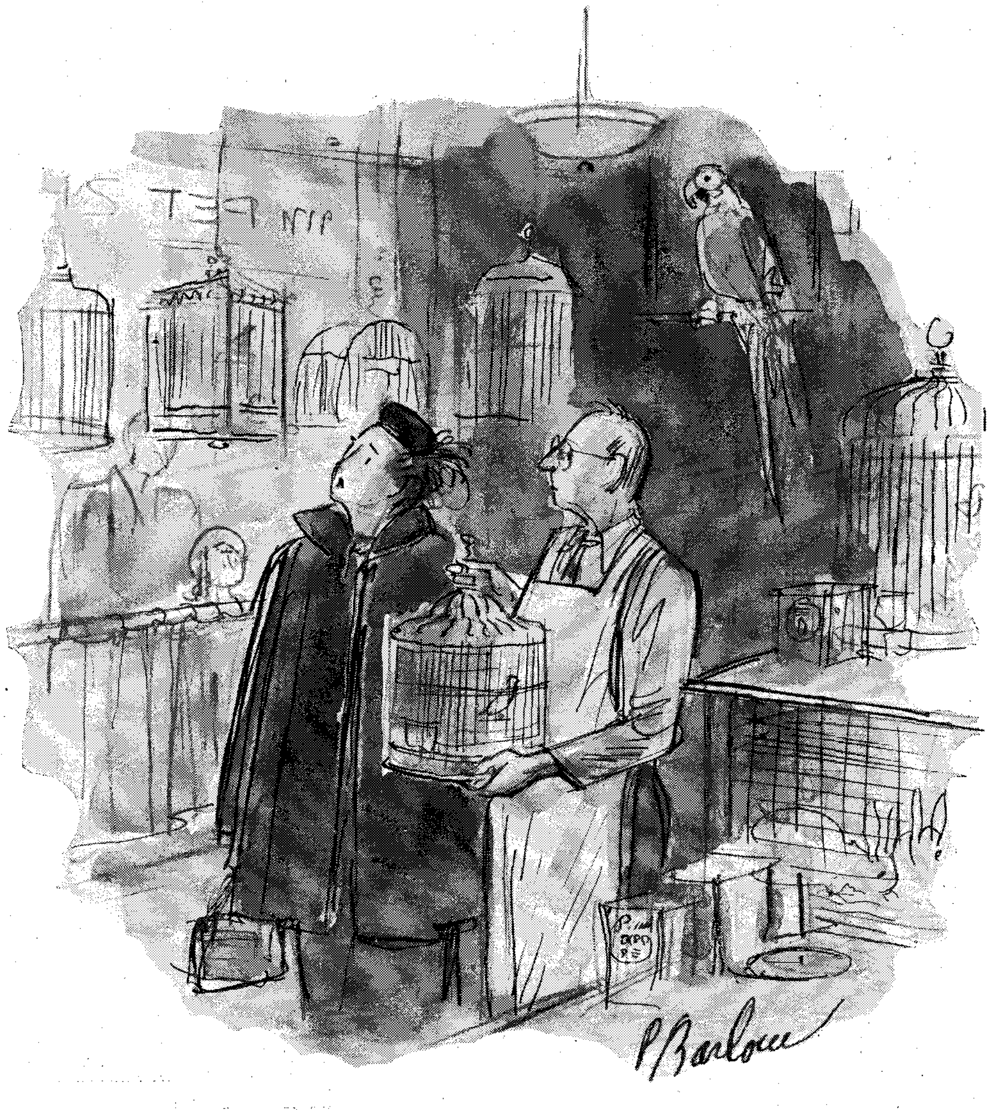
WE know that it is inhuman of us to keep plucking at your sleeve and talking Christmas while you are still amending your Thanksgiving-dinner list, but what else can we do? Last week, we told you everything we know about food gifts for abroad and Christmas cards. This week, we have amassed for your inspection all kinds of promising gifts for men, and have appended a run-through of the situation in luggage for both men and women. Next week, we'll get around to gifts for the house. We hope you're saving these issues for future reference; we won't pass this way again, and, we regret to say, we haven't time to answer telephone questions.

Gifts for Men

OUR pre-holiday reconnaissance in behalf of people who are stumped by the problem of what to give a man has been conducted in the shops where men are inclined to spend money on themselves—hardly an inspiration but a sound idea. The over-all impression we came away with is that things are looking pretty good; variety and quality are right out there on the counters, courting customers, and if there is a lot of catchpenny stuff around—well, there always is. One bit of pertinent information we'll pass along is that you still have time to order monograms and made-to-measure shirts, pajamas, and dressing gowns for delivery by Christmas. Now, let's go take a look:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: If there is a big-game fisherman on your list who has a fancy boat, you can certainly create a sensation Christmas morning by giving him, suitably wrapped, a chrome-plated cast-bronze fighting chair, adjustable to almost any conceivable man, or fish, and mounted on a gimmal socket. It is as comfortable as a barber chair (which it resembles) and has a foam-rubber cushion and back rest that are covered with a bright-red or blue waterproof material. It costs $385, and chromium rod holders that attach to either side of the chair cost $15 each; a harness that is guaranteed to hold a fisherman in the chair no matter what kind of strike he gets is an additional $19.50; and suitable rods—A. & F. recommend the massive-looking Bimini King—run from $175 up, each. Well, it's Christmas, isn't it? If this sort of thing isn't quite what you had in mind, you can get, for $2.95, a small plug-in light that clamps on the back of a book, for reading in bed. A thoughtful present for a man who travels is a small battery that an electric razor will work on; $2.95. A fly fisherman's knife that has in its black plastic handle a pair of scissors, a hook disgorger, and a half-dozen diminutive tools made of high-carbon vanadium steel will run you $15. A kit that household tinkerers will find invaluable for uncomplicated jobs of carpentry, plastering, plumbing, and electric wiring is $30; it consists of a steel box that contains a fifteen-ounce hammer, a ratchet screwdriver, a pair of electricians' pliers, and about thirty other tools. Folding dark goggles, with adjustable bows, have two sets of lenses, which can be popped into place to assuage the wearer while skiing or driving during the day and driving at night. They sell for $3.75, including a plastic case.

ALTMAN: Just the place you're looking for if you want to do well by your doctor. A sturdy black cowhide professional bag, fitted with a Yale lock, will cost you $45; in tan, it is $49.50, and there is no federal tax in either color. A thermometer in a gold case, which has a clip so that it won't fall out of your favored medic's pocket, is $45, with tax. Small leather oddments that will do for anybody, not just doctors, are handsomely turned out in burnished alligator by Finnegans—the Bond Street Finnegans. They include a breast-pocket note case with two gold corners ($30) and a hip wallet that has



"May I listen to the two-ninety-five one again?"

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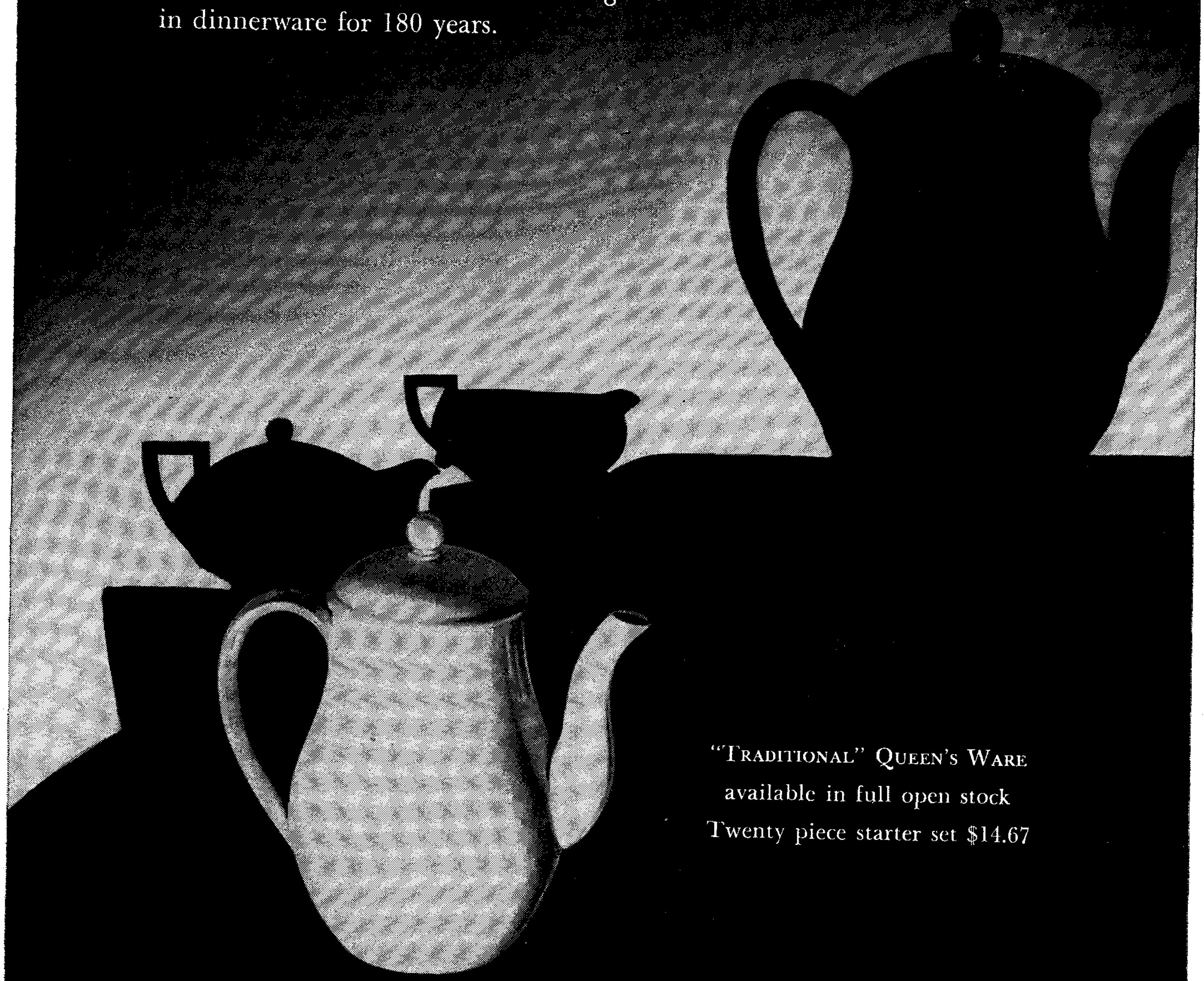
When Josiah Wedgwood designed his basic dinnerware shapes in 1768, he little knew that they would look as perfect in 1948 contemporary interiors as they did on the eighteenth century table. Perfection of line and form can not be improved upon. Wedgwood's "Traditional" shapes have remained the standard of function and grace in dinnerware for 180 years.



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two gold corners and a sensible arrangement for cards, licenses, and papers ($72). A key ring, made just like the old nickel loops for household keys—except that it is solid gold—has a tag for initials (ten days for engraving); $42. Fur-lined gloves in gray mocha or pigskin are comfortable and handsome, and make dependable gifts; $10.95. A clothesbrush, made by Kent, has hand-drawn bristles and a handle bound with heavy, waxed black thread, providing a skidproof grip that is particularly recommended for men who have trouble dominating a clothesbrush; $18.

ANDRE SKI SHOP, 49 East 47th Street: As you might anticipate, there is nothing here except ski trappings, but there is a stirring array of them. Parkas of Byrd cloth, light and weatherproof, are on hand in white, black, gray, or dark blue, at $14.75. Similar parkas of nylon, which is even lighter and sheds water just as determinedly, are $17.75. Ski pants, all of them made to order—they take two weeks—of eighteen-and-a-half-ounce wool gabardine cost $35. Skis of laminated aluminum (three plies of it) are reported by many experts to be the fastest yet; $39, and a new type of binding comes with them. Bally-Rominger ski boots, built around an inner shoe, are $55. Another boot the management shows with pride is the Trappeur, worn by members of this year's French Olympic ski team, which placed fourth at St. Moritz. (What the Swedes, who placed first, wore is not known. Sneakers, maybe.) Anyway, the Trappeur boots are first-rate, handmade, and can be yours for $35.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM: Bits of elegance range from an impeccable and dignified platinum pocket watch made by Patek Philippe ($1,200) to gold cuff links in the shape of doghouses ($46). If it's a wristwatch you're after, you should look at a waterproof chronograph of stainless steel ($95), and a rectangular one of gold with a heavy crystal and a gold buckle ($165). Almost anybody should like a *non*-automatic table lighter, a miniature pewter version of a Roman lamp that you light at the start of, say, a cocktail party, and blow out at the end; $10.50. The playful designers of cuff links have turned out, in addition to the golden doghouse we mentioned, a chunk of railroad track in gold, linked to a golden railroad spike—just the thing for the well-dressed section hand; $60. Plain, but very heavy, gold oval links for a man who just wants to keep his cuffs buttoned can be marked with a monogram up to December 21st and cost $55. Belt buckles—*good* old Christmas belt buckles—come in silver, for $3.50, and in gold of various engine-turned patterns, for $40.

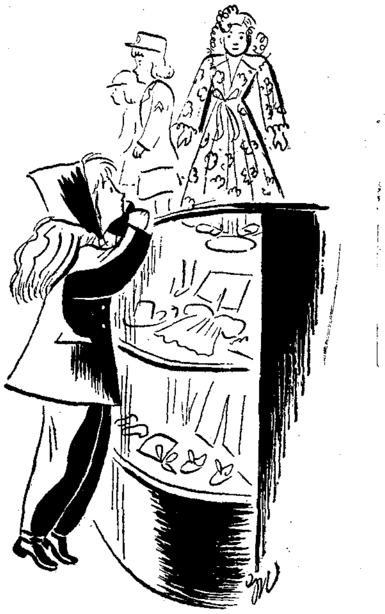
BRONZINI, 15 East 53rd Street: A worth-while place to start prowling here is the sweater counter. Some good-looking hand-knit wool sweaters that are the correct length for wearing under a coat are $28.50. This shop also has some dandy hand-knit heavy-ribbed socks, with reinforced heels, for $10.50. Warm, hand-loomed wool mufflers in a fine basketweave come from a man who is said to select and shear his own sheep; all *you* have to select is a color—green, blue, copper, or a blue-and-black mixture—and then fork over $18.50. Some little cuff links of dark oxidized silver and bright gold are studded with minute gold stars; two crossed Napoleonic batons form one end of the link, and a single baton the other. These are $60.

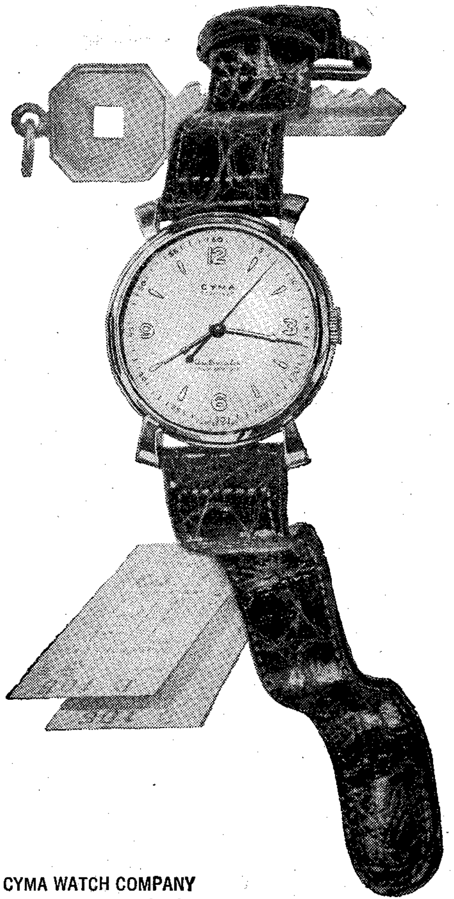
BROOKS BROTHERS: First off, we'd better tell you about a wide-skirted, belted raincoat, modelled on a shooting coat and made of Egyptian cotton twill. There are two thicknesses of this material throughout, and three over the shoulders and across the top of the back, where, come to think of it, the most rain strikes; $60. Old Brooks customers—sporting customers—will be glad to see again a natural chamois pullover, made with a V neck and long sleeves; $44. Here you will find, too, a whole counterful of classic trifles for men who ride to hounds: a trim sandwich kit ($55), a saddle flask in a leather holder ($54.40), a shining chromium hunt horn ($30.70), and fly whisks brightly tufted in red, yellow, blue, or green, or, if you prefer soberer fly whisks, in gray or white ($17). To catalogue some waistcoats, there are imported flannels in Tattersall checks ($25), natural chamois ($20), and light- or dark-brown suèdes ($24). Then, there are English dancing pumps and oxfords of patent leather ($20), and house shoes, made by Peal, of glove suède, with full leather linings, $30. Finally, we feel we should tell you that the redoubtable old tobacco firm of Benson & Hedges has moved from Fifth Avenue and is now keeping an avuncular eye on Brooks' tobacco department, where you can obtain cigars almost a foot long and marvellous to the taste; bank-director humidors; rich tobacco blends; and such.

Budd, 712 Fifth Avenue (55th): They are ready here for the Christmas melee with an almost limitless supply of bow ties, in regular neck sizes—no adjusting machinery at the back. Most of them cost $3.50. In the custom-shirt department, the Christmas-order deadline is December 10th. A good supply of French piqué is ready to be made into dress shirts with pleated bosoms, which start at $17. Braces of silk, backed and piped with silk barathea, sell for $6.50.

Cartier: Evening jewelry, from the Paris branch, starts off with cuff links and waistcoat buttons of Oriental pearls of whacking size and price. Cuff links with a fifty-grain pearl at one end and a ten-grain pearl at the other are $2,170 and can be thrown in the laundry just as easily as any others. Matching waistcoat buttons are $1,525 a set. Then, V-shaped gold cuff clasps set with cabochon sapphires, for informal evening use, are $140. The dial of a sleek wafer of a watch is so severely simple that each numeral is indicated by nothing more than a straight line; this is $590. The strap fastens with a neat gold harness buckle. A wallet for a doctor, in black alligator, has gold corners, a calendar, a gold-plated silver pencil, and a place for a prescription pad; $74.50.

Charvet: We'll try to keep away from the resplendent ties long enough to tell you about some made-to-measure dressing gowns that Charvet refers to offhandedly as wrappers. The





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everyday model comes in the shop's own tie silk and costs $187.50. And there is a double-faced cashmere one, in combinations of light and dark blue, maroon and dark blue, or dark blue and tan, with revers to the hem; $250. Both are very comfortable. A splendid lightweight flannel wrapper is available for $75. (Deadline on dressing-gown orders is December 10th.) The tie designs here derive from such unexpected fonts as oyster shells and hats. There are simple geometrical figures, too, and they are all presented in handsome colors, a good many of which are dark, some even sombre. And all are $7.50 each.

CHIPP, 14 East 44th Street: You'll run into some neatly knit items in Shetland wool, such as canary, blue, and heather-green hand-knit socks, with red toes and heels, for $3.50; short mufflers, for $3.50; six-foot tubular mufflers, for $7.50; and full-fashioned crew-neck sweaters, for $13.50. Flannel slacks in light or dark gray, with or without pleats, are $17.50. The tie department has some pin-dotted bow ties of Atkinson's Irish poplin, at $4, and string bows of silk rep in gray, red, blue, green, or brown, at $2. Anyone who likes pullover shirts of oxford cloth can be taken care of here for $5, and there are a good many colors and stripes to choose from.

MARK CROSS, 707 Fifth Avenue (55th): A rather disturbing new use for leather turns up here—as coverings for the bowls of pipes, which appear in twelve shapes and sizes. The pipes are made in France, and you can get one for $10; you can also get an assurance that, in use, it smells no worse, and no better, than any other pipe. A collar bag with a boxed bottom differs not at all, except in material and a price tag ($19.20), from the ones Victorian gentlemen's daughters used to make for them; it has a small outside pocket for studs and cuff links. Some Jaeger lightweight cashmere-and-wool motor rugs, woven on one side in honest-to-goodness Scottish tartans, and on the other side in plain Mark Cross green, brown, or navy, are $38. Further along, there are some suitcases of simple magnificence, made of butt leather with tan morocco linings. The sizes range from a weekend case twenty-two inches long ($114), to a thirty-inch case that qualifies as a minor trunk for around-the-world travellers ($162).

CALVIN CURTIS, 60 East 55th Street: Another batch of apparel designed for a distinctly superior kind of lounging; for instance, unlined dressing gowns of this house's tie silks ($100), and lined jackets that you wouldn't think of calling smoking jackets ($125). These would either please or stun almost any man. The ties, at $5 to $10, are, on the whole, safe. Bright braces, decorated with conventional playing-card royalty, or with mustached acrobats in red trunks, are $8.50.

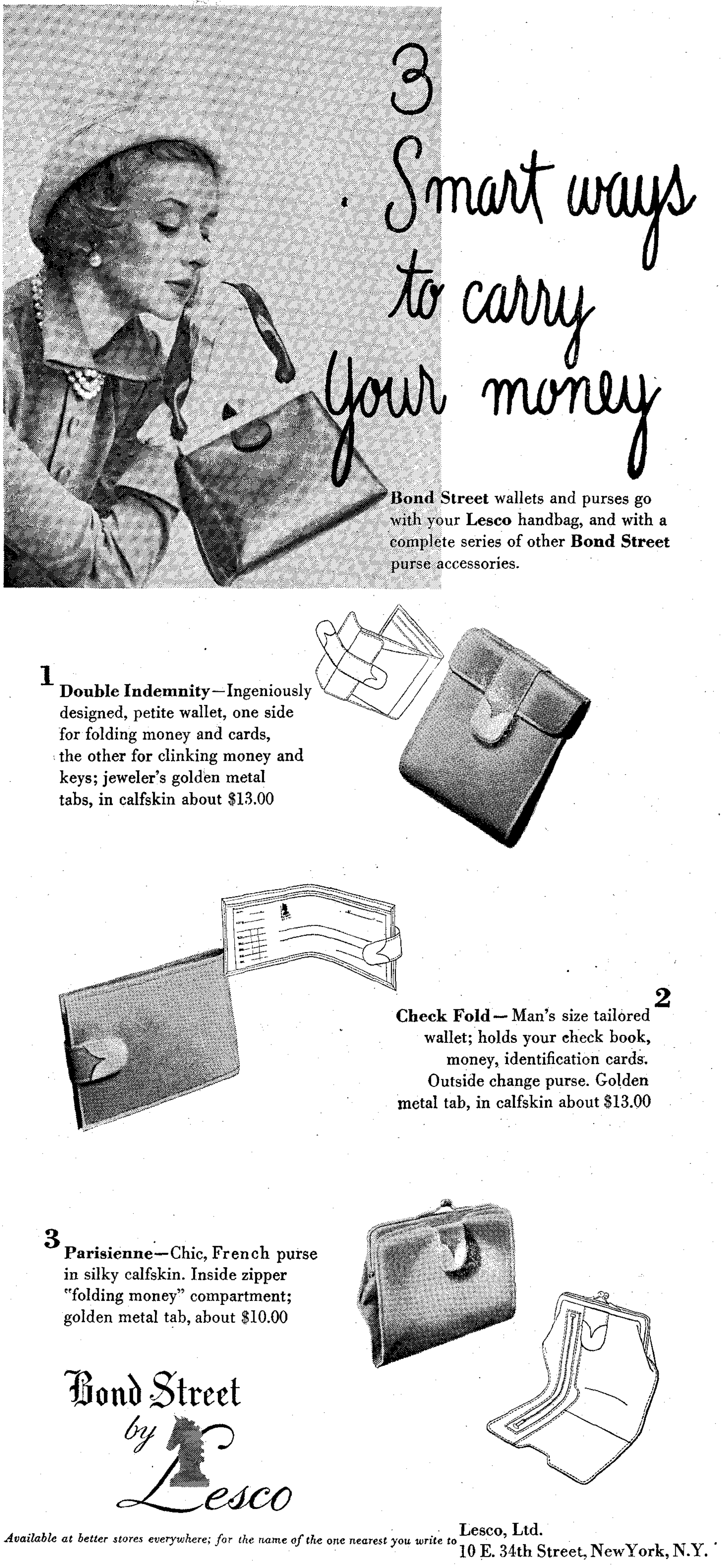
DEPINNA: The news here is ready-made dinner coats and trousers of tropical worsted, mercifully light for men who are active on a dance floor. The suits sell for $100 and they are a night shade of blue that can't be told from black. You might also take a look at some sports jackets in a mixture of cashmere and guanaco very readily told from black—tan, slate blue, and (for fortunate fellows who are headed South) white; $120. For men who are staying right here in town and think there is nothing like a brisk walk on a nippy day, there are suède pullovers, in tan and several other colors, that have knitted wool backs and V necks; $15. A neat light wool country shirt, which is meant to be worn with a tie, comes in gray or tan and, of course, has long sleeves; $12.

DOBBS: Burberries of hand-woven Donegal and Cusha tweeds ($110) stand out in this establishment, and the management is also proud of a balmacaan-cut cashmere in a herringbone pattern, which you can have in natural tan or a dark brown for $135. If you hadn't planned a major wardrobe contribution like this, there are always neckties. Among them are striped silk reps in a long, narrow version ($3.50) and a good supply of wool taffeta ones in foulard patterns and colors ($2.50). Hats of rough felts made like the authentic Tyrolian ones, in brownish and greenish mixtures, have wool bands; $12.50.

DUNHILL: The humidor in this tobacco Fort Knox maintains a minimum stock of seven hundred thousand cigars, and frequently it is the repository of as many as a million. In case you don't have time to study this collection carefully, we'll tell you about a few of the high spots. A box of a hundred handmade Havana cigars in five shapes, including a seven-inch blunt, provides smoking as satisfactory as you are apt to find anywhere for $65; Por Larrinagas, in individual cedar cylinders, are $39 a hundred, and Romeo y Julietas $68 a hundred. (There's a two-per-cent city tax on all cigars.) Airtight humidors, in mahogany or walnut, are $60; in thuja wood, with markings a good deal like those of burled walnut, they are $90. They hold a hundred cigars each. Dunhill table lighters in rhodium plate are $12.50 (no tax on this metal), or you can get a lighter in gold, cluttered with diamonds and rubies, for $600, or a plain platinum one, the austerity of which is relieved by its price—$420.

DUDLEY G. ELDRIDGE, 11 West 50th Street: It should be apparent by this time that we regard shirts as worthwhile Christmas presents. Well, in this shop, with three weeks' leeway, they will make you some fine shirts of Scottish poplin, in solid colors or stripes, with collars attached or separate, and with any style of cuff, for $20 each. Pajamas of white brocaded Chinese silks ($35 plain, $40 with piping) take the same length of time. Eldridge will also monogram handkerchiefs; some elegant ones, in cord-bordered Swiss cotton, cost $30 a dozen, with monograms in white or colors. Scottish knit-wool gloves in a pepper-and-salt mixture are back in stock, at $5.

ALBERT LEONARD GEORGE, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): Light flannel sports shirts in the tartans of such clans as Macbeth, Brodie, Leslie, and Crawford are $37.50. For loafing around at home and being equally colorful about it, there are suits ($95), dressing gowns ($65), pajamas ($65), and jackets for reading in bed ($65) —all of the same plaid flannel. A group of dark silk ties ($10.50 each) are embellished with the flags, flowers, or other symbols of the states—the one for New York, for instance, has a wild-rose design. Black cowhide



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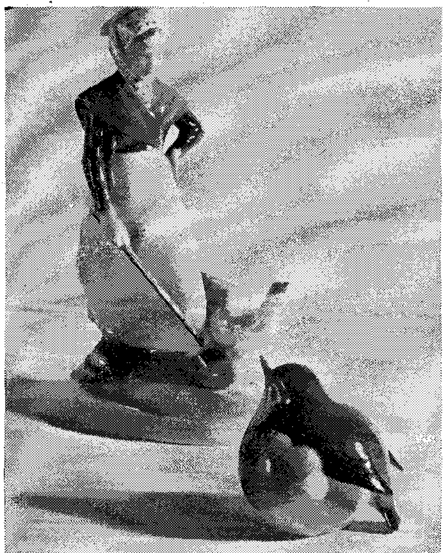

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belts, scarce lately, are on hand here, complete with good-looking S-shaped gold-plated-brass buckles; $13.50.

ARTHUR GILMORE, 16 East 52nd Street: The incomparable Louis Vuitton suitcases, with severe fabric linings, in almost any size a man might like. A twenty-four-inch case, good for short trips, is $88.80. English-style kit bags of pigskin, with boxed ends, make first-rate auxiliary luggage; an eighteen-inch one, long enough to hold shirts, is $104. Pigskin envelopes are a blessing for people who have to lug papers around and don't want to have to bother with a full-size briefcase. One for business papers costs $11.40; one for legal sheets is $15.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER: A brown plastic rack is equipped with poker chips, a device for counting them out, and two packs of cards; $19.95. A shaving mirror to go on a bathroom shelf is illuminated from behind and is affected by neither shadow, glare, nor fog nor gloom of night; $15. A handy contraption for lighting a cigarette in an automobile is called the Pres-a-Lite. It attaches to the steering-wheel column, holds twenty-three cigarettes, and will produce one of them, glowing and ready to be smoked, when you push a knob; $6.95. Or you may prefer a small fire extinguisher, which doubles as a tire inflater, that is small enough to fit in the pocket of a car. The stuff it is filled with does either job very well; $3.95. A cylindrical utility light is magnetized at one end, so that it will stick to the side of a car. One signal is red, to be used as a warning light if you have a breakdown at night; the other is a strong white, fine for studying maps. This plugs into the cigarette-lighter socket and costs $6.35.

KEEP, 5 East 44th Street: English boxcloth braces in a choice of heady colors, as well as in modest gray or tan are $5. Belts in the same cloth and colors are $2.50. Well-cut pajamas of striped madras are $7.75, and broadcloth pajamas with pleated trouser fronts are $15. Ties of Spitalfields silk ($6.50) turn up in new and brilliant stripes, as well as in the traditional designs and dark shades. The perennial English challis ties are $2.50. Hand-sewn gloves of English capeskin, lined with chamois, are $11.

KNOX, 452 Fifth Avenue (40th): A midnight-blue or black felt hat, finished to resemble suède, has a bound brim that can be worn up or down—not quite as stately as a homburg, but not quite "Front Page," either; $15. Silk hats and collapsible opera hats are around again, at $35. A suède cap, in light or dark brown or in putty, its top cut in one piece, might be a welcome gift for a man who drives a lot or for a man who just likes to wear suède caps; $10. Double-breasted, roomy camel's-hair polo coats, belted in the back, are $200, and come in navy, brown, natural camel color, and a vaguely dromedary tan that Knox unkindly calls pigskin. Gloves of fine Black Head mocha have been put together by a particularly guileful machine process that makes them look handmade; $10, in gray or brown.

LEWIS & CONGER: A lavishly gold-plated Lucite tie rack, which fastens to a closet door and accommodates a hundred and ninety-two neckties, is $150 (absolutely), and a more or less similar rack, minus the gold and scaled for a poor wretch with no more than forty-eight ties, is $9.95. A folding valet stand, ready for coat, trousers, shirt, underclothes, shoes, and small gear, *may* keep a man from strewing his clothes around. It costs $24.95, in mahogany, maple, or blond-finished wood. An ashtray that can be screwed to a bathroom wall is $2, and a hookah-like cigarette holder for safe smoking in bed or smoking of any kind in a bathtub is $3. A portable air freshener, called Air-Clear, is $24.50. And for $27.50 you can get a good working desk lamp with a good working light that shines below eye level.

LORD & TAYLOR: Fine English broadcloth shirts, white or striped, with French cuffs and fronts and one pocket, are $10. A warm hip-length coat, for country walking or driving, is made of gabardine, lined around the middle with leather, and fastens snugly at the chin and wrists; $69.50. Sports jackets of soft, handsome American tweeds, with flap pockets, are $50.

MACY: A suitcase that is capable of sprouting wheels and a handle so it can be trundled triumphantly away from a porterless station costs $89.94, in a twenty-nine-inch size. Another bag, a streamlined version of the old Gladstone, and meant to be toted by a streamlined version of the old redcap, is made of tough shell cordovan, opens out flat, and has two hangers in one side; it's $115.14. As for something to go in these bags, there are Italian ties in striped or solid-color grenadine or in woven silks and foulards with small, scattered patterns, for around $5. A good-looking desk clock with a gilt or silver finish and a Phinney Walker movement has a cigarette lighter attached to the top; $21.54.

Meyrowitz, 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd): A brass barometer-and-clock, mounted on a Lucite base that has a carved bas-relief design of undersea flora, is $93.50. For men who need, or want, to know how the wind is blowing, an elaborate instrument called a Windial indicates wind velocity, direction, and change; $225. The same sort of information, though in a more sketchy form, is provided by the Windikator; this is $8.75, in a bakelite case that also contains a compass. For bird-watchers, a twelve-ounce, four-power glass, with an inter-pupillary adjustment—a very tricky device that simplifies focussing—is $27.50.

Newells, 290 Park Avenue (49th): Custom pajamas of heavy Italian silk are $52.50, plain, or $55, with piping. Shirts of the same silk are $35. (Christmas orders must be in by November 30th.) Dressing gowns of light, unlined English challis in Persian patterns and colors cost $79.50 (orders until December 15th). Not made to order, but first-rate anyway, are white broadcloth evening shirts, with French cuffs and supplied with buttons on a tape that can be removed if the owner wants to wear studs; $10.50. Sheer handkerchiefs, made in Switzerland of Pima cotton, have tape or clip-cord borders and hand-rolled edges, and are $21 a dozen, and thin, hand-rolled plain linen handkerchiefs are

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the most revolutionary thing that's happened to lighters. This one is operated on compressed butane gas and has no wick. You press down, flick the spur (all with one hand) and flame remains until released. This desk or table lighter, made in Paris, is really something on the lighter side for Christmas. Lasts a year without refilling. Refills obtainable at a small charge. To be found only at Neiman-Marcus in America. Chrome and pigskin 15.00. Goldplate and lizard 22.50. Goldplate and alligator 40.00

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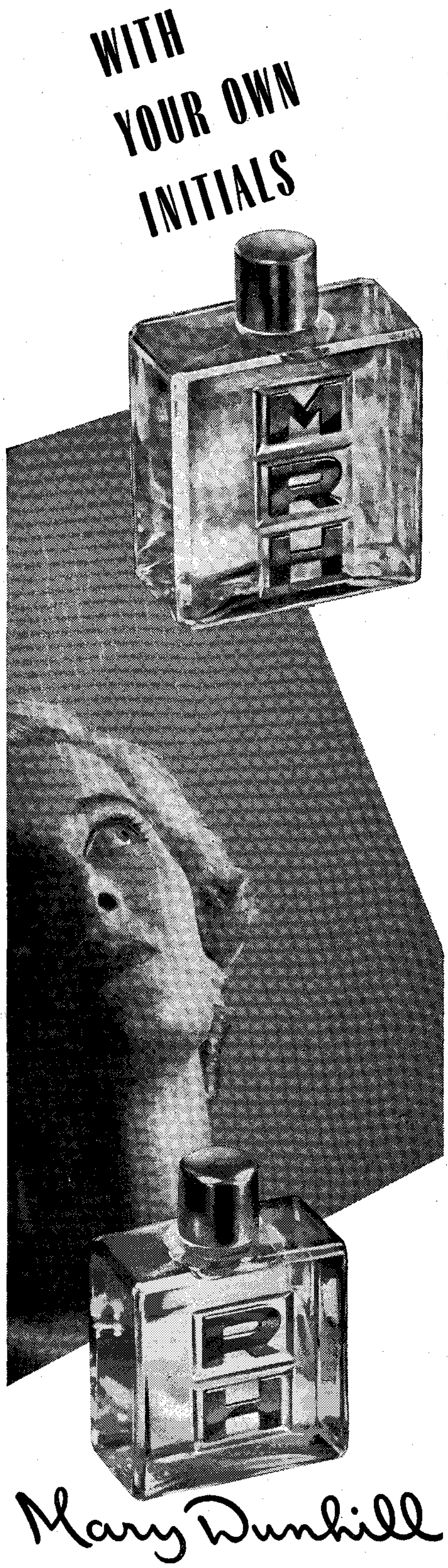

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AT FINE STORES

Mary Dunhill, 660 Fifth Avenue, New York

$42 a dozen. (Monograms have to be ordered before December 5th.)

Rogers Peet, 479 Fifth Avenue (40th): What but overcoats of Montagnac, an all-but-imperishable black fabric? A single-breasted one with fly front and corded edges is $190. Striped or plain pajamas made of B. & J. Anderson's Scottish cotton broadcloth are $16.50. Shirts of the same broadcloth are $12, in stripes, and $10, plain. Homburgs in light-weight Borsalino felts of brown, black, or light or dark gray are $20.

J. Press, 341 Madison Avenue (44th): A man who misses his old Army trench coat might like a Burberry one, which has a full-length inner warmer and a rubber-and-batiste lining; $135. Without the warmer it's $89.50, and without warmer or lining, it's $79.50. It has detachable shoulder straps, which may be removed. English reversible raincoats, Egyptian cotton on one side and Harris tweed on the other, are from $62.50 to $82.50, depending on the quality of the tweed. Determined hunters and shooters should take to a British short warm made of stone-colored Crombie melton ($165), or an English Burberry warm in a mixture of camel's hair and wool ($140). Press seems to be expecting a cold winter.

Saks Fifth Avenue: A hip-length jacket, for $28.50, of the sort of deathless material that football pants are made of, has a zipped-in lining of thick red flannel, which may also be worn separately, but we're not prepared to say when. Then, there are churchwarden pipes, made of two-hundred-year-old briar, with eighteen-inch stems, for $25; ten Romeo y Julieta cigars, each packed in a metal tube, for $10; and an opulent cedar cabinet that will hold two hundred and fifty Havana cigars, in five sizes, for $150. A twenty-four-inch leather duffel bag folds flat and may be packed in another piece of luggage or carried alone; $52.20. Hand-sewn French gloves, in various shades of brown reverse calf, are $15.

Sulka: Outstanding here are French silk moiré ties in good shades of green and brown ($8.50); twills and foulards with small, widely spaced patterns ($5.50); Spitalfields silks in new colors and designs ($6.50 and $7.50); solid-color crêpes ($7.50); and heavy silk reps ($5.50). English silk ascot ties, to wear with cutaways, are $11. Black moiré silk braces have white moiré backing; $13.25, including a monogram. Plain black silk socks are $3; with hand-embroidered clocks, they're $4.75. Sleeveless buttoned cashmere sweaters, meant to be worn under a coat, are $22.50—gray, tan, and blue, in sizes up to 44. Gray silk mufflers for evening wear can be had for a sawbuck each.

A. G. Spalding, 518 Fifth Avenue (43rd): Well, golf clubs, for instance. Bobby Jones registered woods and irons, right- or left-handed, are carried here, and so is the Jimmy Thomson series. A modest set of three woods—driver, brassie, and spoon—is $45; to add a No. 4 wood, you simply add $15. Popular with people who play golf in *any* weather, are spiked and heavily reinforced rubbers to wear on a drenched golf course; $5.50, sizes 9 to 12. Here also is Spalding's Kro-Flite tennis racket, made with an eleven-ply lamination and set with a new synthetic adhesive, which makes splitting almost impossible; $13.25, plus a stringing charge. A shuffleboard outfit—if the person you have in mind has a place for shuffleboard—has aluminum sticks and rock-maple discs, for $15.95.

Tiffany: Where to start? Silver curb-link key chains sell for $9; silver-topped library scissors and an all-silver paperknife in a plain silver case for $58; a Zippo lighter in silver for $15; an engine-turned silver cigar cutter for $4.75; and a round silver ashtray with two rests big enough for cigars for $24. Then, if you want to take a flyer, there's a perfectly matched and perfectly beautiful set of Oriental-pearl evening-shirt studs, for $1,225. A thin platinum evening watch with a second hand, nineteen jewels, and a forthright face marked with Arabic numerals costs $710; to

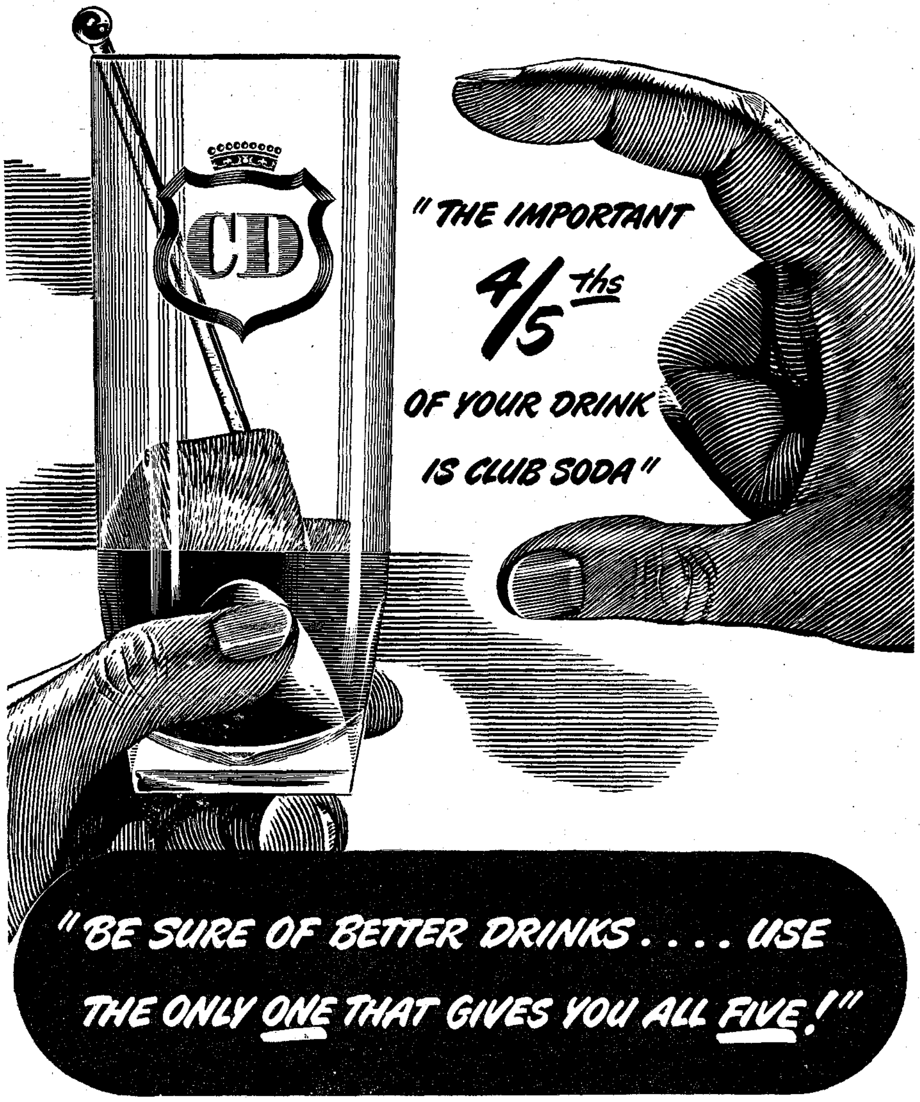
secure it, there is a heavy platinum chain of long, narrow links, for $175. A flat gold pocket knife with a perpetual calendar set in the side of the case is $114.

Tripler: Bow ties, made to collar size—that is, without a hook-and-eye business at the back—are $3.50. Another group of ties, of soft wool, hand-woven in Vermont, are in colors and patterns that blend nicely with tweeds; $3. A short-sleeved, collarless, terry-cloth bathrobe reaches to just below the knee; $27.50. Warm shirts that wash well, made of superior Scottish Clydella cotton-and-wool flannel, are $10, in tan, gray, light blue, or white. Purse-shaped tobacco pouches in striped silk rep, lined with oiled silk, cost $6.

John Wanamaker's London Shop, 59 Liberty Street: In the custom shirt department there are B. & J. Anderson shirtings ($16.50), trim, neat cords ($10), flannels ($22.50), and imported European and Oriental silks, $27.50. (Orders must be in by November 20th.) Huge floor-length after-bath dressing gowns of heavy, white Turkish towelling—the kind no antebellum European would take a bath without—have an inverted pleat in the back and wide elbow-length sleeves; $27.50. Imported challis dressing gowns in Persian patterns and the deep or bright reds and blues that characterize good challis are $40. Thin French lisle socks from Girard Fortier are $3.50, and English dress collars of Irish linen are $10 a dozen.

Whitehouse & Hardy, 695 Fifth Avenue (55th): Hand-woven Shetland sports coats with one-piece backs and side vents; $70. Slacks in gabardine ($38.50) or flannel ($32.50) are well cut, and finished by hand. A handsome group of silk barathea ties in black, red, brown, dark blue, and dark orange, with patterns of game birds, setter or pointer heads, and so on, are $7.50. And, to go with midnight-blue evening dress, patent-leather oxfords, at $22.75, or suède shoes, at $25, made by Johnston & Murphy.

Scattered Returns: William Mills & Son, 21 Park Place, report that this year their customers will have seven hundred thousand bass, trout, and salmon flies to choose from. Mr. Mills also has English metal fly boxes that hold twenty-four flies, with an individual spring lid for each compartment; $6.50. . . . The Hammond Map people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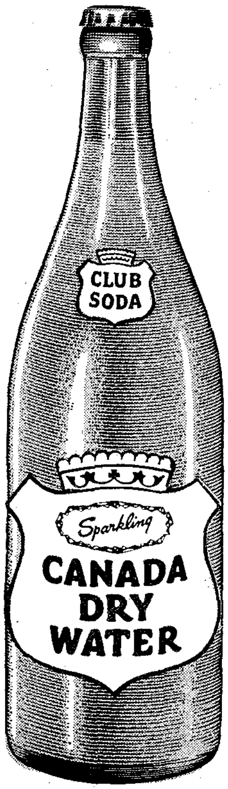

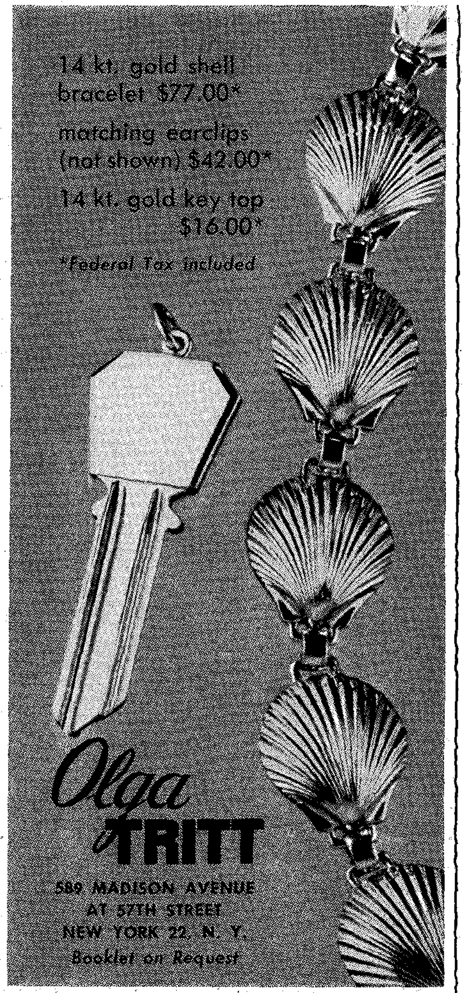

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now have their globes up to date, with all frontiers marked as of today—or as of the day this is written. An illuminated one to go on a desk is mounted on a walnut base; $28. Another illuminated globe is mounted on a floor stand; $47.50. A striking plastic globe, thirty-six inches in diameter, is transparent and looks like a bewitched soap bubble; $350. . . . S. J. Feron, 55 East 44th Street, has excellent English sweaters, which no tournament tennis player would be without; in plain-white cable stitch, $15, or with color at the neck, $17.50. A cowhide case for two rackets—tennis, squash, or badminton—and the balls, shuttlecocks, and other equipment that goes with court games, is $48.50. . . . Parker & Battersby, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, have a new pocket lighter, the Ansbro-Mason, with a jet flame that is a trifle weaker than an acetylene torch; $7.50, in chromium. . . . Daks, English slacks with adjustable waistlines, are $29.50, in gray flannel, and $35, in wool gabardine, at Nica-Rattner, 696 Fifth Avenue (55th). . . . At de Free's, 547 Madison Avenue (55th), Italian grenadine ties turn up in handsome colors, as well as in white, black, and gray; $7.50. . . . Freem, at the Waldorf-Astoria, has a gabardine jacket that is a remote cousin of the Norfolk jacket—it has the characteristic pleats but no belt; $45. . . . Cavanagh, 247 Park Avenue (47th), has hunting silks, at $50, and black or gray top hats, at $35. A new felt in a dark shade of green looks fine blocked in any of Cavanagh's hat shapes, and especially so in a snap-brim with welted edges; $20. . . . Mosse, 659 Fifth Avenue (52nd), has some of the finest Irish-linen handkerchiefs in the city. With three-quarter-inch hand-hemstitched borders, they are $55 a dozen. . . . A zippered saddle-leather briefcase, with a gusset that allows it to expand to take a sheaf of legal-size papers as thick as a Manhattan phone book, is $19.80 at T. Anthony, 751 Madison Avenue (65th). . . . A hand-knit wool muffler at Steffin, 510 Madison Avenue (53rd), has wide ribs and is not so overpowering in size that wearing it makes you feel like one of the Laocoön boys; $12. . . . Lambert Brothers, Lexington Avenue at 60th Street, have a few of the seven hundred and fifty gold wristwatches Omega made in celebration of its centenary. These come done up in sterling-silver cigarette boxes, as well they might at the price—$450. . . . Briar pipes at the Wilke Pipe Shop, 400 Madison Avenue (48th), start at $5 and move along to $100, for one of a flawless straight grain. In much the same manner, the firm's pipe racks start with a solid-walnut rest for one pipe, at $1, and end with a three-tier walnut rack that holds three dozen pipes and costs $20. . . . We are glad to report—and much of the tie-buying population will be glad to hear—that Prince Vezy, 279 Park Avenue (47th), has in stock a whole raft of seven-fold ties of Italian silks, in lots of patterns, including one of minute checks in half a dozen colors; $8.50 each. . . . And, finally, there must be people who would like to know that at Edmond Frisch, 336 Park Avenue (51st), they can buy a set of four beautifully marked and perfectly matched cat's-eyes, mounted in platinum and made into cuff links, for $4,800. Comes in a nice box.

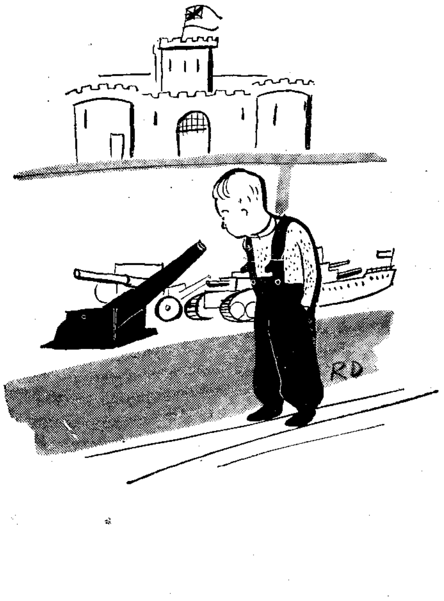
Luggage

WHILE we were under a full head of steam and making our way through the luggage shops—many of our findings are listed above, as gifts for men—we thought we might as well go ahead and clean up the whole subject, women's luggage included, once and for all. As a matter of fact, it turned out that the luggage field is becoming increasingly bi-partisan; women have taken a fancy to the sturdy leathers that used to be dedicated entirely to men, and men are beginning to see sense in some of the offerings once thought of as entirely distaff. At any rate, here is what we came across; all you have to do is remember that the prices we give include luxury taxes where they apply.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: England sends us the Last-Minute bag, a catchall that is a lot gayer but no less practical than the plain old duffel bag from which it evolved. It is made of Royal Stuart plaid canvas, and the bindings, handles, and nameplate are of natural cowhide. The top is domed and has a zipper opening. The bottom is oval and reinforced to provide a firm base for its seventeen- to thirty-inch height. It sells for from $24 to $33, and the small size makes such a good shopping bag that you may be tempted to put it to use long before you're ready to tie it up in Christmas wrappings. The Tour Table is an item that will take much of the nuisance out of picnics and $38.70 out of you. It is an oatmeal-colored glazed canvas bag, lined with red plastic. It has a center opening and contains two stainless-steel sandwich boxes, two one-quart thermos bottles, and two nests of three cups each. Remove the contents, turn the bag upside down and pull out four thirteen-inch legs, and, by golly, there's a picnic table. It measures eighteen by thirty inches and will undoubtedly replace the roadside hamburger stand someday.

ALTMAN: Skiers—or, for that matter, anyone who likes to travel light—should love the Ariel bag, which is really a clothes roll, seven inches in diameter and about eighteen inches long. It has a leather shoulder strap, which makes it easy to carry, and is held together by two more straps, one at each end. To pack it, you unzip the two ends, unbuckle the straps, unroll the bag, and lay it flat. It can carry sweaters, slacks, dresses, or whatever, which are rolled up around a plastic tube that also serves as a container for toiletries. An envelope pocket holds lingerie. In red, green, and natural canvas with suntan leather bindings and no lining, it's $21; in waterproof plaid wool gabardine with a natural-cotton lining it's $22.20. A good-looking English airplane bag, nineteen inches long, comes in pressed cowhide, navy or red, with a natural-twill lining. A straight zipped top and two handles, with no nonsense about them, help make this a substantial contribution to overnight travel; $60.

T. ANTHONY, 751 Madison Avenue (65th): Here you can inspect—and, of course, purchase—the complete Amelia Earhart line of luggage, from canvas affairs in Bermuda beige, English tweed, or brown-and-white check with cowhide bindings to alligator. An eighteen-inch overnight bag of the canvas variety costs $36; the same size in alligator will set you back $300. In between are bags of rawhide, cowhide, and dyed alligator-grain cowhide. In the upper brackets, you have a choice of



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lining; quilted blue satin is one offering. There are all sorts of travelling doodads, too, such as a collapsible chrome drinking cup, gold-washed inside, that comes in a stud box of natural saddle leather ($5.95), and a zippered morocco case that holds six capped vials, for aspirin, vitamins, and the like ($6.50).

BLOOMINGDALE: You might have known that women would demand—and get—their own modification of the intelligent luggage the Armed Forces discovered during the war. Here it is. The Lady Val-a-Pak is an all-in-one affair that, when closed, measures some seventeen inches wide, twenty-one inches high, and seven inches thick. Open, it is over four feet long, and can be hung, still packed, in a closet. There is room for six hangers inside, and there is a compartment at the bottom that holds four pairs of shoes. You can stow underwear in one of the bag's shirred pockets, and handkerchiefs in another, and there is even a big rubber-lined pocket for toilet articles. All this is wrapped up in modest sailcloth (midnight blue with red trimmings, or brown with russet), for $30, or in a sand-colored glazed canvas with a sturdy red cotton lining and red, blue, or brown plastic trim, for $36.

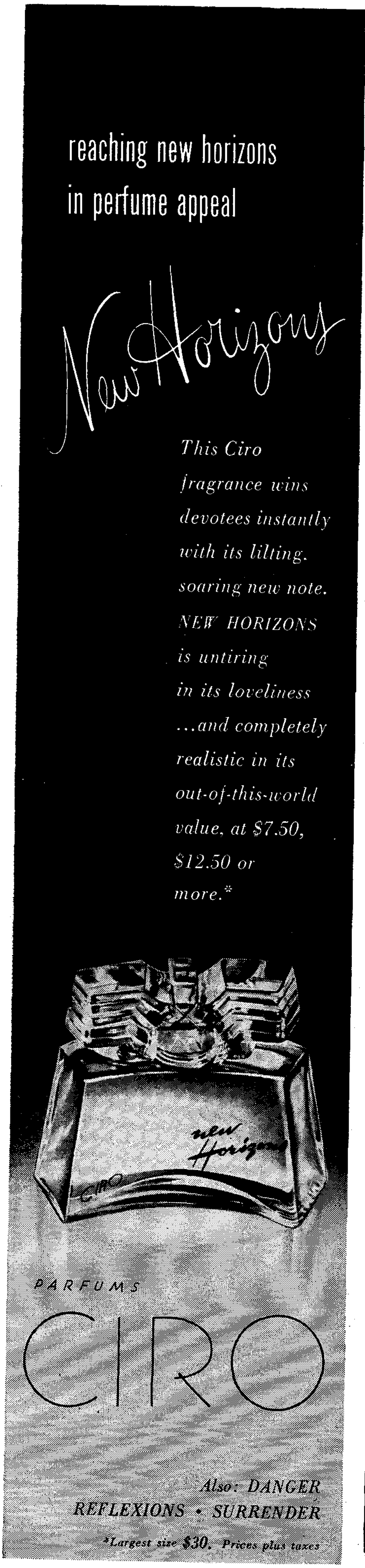
MARK CROSS, 707 Fifth Avenue (55th): Hopsacking, which is a refined cousin of the lowly burlap, is trimmed with tan cowhide and lined with tan moiré to make a striking three-piece travelling set. This consists of a fourteen-inch train box, an eighteen-inch suitcase, and a twenty-one-inch wardrobe; all three for $90. A natural-pigskin bag is equipped with brass hardware and lined with beige moiré. The smallest size of this measures eighteen inches and sells for $111; the largest, thirty-two inches, has a removable tray and is $258. A case of a nylon material that resembles a basketweave is available in navy, with tan pigskin trim, or in burgundy, with a hide trim in navy. It is designed for airplane use—strong and light—and has reinforced corners and an extra strip of leather on the bottom. The eighteen-inch size is $48; the twenty-nine-inch wardrobe, $78.

CROUCH & FITZGERALD, 400 Madison Avenue (48th): People whose closet space is such that the contents have to be laid in like a mosaic will be especially interested in the Four-in-One sets of luggage. Three small bags—all of glazed canvas—nest inside a twenty-nine-inch case of the same material with cowhide bindings. The colors are either oatmeal, which you see everywhere you look in luggage departments this year, or salt-and-pepper. They cost from $25.62, for the smallest size—twenty-one inches—to $42.60, for the biggest. Two of the cases are designed for men and two for women, and they are lined accordingly. Then, a plastic hatbox with a gay plaid rayon lining and a big pocket inside the top has a zipper closing, and brass stays on the bottom to keep it from rolling when it is upright; $16.50 to $21.54, in red, black, or cocoa.

DALE, 719 Fifth Avenue (56th): Young mothers who do any travelling at all will genuflect every time your name is mentioned if you are the donor of a crib that looks, when it is not occupied and is folded up, like any other twenty-nine-inch suitcase of glazed oatmeal canvas. In forty-five seconds, this can be opened and converted into a play pen, forty-eight inches long and twenty-nine inches wide, with solid plywood ends and slat sides. There are legs that extend to transform the play pen into a crib, and a felt mattress covered in a sturdy ticking. All for $59.

DUNHILL, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th). Husband-and-wife sets of eighteen-inch overnight cases, of saddle-stitched ginger cowhide, are just alike on the outside. The man's is lined with sand-colored rep and has chrome fittings, including two brushes and a comb, and a place for shirts in the top; the woman's is lined with light-russet moiré and has the customary fittings, in gilt. Ordinarily, we are leery of fitted cases, but the trappings in these are so well arranged that you are left with adequate space for your pajamas, underwear, and slippers; $90 for either. A woman's sixteen-inch fitted overnight case—another one that we're not leery about—comes in red or blue morocco. A center panel in the top lifts out and becomes an easel mirror; the adjacent panels open to expose shirred pockets for bobby pins and other junk. A cosmetic tray has four bottles and four jars, a velvet-lined jewel compartment, and space for odd travelling knickknacks, like a needle and thread. Underneath, there's room for lingerie and such. (The tray can be carried separately, in a case of its own.) The price is $150.

ARTHUR GILMORE, 16 East 52nd Street: This firm's magnificent, sim-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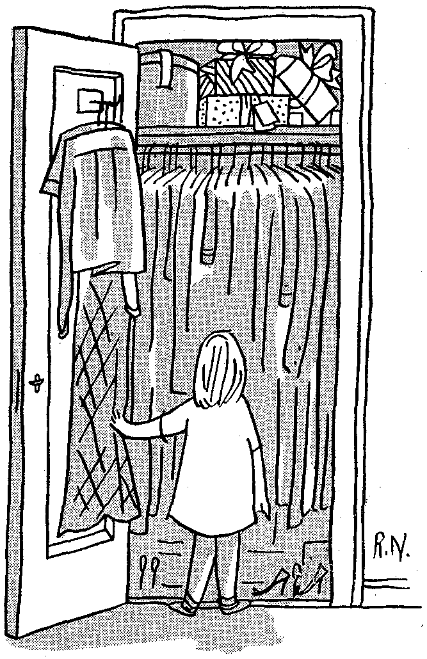
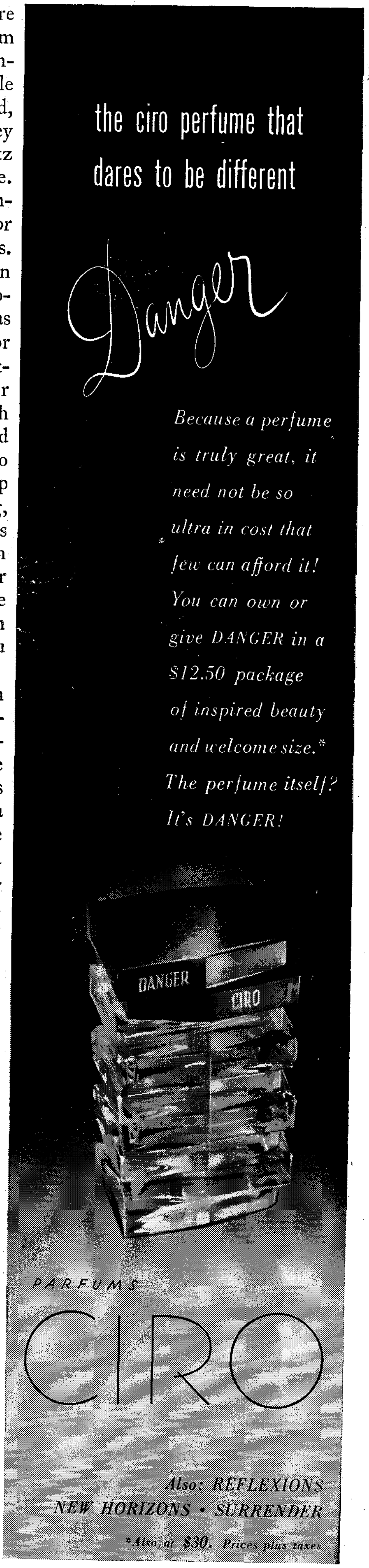
ple cases of claret-red cowhide are back again, in sizes ranging from eighteen inches ($87.60) to a twenty-nine-inch piece with a removable tray ($139.20). Hand-stitched, and with English brass locks, they are lined with beige glazed chintz and couldn't be more handsome. Gilmore's workroom is on the premises, so the bags can be partitioned or fitted according to individual needs. One of the nicest jewel cases in town is here, in red, brown, or navy morocco. It is eleven inches long, has two swing trays with a trough for rings in each, and three compartments at the bottom, for heavier stuff. It is lined throughout with pinky-beige suède and is protected by a Sesame lock; $113. Given two weeks' notice, Gilmore will make up a good-looking cover for any bag, old or new, of a material known as Macintosh (two layers of canvas with a bit of rubber between), with leather corners and a leather nameplate. The colors are various, and the prices run from $12 to $21. Zippers, in case you abhor snap buttons, are $5 extra.

LORD & TAYLOR: The nicest thing in this vicinity, to our notion, is an attaché case for a lady executive's overnight trips. In navy or red cowhide with white saddle stitching, it is lined with red or navy leather, and a case for papers is stitched inside the top. It is fourteen inches long and sells for $40.80. L. & T.'s Guatemalan bag, which gets its name from its place of origin, is one of those handy utility satchels. It is thirteen inches long, seven inches wide, and ten inches high, and is made of saddle-

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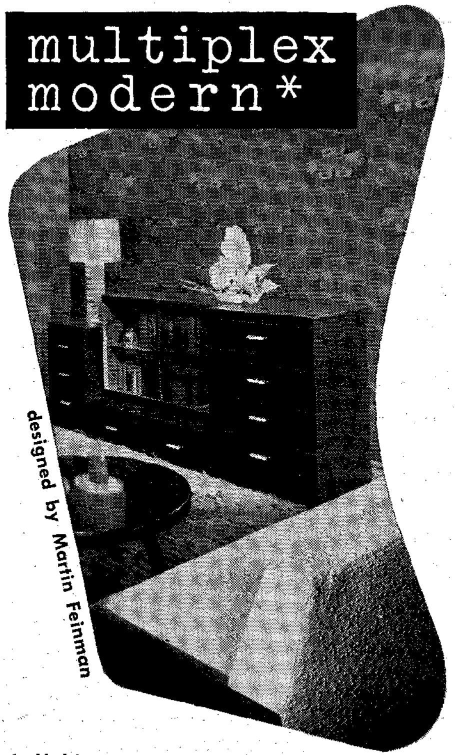

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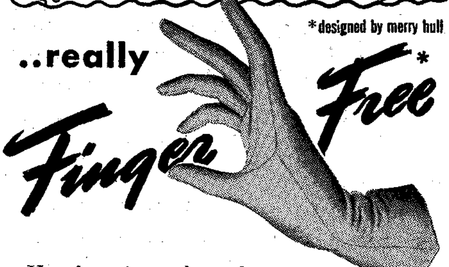

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stitched russet cowhide with a leather lining; its unusual handwork includes hand-cut edges, oblong hand-stitched leather carrying rings, and an overlap joining. Two straps encircle the bag, and there are two unusually large strap handles; $57.60.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: The Ladies' Kit Box, a new version of the train box, is outstanding. It resembles an oversize handbag with a box frame; measures about thirteen inches long, eight wide, and nine deep; has twin, saddle-stitched handles; and is lined with a contrasting washable plastic, with adjustable loops at each side for bottles and jars, and two zippered pockets at each end. Brass locks and rings to secure the handles are features, too. It comes, for $49.20, in navy leather with red handles and bindings, or red with navy, or in natural cowhide; in pigskin, it's $64.20. There is some good-looking Macpherson-plaid luggage, too, including a twenty-one-inch wardrobe in a washable woven plastic, with zipper fastenings and a wine plastic binding that is saddle-stitched in white; you get it for $60.

•

A slim, dark haired girl, Miss Kelch said she was a dancer at the Stevens hotel when she met Knetzer about four years ago. The meeting was purely a business one as he needed a secretary and she was hired, she asserted. Miss Kelch said she did not know until she read newspaper accounts that Knetzer has a wife, Dolores, and daughter, Kathleen, 4, in Edwardsville.

She traveled with Knetzer most of the time, she said. She contended he was "always good" to her and "always acted like a perfect gentleman." She gave up her secretarial duties briefly when she went to Cheyenne in April, 1947, to await the baby's birth.—*Chicago Tribune.*

We must have the *old* edition of Emily Post.

•

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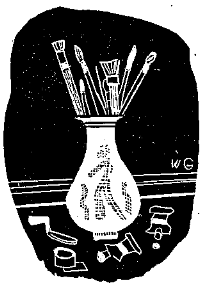

THIS seems to be a period of reëxaminations of artists of the recent past. In the last few years, we have had a series of them, ranging in subject from Blakelock and Ryder through Theo van Doesburg and, most recently, Elie Nadelman. Now there are three more, small but well chosen, of such contrasting figures as the American romantic realist William M. Chase, the French Impressionist Edouard Vuillard, and the Russian abstractionist Vasily Kandinsky.

Kandinsky, for the majority of people, has never been an easy man to understand, and one reason for the difficulty is, I think, the abstract, non-objective movement that he helped to organize. It has been fairly well established that he was the first Western artist to venture into abstraction. His best-known early pictures in this style are the more or less "Futurist" ones of around 1910 to 1915, but he had been experimenting with the abstract method for some years, and the present show, at the Sidney Janis, contains one painting, "Landscape with Tower," dating from as far back as 1908, which, though mainly Fauve in manner, has hints of the abstract in it. Once the movement had begun, however, the French practically took it over, and in their hands the style speedily became one that demanded the utmost in compaction, compression, and carefully integrated design. But far from being, as the French abstract painting was, centripetal in the development of its pattern, Kandinsky's work is almost centrifugal. There is no unified pattern and no effort toward compaction, but instead there is a persistent motion toward the edges of the canvas and even beyond them, and the result, to the spectator brought up on Braque, Gris, and the early Picasso, is bound at first to be disturbing. All concepts of the orderliness of abstract painting are upset, and until one gets used to the pictures, they seem almost literally to fly apart before one's eyes.

The exhibition should do a good deal to make clear the processes by which Kandinsky arrived at his own special system of painting, for although it contains only twenty-seven items, there

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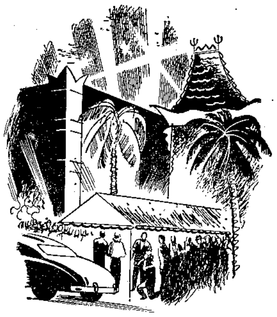

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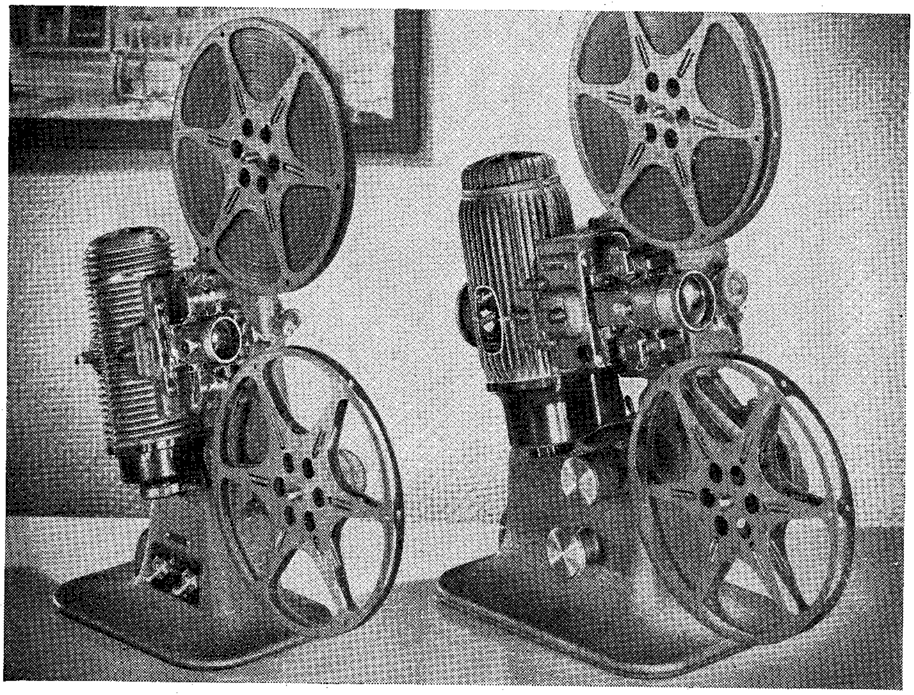

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are some fine examples, and the paintings illustrate all the changes in his development from the close of his Fauve period, in 1908, to 1943, the year before his death—or almost his whole career as a mature artist.

Beginning with the "Landscape with Tower," there are four pieces to cover Kandinsky's transition from the Fauve, through the abstract, to the non-objective, and it is interesting to see how gradual his progression was. The second example, called "Impression No. 4" and dated three years later, is also a landscape, but the forms have been much more simplified. The feeling now is entirely abstract, while the color (a red hill, a yellow sky, and so on) has no relation to the representational. The third, called "An Arrow," done in 1923, takes him to the verge of the non-objective, for though the reference is obviously to the arrowy flight of a signal rocket (note the cometlike movement of forms at the center, and the tiny, stylized ship at the lower right), subject indication is held to a minimum, and in the last of this group—"Accent in Rose," of 1926—subject matter disappears and the painting becomes simply an exercise in "pure" design.

There were still a good many refinements to be made. Kandinsky's style, with its constant intermingling of bubblelike forms and more angular ones, has always had a certain harshness. It's a style of sharp edges and unrelieved contours, and for a long time this harshness and angularity predominated, to the detriment of his work. For a long time, too, he cluttered up his canvases, and it was not till the nineteen-thirties that he began to find his way toward the delicacy and lightness his art was capable of. One of his earliest successes is "Softened Gray," all gaily colored flags and wheel-like shapes against a background of neutral gray, and the larger "Lightly Touching," of the following year, with its suggestion of a flight of birds, is equally enchanting.

After that, Kandinsky turned toward a smoother design and more subtle manipulation of color, and if his style was still centrifugal, it was not as explosively so, and a new ease and shimmering airiness appeared in it. The lovely painting called "Agreement," in which repetitive patterns are adroitly placed against an alternately yellow and green background, is an example of this trend. It is accompanied by such other productions as the delicately green "Vertical Accents" and the denser "In Bloom," done the year before he died. Kandinsky had his faults, the main one

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being an emotional aridity, which runs through the major part of his work. But at their best his paintings have a cool spaciousness that gives them much the same effect one might get by looking at an array of bright-colored objects floating against a limitless sky.

IT'S a long, long way, artistically, from the paintings of William M. Chase to those of Vuillard, and yet the two men were almost contemporaries, the dates of the first being 1849 to 1916 and of the latter 1865 to 1940. Chase, however, went to Munich for his European training and so missed the ferment the Impressionists were causing in Paris; as a result, through most of his career, his painting held to the dark "Old-Masterish" palette of the Munich tradition. As the new show of his works, at the American British Art Center, reveals, he had great skill, particularly in the use of that trickiest of mediums, pastel. (See "At the Window" and the large portrait of a woman called "White Rose.") But the deeply academic approach that his training had inculcated acted as a barrier to emotional expression, and even his best pieces, such as the "Beach at Peconic" and "Portrait of a Boy," have a certain lifelessness.

Vuillard, at the Jacques Seligmann, was, of course, at the very center of the Impressionist movement, and though in his studies of bourgeois interiors, at least, he used a palette that was fully as dark as Chase's, he used it purposefully and with understanding, and never stooped to the rather meretricious devices—highlighting, false accents, etc.—with which the other man tried to enliven his canvases. Vuillard, a friend of Bonnard, shared with him a gentle artistic unassumingness, and his style fitted perfectly the simple middle-class scenes he principally pictured. The show, of only seventeen paintings, is limited to his earlier pieces, and the range is from 1890 to 1905. Even so, it gives a fair summary of the subjects that mainly engrossed him, from the music-hall scene called "Chanteuse" to the charming "La Petite Fille à la Fenêtre," and there are also such gems of taste and artistic penetration as "En Famille," "Mère et Sœur de l'Artiste," "Le Café," and the beautifully realized "Le Déjeuner."—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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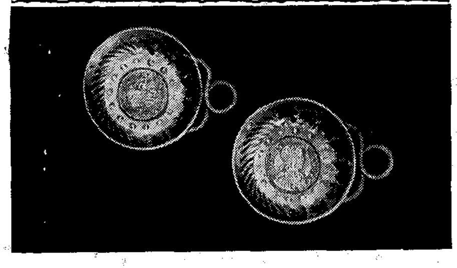

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IF THE SHOE HURTS

FOR ten years, Matt Meeley had been known in town as the man everyone turned to with his troubles. This father-confessorship had been built up along with the Ford agency where people came to see him, and though they all said it helped just to talk to him, Meeley never failed to counsel them copiously in terms of tested adages. "I like to hit the nail on the head with a saw," he would say.

His wife took her own view of all this. "Up to your neck in other people's business," she often said, shaking her head dubiously. "I don't know." One night, when Meeley stayed at the agency till a quarter to two discussing a man's affairs with him, she got angry. "Who do you think you are?" she inquired from the bed where she had been sitting propped up reading a mystery. "David Harum?"

Meeley hung his coat in the closet without answering.

"Did you hear what I said?" she called from the bed.

He took off his tie with his back turned. "I had George Crosby in tonight," he said, naming a local dry-goods man then weathering a domestic crisis. Crosby was involved with a woman who had been discussing their relationship in public and demanding that he divorce his wife and marry her.

"Have you always got something to tell them?" Meeley's wife asked, curious, setting her book on the night stand. "What did you tell George Crosby tonight?"

"I said, 'George, you can't fall into a woman's arms without falling into her hands,'" he replied, and turned to see the effect of this remark.

She was inspecting a snicked fingernail. "What did he say?" she asked.

"He said, 'But she's always seemed such a swell person, on top of being attractive. Suddenly she throws everything up for grabs. I don't understand it.'"

"Then what did you say?" Meeley's wife turned on her side and plumped the pillow under her head.

"I said, 'George, beautiful peaches don't always have the best flavor. If the shoe hurts, take it off.'" Meeley slipped his braces down off his shoulders, thrust his feet into his slippers, and went into the bathroom to wash up.

"Then what did he say?" he heard her ask again, through a yawn.

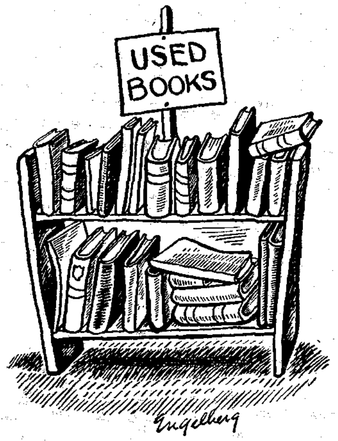
"What could he say?"

Meeley went on with his account as he finished preparations for bed, but when, finally, he climbed in beside his wife, he found that she was asleep.

IT was a few evenings later, about nine o'clock, as Meeley was closing up the agency, that a man named Disbrow came to see him. Disbrow, whose first name was Nick, was a short man with a heavy underlip. He was dressed in a bright plaid suit, the sleeves of which were too long, and a cap, which moved as he chewed gum. He was a salesclerk in Wiebekind's, a large hardware and automotive-parts store. Meeley showed him into his office behind the showroom, and Disbrow sat down and stated that he had come to talk over his relations with Wiebekind, which, he said, didn't jell.

Meeley tidied up a porridge of papers on his desk. "A thing not jelling," he said, "means something's been left out that should have been put in, or put in that shouldn't be. Maybe just a pinch."

"It jells on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays," Disbrow went on, taking his cap off and hanging it on his knee, "when he's away at the other store, in Carville. The other days—why, he gets in my hair." He made a pellet of his gum and tossed it in the wastebasket.



Meeley surveyed him in silence for a moment, swinging slowly from side to side in his swivel chair. "Wiebekind's got hair, too," he said quietly. He told Disbrow to go on.

"It's got so bad—" Disbrow began, and stopped.

"If you'd rather not tell, Nick—why, don't," Meeley said. He knew how to unstop people.

Disbrow went on to give a full account of his trouble, which was not so much his feeling that Wiebekind got in his hair as a deepening temptation to steal money from him.

"Steal money from Wiebekind?" Meeley said in a tone of quiet reproach.

Disbrow nodded, and, more as though assessing the prospects than an-

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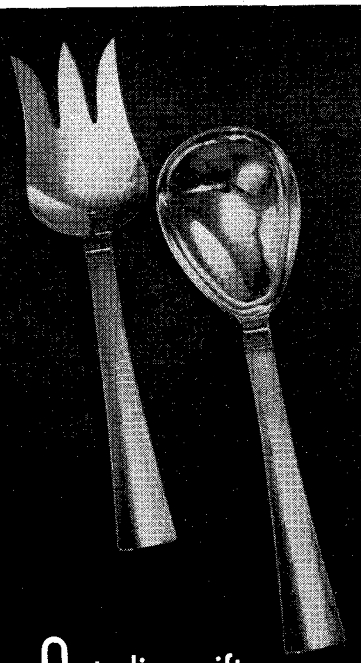

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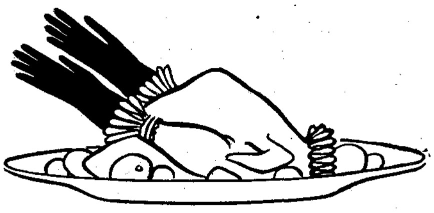

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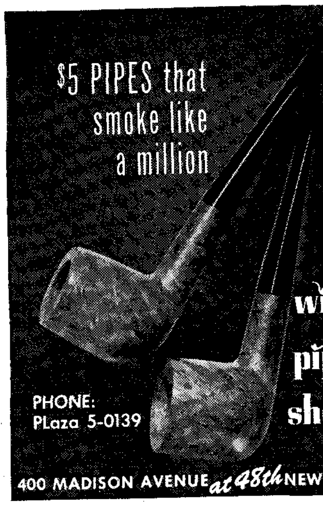

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swering the question, glanced at the ceiling and said, "He's on a hunting trip now—three weeks—and I'm in full charge of the store. Once a week, I have to bank the money. Well, what's to keep me from helping myself to a week's take? The way I'd do it, I'd hide it somewheres, claim the store was held up, and, when everything blew over, go and get it." He watched Meeley for his reaction. Disbrow's hair, which was long and dark and glossy, hung over his ears, and now he hooked it back with his thumbs. "It would be a cinch."

Meeley rose and walked to the window. "I'll give you the dark side first," he said, "and then the silver lining. The dark side is something you already know, and that I won't pretend I'm doing anything but remind you of—*crime doesn't pay*. Now for the silver lining." He looked out the window into the small, fenced back yard next door. "They say that a man's worrying for fear he'll go insane is almost a sure sign he won't. Maybe it's the same with a man's worrying he might succumb to temptation. Now, for the time being, I want you to promise me that when you feel the urge to do this thing, you'll leave the store—lock up if you have to—and come straight here. Will you do that?"

Disbrow nodded and rose. "I came tonight, didn't I?" he said. He seemed to have brightened. "I feel better for this. Just getting it off my chest is a relief. I want to thank you."

FIVE days later, the police received a report from Wiebekind's that the place had been held up in a daring daylight robbery by two men who had escaped in a black sedan with twenty-two hundred dollars. The search for the bandits was at its height when, again as Meeley was closing up for the night, Disbrow slipped nervously into the agency.

"Well, I did it," he said, walking ahead of Meeley to the back office. "And I figured there was one person I had to get to as soon as I got a chance. So I came."

Meeley scarcely knew that he nodded as he took off his coat, hung it over a chair, and went to the washbasin in the corner. He washed his hands, which he'd smudged while tinkering with a car, and frowned thoughtfully as he lathered, rinsed, turned off the tap, and shook the water from his hands into the bowl. "The quickest way out of this is straight through it," he said, as though consulting himself. He glanced into the

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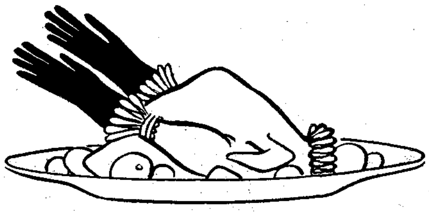

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mirror at Disbrow, who nodded. "What have you done with it?"

"I'll show you," Disbrow said, and Meeley, turning to take a towel from the rack, saw that Disbrow was pointing an automatic at him.

"What's the idea of that?" he asked.

"You know too much."

Meeley wiped his hands rapidly. "But *you told me*," he objected. "You came in here and poured out your story of your own free will. *I* can't help that."

"Neither can I—now." Disbrow waved the gun at the door that led into the deserted garage. "Get in there and start a car."

"But what for?" Meeley said, rolling down his sleeves.

"Because you know too much. Can't you understand?" Disbrow said impatiently. "Now put out this light and get in there," he went on as Meeley buttoned his cuffs. "And shut up."

Meeley took his coat from the back of the chair and put it on. He turned off the light. "Don't let this part of you win," he said, preceding Disbrow briskly into the dark garage. "Nick, if you've made your bed, lie in it—*don't try to lie out of it.*"

"I said shut your mouth!"

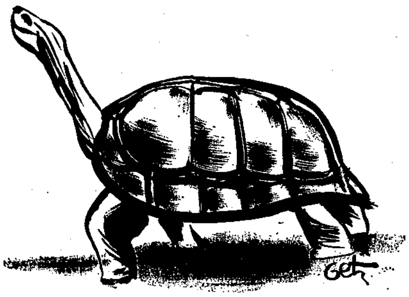
Disbrow looked speculatively around in the gloom, which was relieved by a faint illumination entering through the skylight, and picked out a car standing with its nose toward the alley doors. "Get in," he said, prodding Meeley in the ribs with the gun.

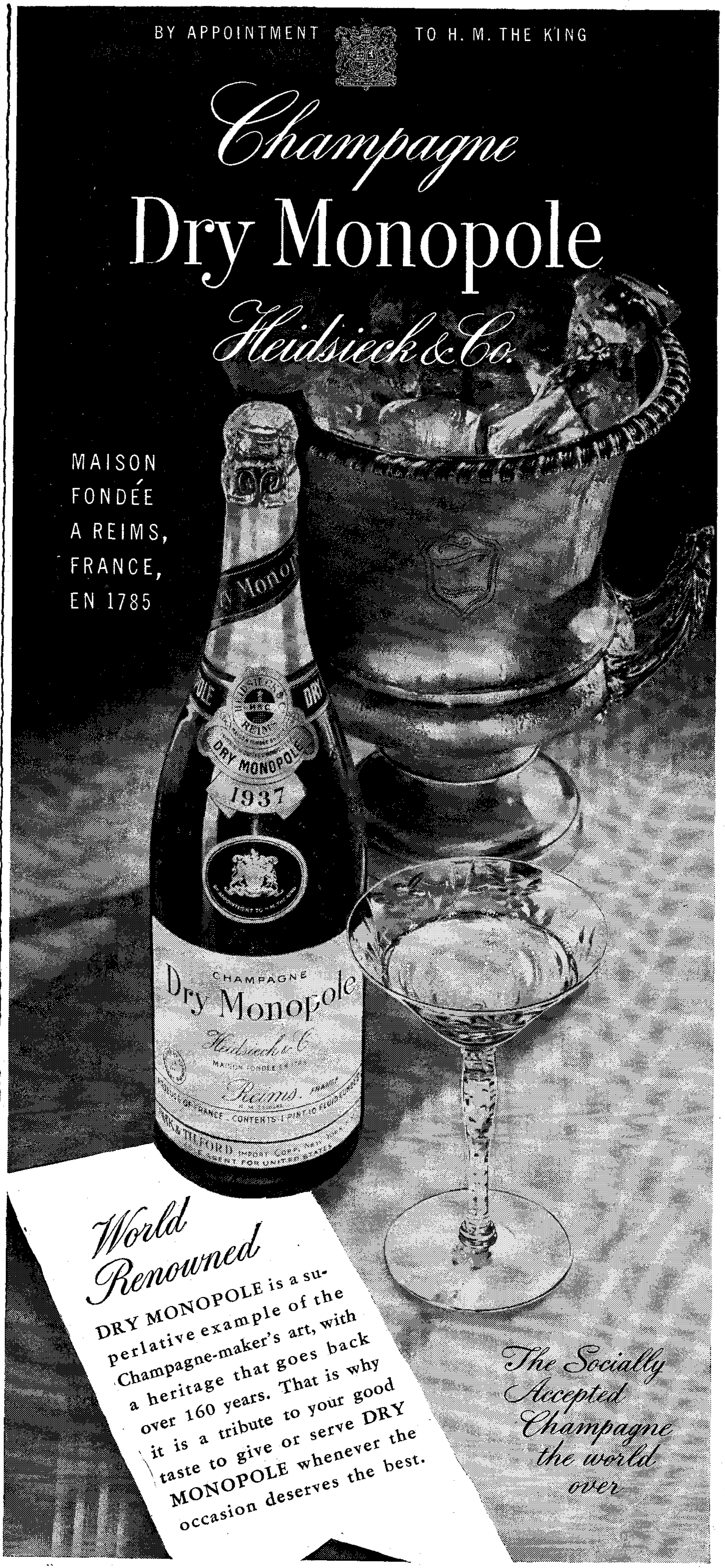
"This is a hell of a note!" said Meeley, who could use profanity when the occasion called for it. He bounced into position behind the wheel and felt for the ignition key. "Why didn't you come to me, like I told you?"

"I didn't make it."

"Can I leave a note for my wife?" Meeley asked.

"What kind of a monkey do you take me for?" Disbrow retorted. He pushed the button that opened the doors leading to the alley, got in beside Meeley, and ordered him on with a flourish of the pistol. The garage doors closed automatically behind the car as it rolled into the dark alley. When it reached the street, Disbrow gave Meeley direc-

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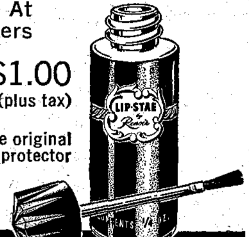

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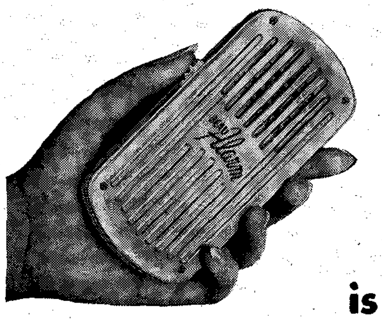

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tions, and presently they were on a side road outside of town, headed for a large, densely tangled ravine called Pasley's Gap.

"This isn't the same as knowing too much—that's something altogether different," Meeley said, resuming his protests. "And anyway, why couldn't you have thought of this sooner? It just isn't right. First you come and pour out your—"

Disbrow lifted the gun from his lap with a nervous snap. "I tell you your nose is too far in my business to take any chances."

"Yes, but *you put it in*," Meeley said. "Can't you get that through your thick head? Here a man tries to give his community the best he's got—listens to others' troubles, year in, year out—and this is all the—"

"It's too late to worry about that now," Disbrow said. "Can't you get that through yours?"

Meeley glanced at Disbrow's blunt profile, in which a smoking cigarette now hung, then turned with a long sigh and glanced out of his window. "I don't see why you couldn't keep your big mouth shut," he said.

Disbrow sighed himself. "Yes. It's just one of those things, I guess," he said philosophically. "Somehow, you seem to inspire confidence."

Meeley drove on. He was silent and thoughtful for some time, but at last he spoke abruptly, as though with a fresh effort to get a grip on the situation.

"Nick, the game isn't worth the candle," he said. Disbrow stirred momentarily, and waited for him to continue. "This will be what they call a Pyrrhic victory."

"It will?" Disbrow glanced at him and took a drag on his cigarette.

Meeley nodded, raising his head for a better view through the windshield as he steered his way among a patch of bad holes in the road. "A success that's a setback. One thing like this leads to another, because habit is a cable —we add a thread every day, and at last we can't break it. This makes two threads in two days, Nick, and, Nick, let me put it this way. He who rides a tiger finds it difficult to dismount."

"Who's riding one?" Disbrow asked.

"Don't be ridiculous," Meeley snapped. He shifted on the seat with an irritable bounce and said, "There must be some way out of this damn thing."

Disbrow shrugged fatalistically. "If you can think of one," he said.

"How far do we have to go yet?"

Disbrow checked their whereabouts, glancing past Meeley at some woods

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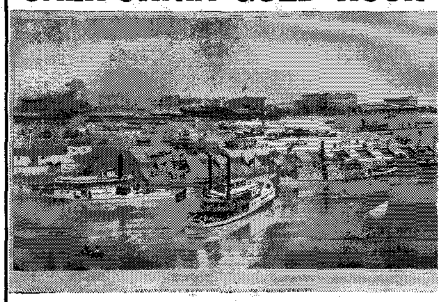

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they were skirting. "Eight, ten miles," he said.

THREE miles farther on, Meeley threw the car in neutral and coasted to a stop. "I think I've got it," he said.

"Make it good," Disbrow said.

Meeley turned slightly toward Disbrow and reflectively narrowed an eye. "The whole trouble is, I've got something on you. Through no fault of my own, but I've got it. Right?" Disbrow nodded, and Meeley went on. "Well, there's only one way to square it—to make you sure I won't talk. *You* get something on *me*."

Disbrow screwed his face up thoughtfully. "Yes, but how?" he asked.

"I'll have to tell you something."

While Disbrow was thinking this over, Meeley continued. "I suppose the best thing to tell you is this," he said. "Nick, once"—he dropped his voice—"once I got into a mess with a woman. A woman in town."

Disbrow waved the gun toward the road ahead. "Let's get cuttin'," he said.

"But think of my position," Meeley said rapidly. "You could ruin me with this, because I'll tell you who it was. It was Mrs. Tannenbaum. The school superintendent's wife. Why, they'd run me out of town if they knew the facts."

"They'd run me out if I told them," Disbrow said. "Who'd believe me even if I did spill everything? I'd tell it, you'd deny it, and Tannenbaum'd sue me for slander. Call that protection?" He looked behind to see if anything was coming and pointed peremptorily at the gearshift.

Meeley put the car in first and started off again. He drove slowly for some time, leaning against the door and steering with his hands on the lower part of the wheel. At last, he said, "What we need is something black on white. Well," he added in a low, reluctant tone, "I've got letters."

Disbrow didn't answer, but Meeley knew he was attentive. "Letters I wrote Mrs. Tannenbaum while she was away. I got them back. They're very incriminating. Oh, not legally, I don't mean, but as far as my reputation in the community is concerned." He sensed that Disbrow was appraising him, and he hurried on. "As I've always said, everybody sweeps something under the rug, and I've got these letters." He looked hopefully at Disbrow. "With *them*, you could blackmail me," he said.

Disbrow hesitated, and scratched his chin, frowning uncertainly. "Well, I

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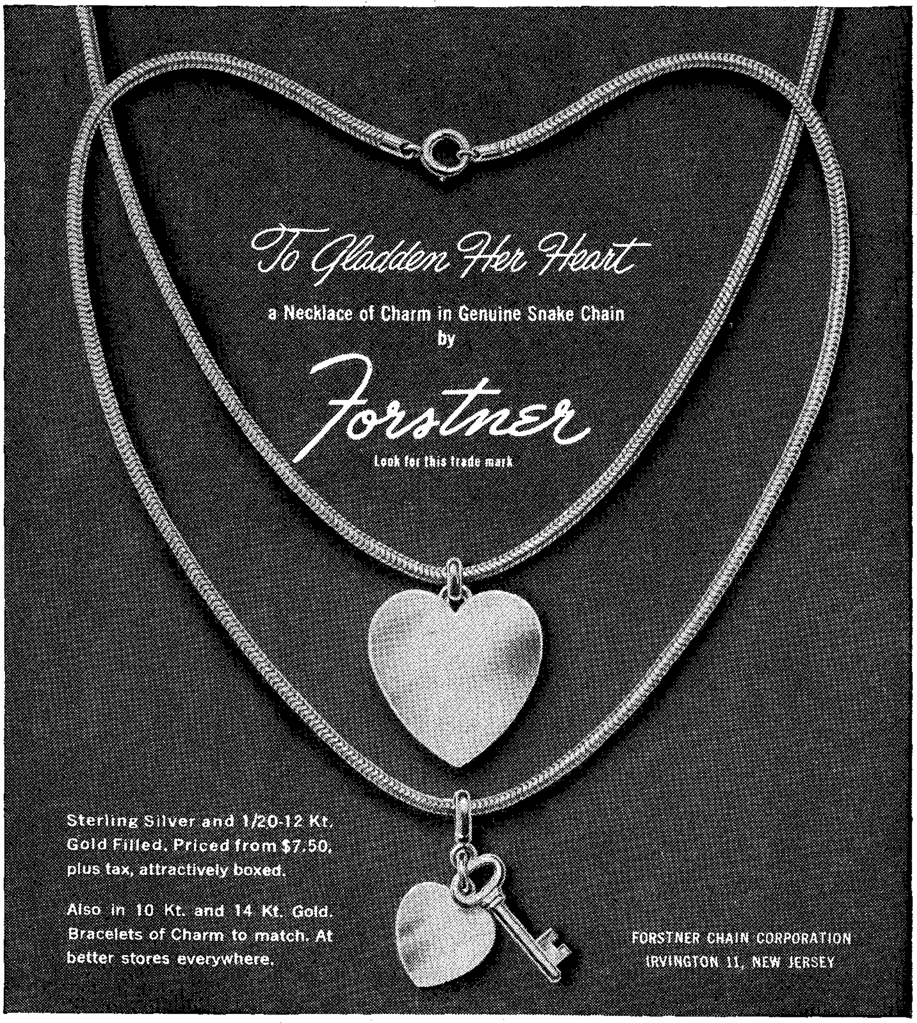

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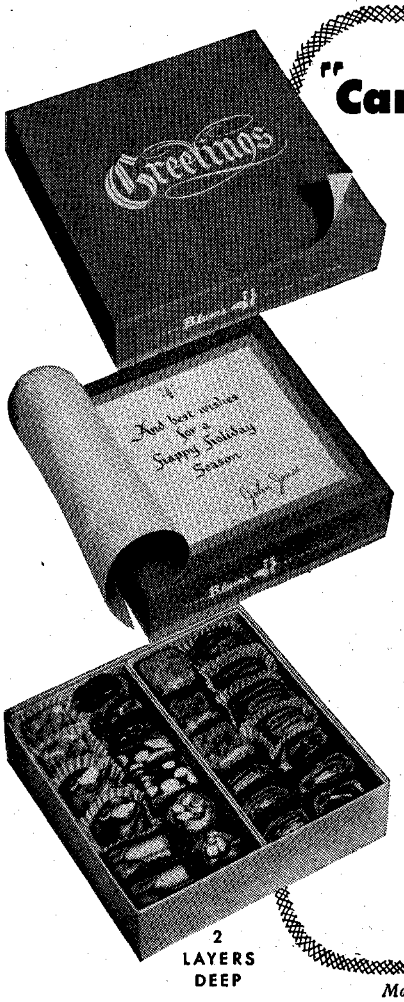

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don't want to do this any more than you do, if I can help it," he said. He made no protest as Meeley brought the car gradually to a stop.

"You'd have me dead to rights," Meeley went on, pressing his advantage.

"Where are these letters?" Disbrow asked.

Meeley sighed heavily. "In my safe," he said, starting the car up again and turning it around. "Let's go back to the office."

When Meeley got home, about ten-thirty, his wife was sitting stretched out on the living-room sofa, going through some unanswered mail. "Where have you been?" she asked. "Ed Dalton has been trying to get hold of you. He said he tried to reach you at the office but nobody answered the phone."

"I went out for a walk," Meeley said, picking up the evening newspaper and going to a chair. He sat down and opened the paper. "What did Ed want?" he asked.

"I don't know. He just said he wanted to talk to you about something. I don't know how important it is. He said he'd call again before eleven."

"Well, you answer if he does," Meeley said from behind the paper.

"Why?" she asked. "What'll I tell him?"

He turned to the editorial page and folded the paper back. "Tell him I'm tied up," he said. "And I don't know when I'll be free."—PETER DE VRIES

•

TRAFFIC & SAFETY—Mahlon Wright reported that the June Safety Campaign was successful except that accidents were higher in June.—*Report of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, Springfield, Mass.*

Oh, *bother* accidents!

•

Lorraine explained to him that—because of the noise in her ogice—he must have got the impression over the phone that their date for last night was og.—*The News.*

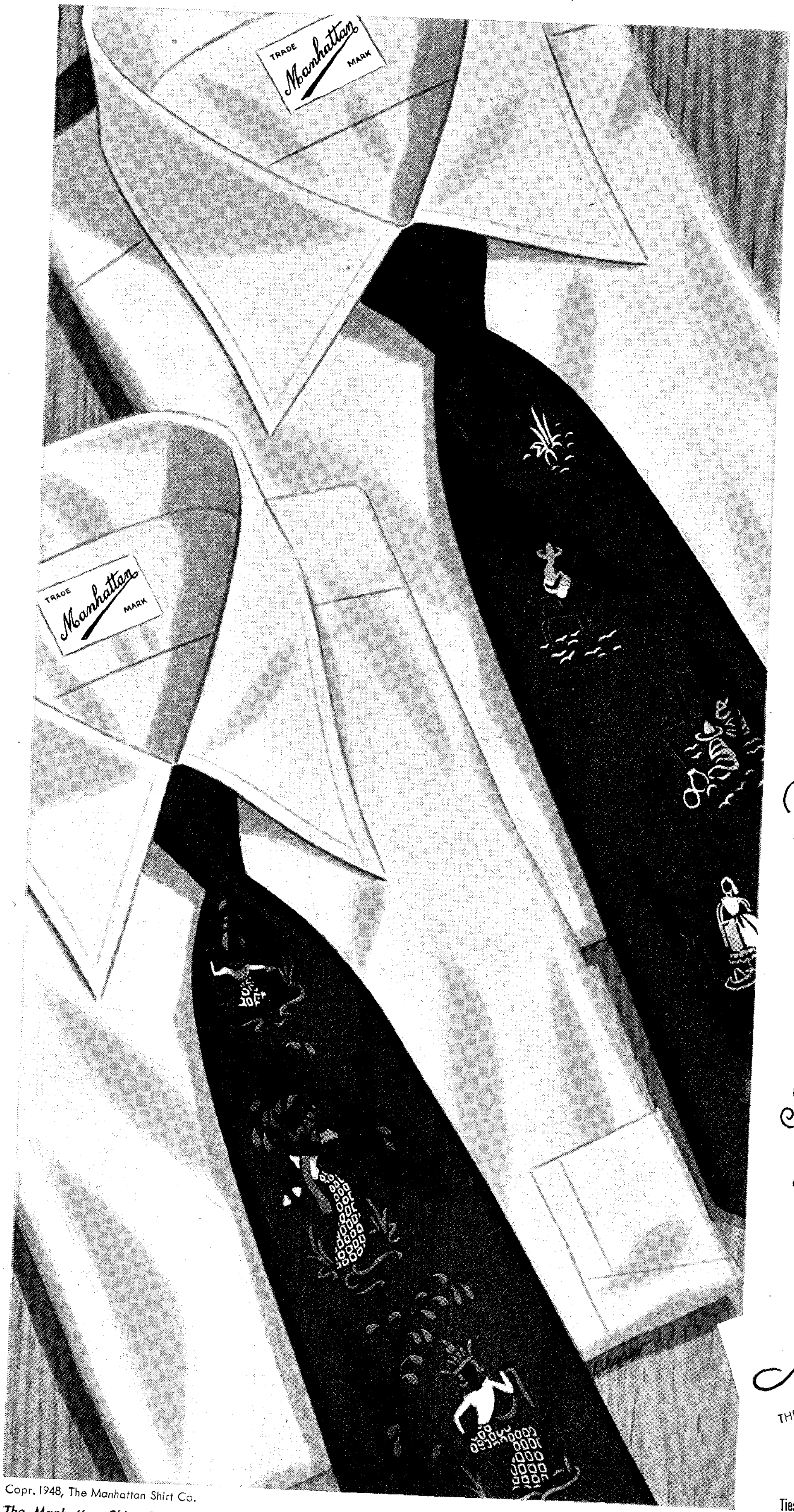
Perhaps they shouldn't even *try* to communicate.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Hammond* (*Ind.*) *Times*]

The famous German composer, Karl Maria von Weber, was born in Eutin, Oldenburg, Germany, in 1786, a few weeks after the production in that country, at Covent Garden, of his opera "Oberon."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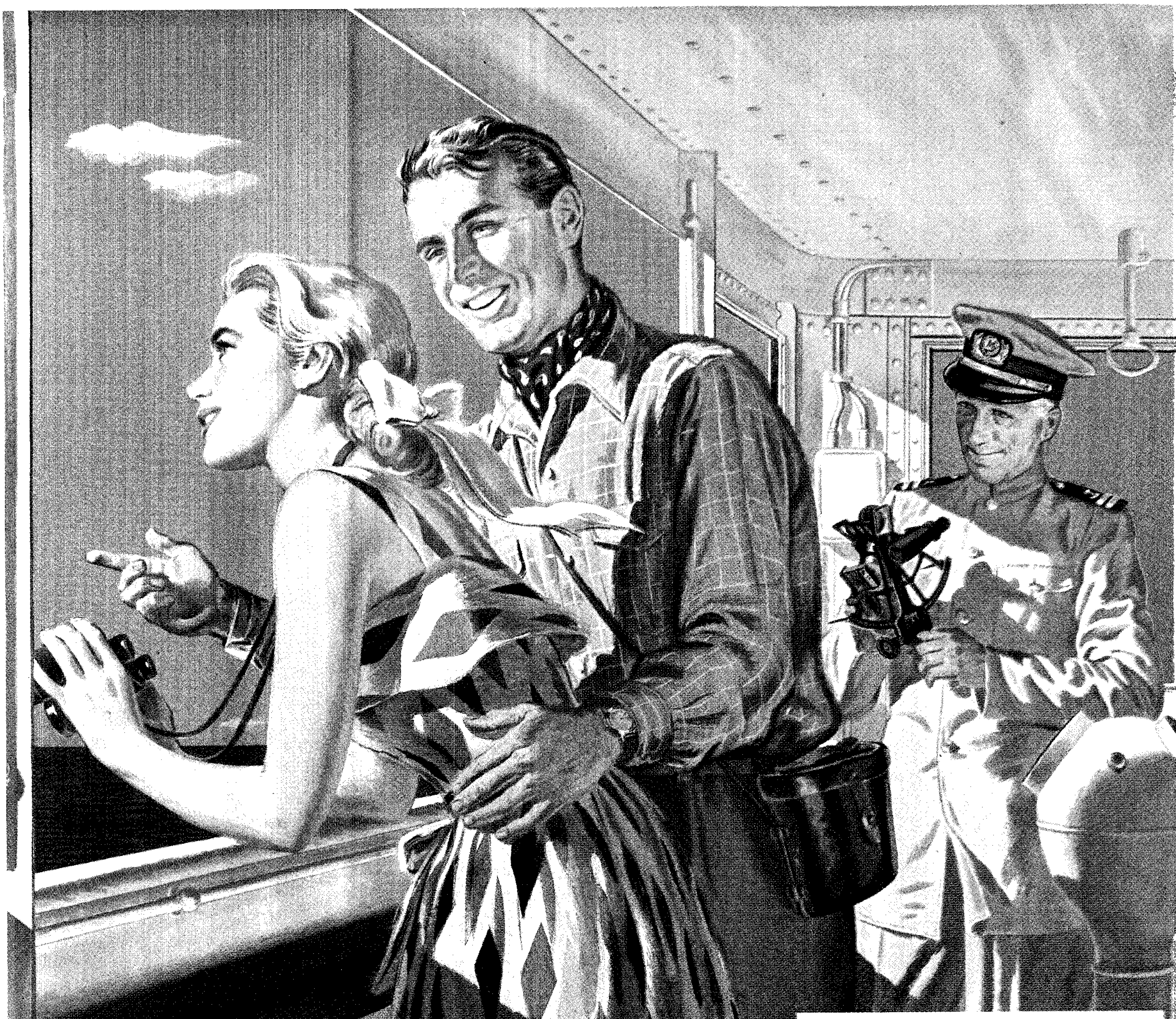

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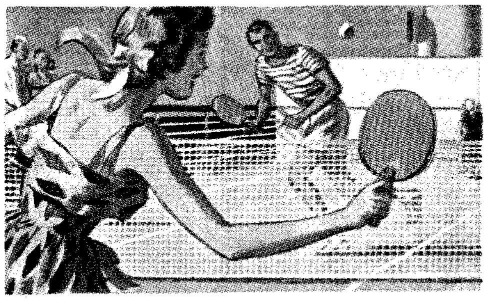

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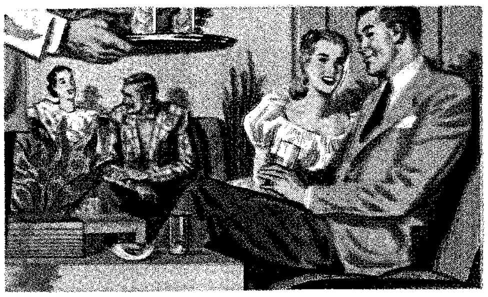

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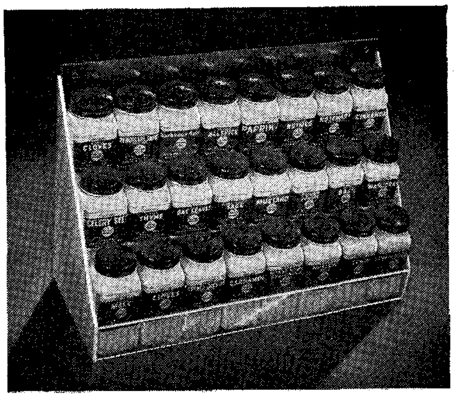
LETTER FROM ROME

NOVEMBER 11

THE situation in Italy at the moment reminds one of a piano improvisation so brilliant that the listener does not notice that several of the piano's keys are missing. Taking into account the shape the country was in three years back, the number of variations on the theme of recovery that is now coming from it is certainly extraordinary. Perhaps because of the Italian people's natural genius for accepting whatever may turn up and adapting themselves to it, there is a relaxed feeling in the air that a newcomer senses almost as soon as he steps over the frontier. Arriving in Italy from France, which appears to be waiting in shabby weariness for something to happen, is like walking from twilight into noisy morning. It seems natural enough in Rome—where American tourists keep rolling in with their wonderful dollars—that the smart shopping streets should offer, one after another, their bright plate-glass peep-shows of nylons, furs, and leatherwork, and of fantastically beautiful jewelry and silks. But even in small towns, where foreign tourists are rare birds who pause only to fix a flat or take a look at a quaint piazza, the display of consumer goods is the most dazzling to be found in any of the smashed European countries. The old days of hoarding are over. The tiny, dark food shops, like dingy cornucopias, bulge lusciously with chickens and baby lamb, with the outsize prawns called *scampi*, with *calamari* (squid) resembling yards of puckered pink frilling, with a dozen varieties of cheese, with every sort of smoked ham, *pasta*, and cake. "It seems to pay to be on the losing side," one English tourist remarked bitterly after a popeyed scrutiny of such a scene. Though gasoline is about a dollar and thirty cents a gallon, the rich swish around in their shiny cars and the not so rich on their *Vespe* (wasps), the smart little blue or gray motor scooters that have only a wasp-sized appetite for gas and that can, and frequently do, take their owner on the saddle, his wife on a pillion, and a baby or two on the handle bars. In the surrounding country, hard Italian work has replaced the blown bridges and repaired the shattered roads and railroad lines, and patiently plodding teams of oxen, silhouetted against the evening sky over the long-neglected farmlands, show that it is still going on. What perhaps produces the strongest impression of Italy's abounding vitality is the constant spectacle, which has survived everything, of crowds of ordinary people giving themselves, in the most spontaneous and delightful way in the world, an enormously fine time. A back-street market can sound like a fiesta. On lovely, warm Saturday afternoons, the open spaces beneath the great beckoning figures on the cornice of the Church of St. John Lateran seethe with family parties sitting around arguing and laughing comfortably while their children burrow in the Roman dirt or buy red-and-white sugar birds from the candy peddlers. Such a mass demonstration of gusto for living, rare in Europe today, seems like a sort of national good health.

For plenty of Italians, however, encouraging as the surface picture may be, the business of living is really a pretty desperate one. Prices have dropped remarkably here and there during the last year, but they still don't allow much succulent baby lamb or even many real blowouts of *pasta* for workmen who draw around fifteen dollars a week, including bonuses and family allowances. The worst-hit, as usual, are the white-collar classes. Schoolteachers, who are paid the generous sum of about thirty dollars a month, recently went out on a token strike for a bonus right away and an all-around improvement of their condition, and will probably go out again, because the Government did not prove an apt pupil at grasping the economic lesson the first time. Unless Premier de Gasperi can bring off the triple gymnastic feat of raising wages, holding down prices, and doing something about the two-million-odd unemployed, his Christian Democrat Party is bound to lose supporters to the Communists, who are having plenty of their own troubles but can hardly fail to cash in on the Government's. The unemployment figures are difficult to assess, partly because the wretchedly paid civil servants, whose offices close early, often have a second job, which brings in a few extra lire but also causes muddles in the employment register, and partly because of the casual Italian attitude toward supplying official statistics. The payrolls of industrialists



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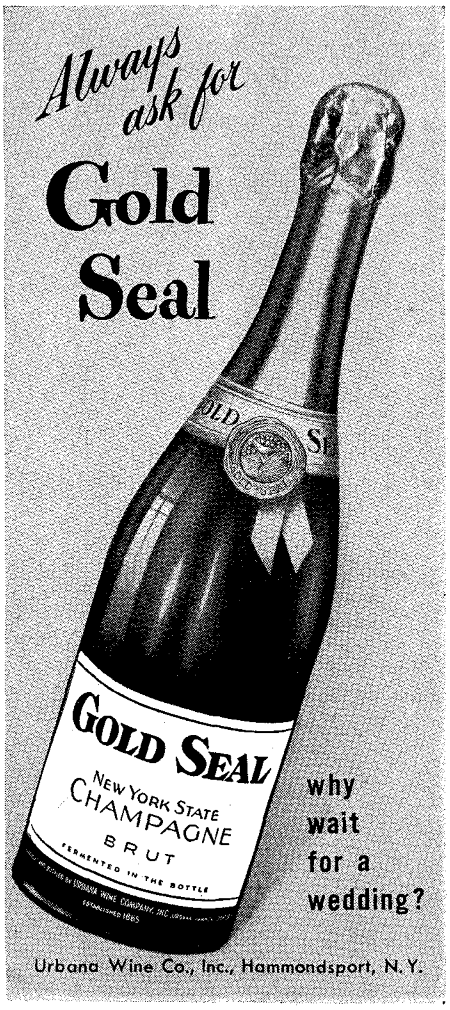

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are burdened with hundreds of thousands of idle or infrequently occupied workers, who, by the terms of a 1945 decree still theoretically in effect, cannot be fired. There is evidence that industry intends to get tough about this point shortly, and that labor is perfectly ready to get tough right back. The Government is constantly being urged to save public money by getting rid of some of the army of civil servants (which would only increase the unemployment list), or, conversely, to dip into funds for public-works projects that would absorb some of the unemployed. One such project, already under way, involves a possibly superfluous underground railway that is being built in Rome, and at present is scheduled to have an exit popping up right beside the Colosseum—something that would probably have fascinated the emperors, no mean organizers of public works themselves. Possibly the eventual solution to the unemployment problem will be the old one of draining off excess population by emigration. In a more or less reliable public poll taken not long ago, forty per cent of those questioned said that they would be willing to emigrate, and a fairly large number of Italians have already gone to France.

MEMENTOS of April's election fight are to be found all over the city. These are the various party slogans and symbols that are still scrawled blackly on every alley wall and along the parapets of the Tiber. The political fight, however, seems to have resolved itself, in the mind of the average Italian, into a period of practical watchful waiting to see which side can do the better by his stomach, his coalbox, and his pocketbook: the Government, backed by Washington, or the Communists, backed by Moscow. Though every Left Wing journal dutifully publishes a regular quota of cartoons satirizing the wicked Marshall Plan, this appears to be merely a sort of somnambulistic party gesture, and every realistic Italian knows that the gibes mean little compared with the American wheat in his bread and the American fertilizers he is spreading on his fields. The other day, when an Italian politician asked an audience of workingmen to make a show of hands of those who were against Marshall aid, not a hand stirred. Because three out of every ten Italians cannot read well enough to comprehend a newspaper, and only two and a half in every hundred own radio sets, one of the problems of the Economic Co-

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operation Administration mission now operating in Rome is to get the facts of American aid over, simply and effectively, to the masses of the people. Recently, an exhibition was opened in the Piazza Colonna featuring large, easily understood photographic posters portraying scenes in which factories were going up, bags of seeds were arriving on American ships, American medical supplies were pouring in for Italian children, and so on. In addition, every visitor was handed a small illustrated booklet that contained a picture of a winged blond lady labelled "Pax," who was holding out her arms alluringly to a number of presumably Italian males galloping happily toward her.

The Italians are worried about peace, but they are philosophic in their worrying. They are like someone who knows that there is a dangerous short in his electric-wiring system but, since he has no fire-fighting apparatus himself, must rely on the neighbors in the event of trouble. Along with the other political slogans, you see "*I Giovani non Vogliono la Guerra*" ("The Young People Don't Want War") slapped on walls here and there, and occasionally traffic is held up by pathetic little processions composed of women trailing by with posters declaring that not a wife in Italy will allow her husband to go and fight again. It is a question what Italy would fight with. Many Italians complain about the harsh peace-treaty terms, which, they say, shortsightedly ignored the fact that Russia had already clearly indicated her intention of reverting to her old coolness toward her wartime chums. They feel that Italy, with almost no Navy and an inconsequential Army and Air Force, has been left sitting on her Mediterranean perch like a plump pigeon.

AFTER a summer of bad weather, Rome has been enjoying a splendid autumn, with hot, bright days and long twilights, in which the sunset-colored palaces and churches sink slowly into night, along with the sky. Every corner flower stall is a huge bouquet of carnations, tuberoses, and Parma violets. Right now, no theatres are open. The winter opera season does not start until December, and the season for open-air opera in such superb natural settings as the ruined Baths of Caracalla is over. The finest art show in town is the exhibition of Turners, arranged by the British Council, in the Palazzina Venezia, just behind the Palazzo Venezia, Mussolini's old headquarters. There are one or two excellent Italian films

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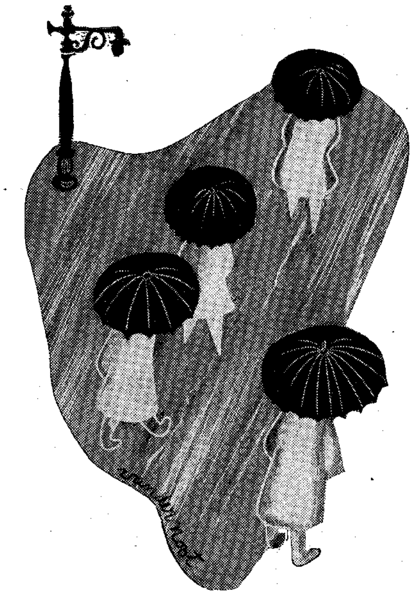
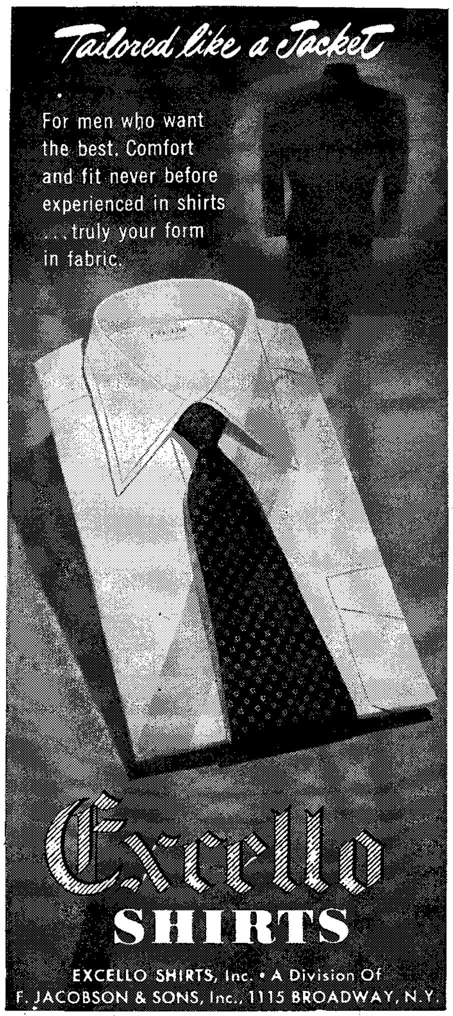
on view, but, oddly, they are not especially admired by the Romans themselves, who are likely to go farther down the street to see Ingrid Bergman. Not long ago, "The Song of Bernadette" created quite a rumpus here, because of the number of impressionable young women who subsequently saw miraculous visions.

A new domestic film, "Anni Difficili," which is beginning to draw crowds, is an effective satire on the theme of an underdog—a man with an insignificant government job—played with great delicacy and pathos by Umberto Spadaro, who is swept into the Fascist movement because his boss, a zealous Party man, says, "Join or else." Though the man's wife and daughter take to it with a will, their harassed breadwinner goes through the routine of parades with loathing, as he does the strenuous training for hardening glorious Fascist manhood (there is an exceptionally funny shot of Spadaro panting along a track with other middle-aged athletes and sneaking around one particularly formidable obstacle instead of leaping over it), and is happy only when relaxing with a bunch of liberal-minded cronies in the local chemist's back parlor. The picture traces with stinging brilliance the gradual desertion of Fascism by all the most ardent small-time Party bullies as soon as they see that the Allies are going to win; the arrival of the Americans in the town, where ostensibly not even a dog had ever been a Party member; and the wretched government employee's heartbroken accusation of his complacent fellow-citizens after his beloved son has been shot by their late ally, the Germans. The most interesting thing about a recent showing of the film was the reaction of the prosperous-looking audience. Though it

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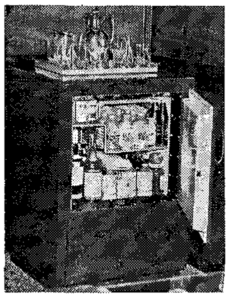

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undoubtedly included many who had strutted through similar antics with the best of them, they sat back and shouted with delighted laughter, like pleased, well-groomed children who have been naughty but are now good and can enjoy the story of their old mistakes. The film has some actual newsreel shots of Mussolini howling to the mob from his accustomed balcony. At the sound of the familiar voice, one man in the audience, who maybe was more candid than the rest, or maybe had awakened from a doze and obeyed a reflex action, clapped enthusiastically, and was immediately hissed. At the end of the show, he was followed out of the theatre by a small group of indignant young Romans, who shouted their intention of throwing him in the Tiber, but actually did nothing.

MANY people in Rome say, with regret, that there are plenty of Italians who now feel that some of the old Fascists were not so bad. The trial of Marshal Graziani, for crimes against the Partisans, which is at last taking place here, seems to support that view. If it had been held a couple of years ago, it would have aroused violent public feeling. As it is, bringing the Marshal to trial now seems like elaborately preparing a bird for roasting over a fire that is out. People are sick to death of anything that has to do with war, including war trials, and the general betting is that Graziani will get off with an extremely light sentence. On the other hand, there are those who believe that the dramatic evidence of Senator Parri, the Partisan leader and ex-Premier of Italy, who came into court and grimly reeled off a damning list of Partisan youths murdered in the mountains—for which he said Graziani was as responsible as his German masters—could lead to a severe verdict.

Despite Parri's testimony, many disgusted Italians have been groaning that the witness stand is being used mainly as a convenient platform from which witnesses are allowed to do an excellent job of whitewashing their own reputations and to bolster the position of the accused. In the Chamber, three Socialist deputies, all former Partisan commanders, have already raised questions about the Fascist record of the President of the Court, Dr. Luigi Marantonio, and have deplored the free-and-easy way in which Graziani has been permitted to dominate the proceedings. Certainly, it has seemed in the courtroom at times that Graziani was conducting his own trial, and not the quiet-voiced judge,

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who has sometimes been almost inaudible in interrogating witnesses. Graziani, following every word, intently leans forward, with his hand cupped around his ear, fidgeting nervously with his papers, and every now and then leaping up to shout an interruption, his red face darkening to angry crimson, or to shake an accusing finger at the jurors, as though *they* were in the dock. He wears civilian clothes and looks a handsome, white-haired, choleric wreck of a man, ragingly concerned with his professional honor rather than with his neck. Indeed, when someone at the trial spoke of the Partisans' reasons for not shooting him when they captured him, he roared that it would have been better if they had done so. The public admitted to the trial stands jammed at the end of the small courtroom, behind a barrier, and on this occasion, it included several young soldiers, their girls, and a couple of brown-faced old women with handkerchiefs tied over their hair who looked as though they had left baskets of fish with the sentry at the door. There was perfect order, and now and then a little laughter. "A couple of years or so back," an Italian journalist who was present said moodily, "they'd have had to clear the court." The President of the Court has received a mailbag of letters threatening him with death if Graziani does not get a light sentence.

LIKE all the rest of the European press, the Rome newspapers have been jubilant over the miracle of the Casa Bianca. In addition to feeling moved to send the usual felicitations to Mr. Truman, some editorial writers (and surely many other Italians) have seemed to find it particularly inspiring that one who appeared to be a loser should have turned out in the end to be a winner.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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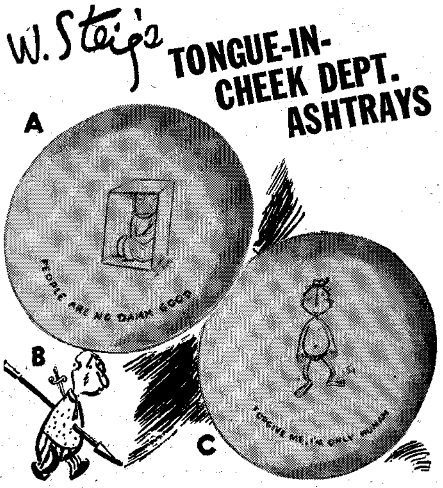

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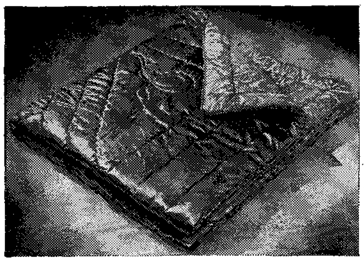
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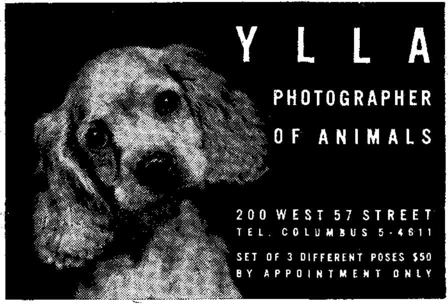
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AMONG the many visiting musicians who have been appearing during this extremely active concert season is Francis Poulenc, the eminent French composer, whose music has been known here for more than twenty years but whose local début as a pianist took place only a week ago Sunday, at Town Hall, when he played accompaniments for an accomplished baritone from France, Pierre Bernac, also a newcomer to our audiences. MM. Bernac and Poulenc, with uncommon skill and imagination, presented songs by Lully, Schubert, Debussy, and M. Poulenc himself. Make a note to hear these distinguished artists the first chance you get, and add to that note the name of Pierre Fournier, another recent arrival from France, whose Town Hall cello recital last Saturday was memorable for its musicianship and technical brilliance. George Reeves' coöperation at the piano provided an excellent complement to M. Fournier's cello.

M. Poulenc gave a further demonstration of his notable playing last Thursday, when he played his own "Concerto Champêtre," for piano and orchestra, with the Philharmonic-Symphony, under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos. This concerto, originally written for harpsichord and orchestra, has charm, clarity, vivacity, and melodic appeal, and all the participants sparked to it. So did the listeners. The Poulenc concerto was preceded by the "Ruy Blas" Overture, by Mendelssohn (who, come to think of it, is being unusually well represented this season), and followed by a glowing performance of Mahler's Seventh Symphony. This symphony runs an hour and a quarter, and discussions of it usually run longer than that. Briefly, this was an impressive revival of a work that says a great deal, even if it makes some of its points too lengthily.

ONE of M. Poulenc's colleagues in the Paris group of composers known as Les Six provided the modern entry last week in the Boston Symphony's first Carnegie Hall concert of this semester, when Serge Koussevitzky conducted Arthur Honegger's Sym-

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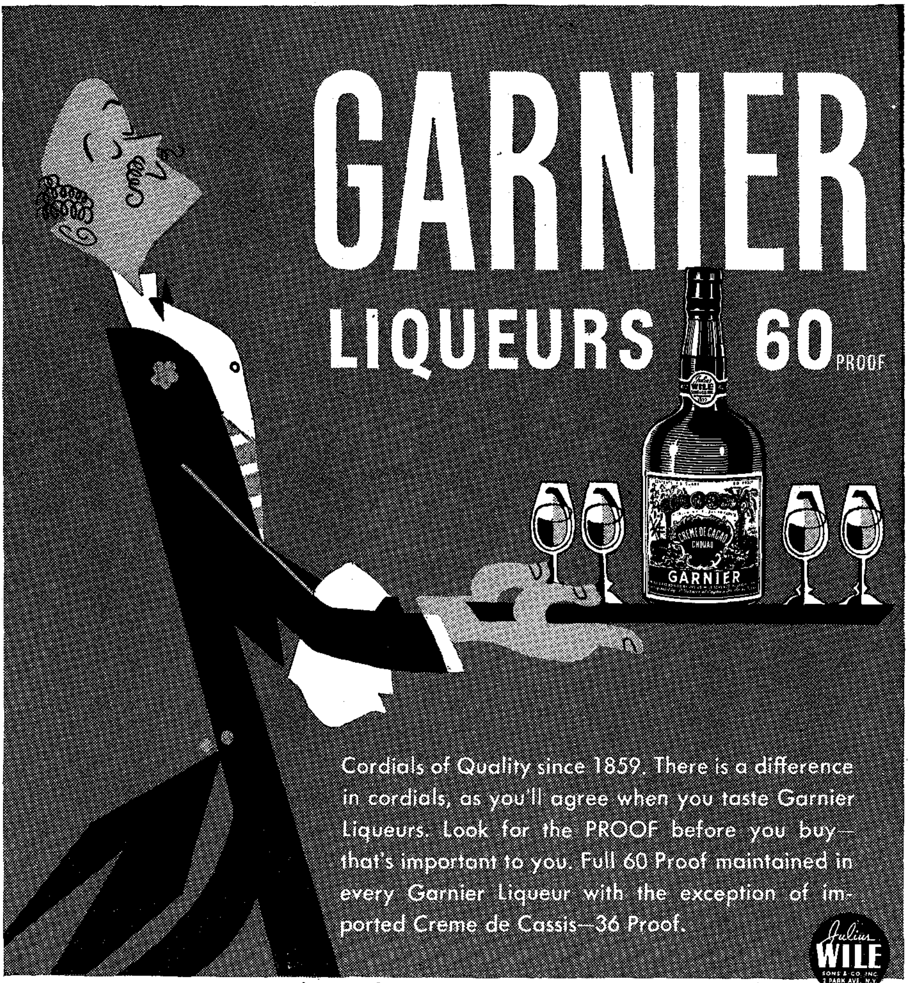

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phony for String Orchestra, whose finale, incidentally, has effective trumpet reinforcement. This compact, sometimes almost grim symphony holds up well on repetition. The rest of the evening was made up of staples, by Vivaldi (the D-Minor Orchestra Concerto, edited by Alexander Siloti), Brahms, and Beethoven. This is Mr. Koussevitzky's last series of concerts before his retirement, but he directed everything with the enthusiasm generally associated with a youngster, and also with the mature mastery for which he is famous. The orchestra was its familiar, superb self.

THREE novelties—or, at least, comparatively unfamiliar compositions—turned up on the National Orchestral Association's opening bill of the season at Carnegie Hall last week, as well as the pianist Moura Lympany, who had been heard here theretofore only on recordings and radio. Miss Lympany, clearly an expert and musicianly soloist, played Richard Arnell's Piano Concerto, which is agreeable writing that would profit by compression, and Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillante," which still exercises its romantic attraction. Alan Rawsthorne's orchestral "Corteges," which had its American première at this concert, is euphoniously put together but lacks a definite impact. An interesting curio was Benjamin Britten's "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra," a set of variations and a fugue on a Purcell theme, interspersed with spoken comment about the instruments of the ensemble. I suspect that this music would do better without the educational talk, because the instructive patter takes attention away from Mr. Britten's clever orchestral evolutions. Anyway, only an advanced student could digest the information and the music simultaneously, and such a student would already know the strings from the woodwinds. As usual, Mr. Barzin conducted with efficient command of the music and of his young orchestra, which, as you know, is valuable as a training group in addition to having merit as a concert unit.

—Robert A. Simon

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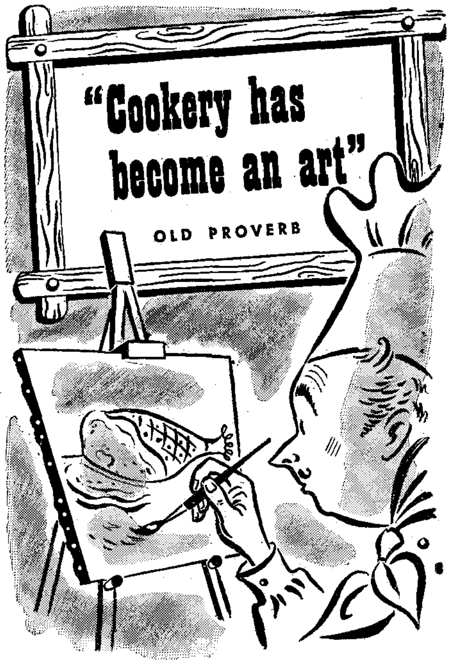
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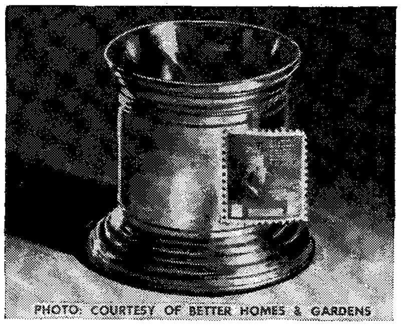

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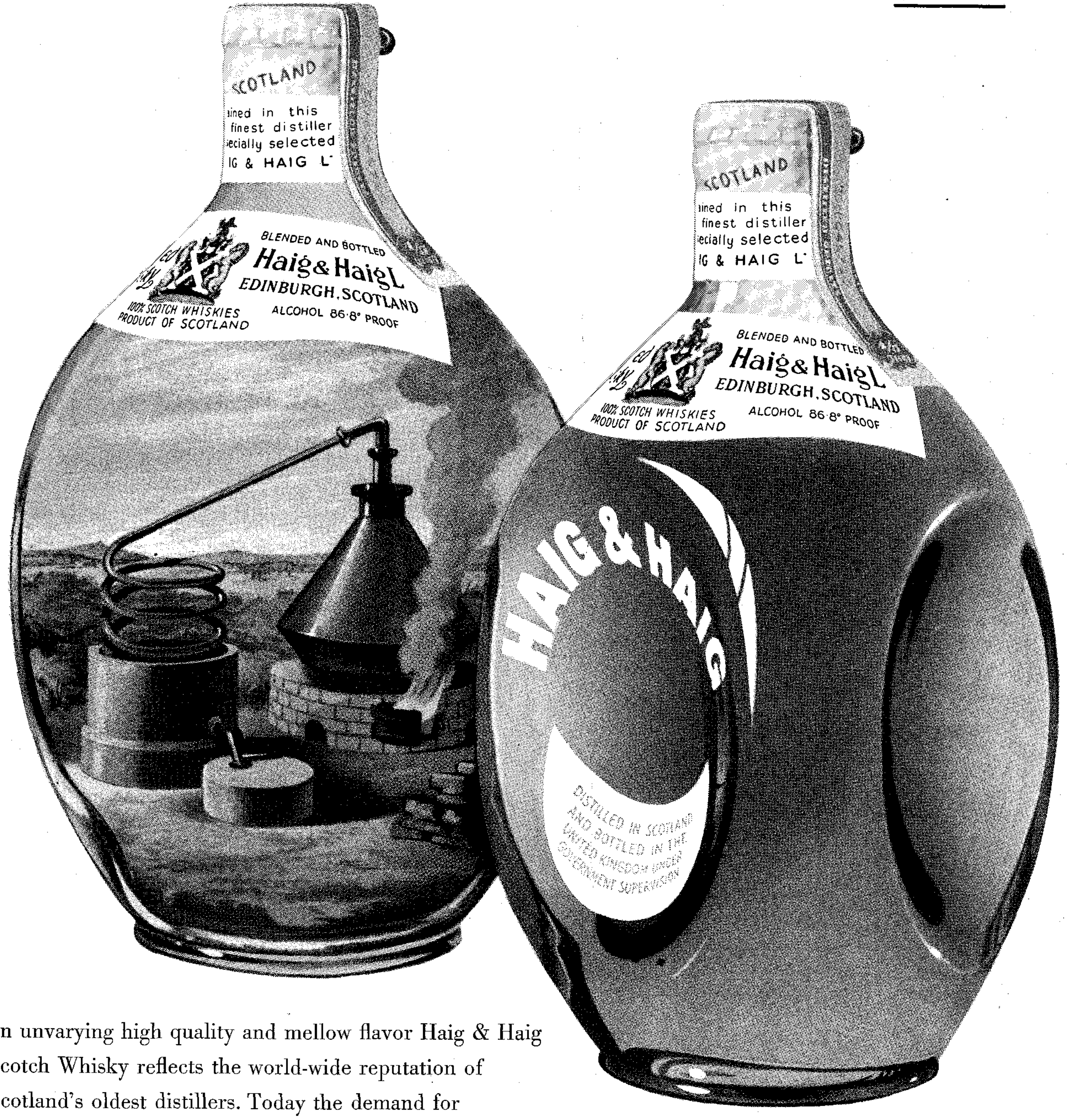
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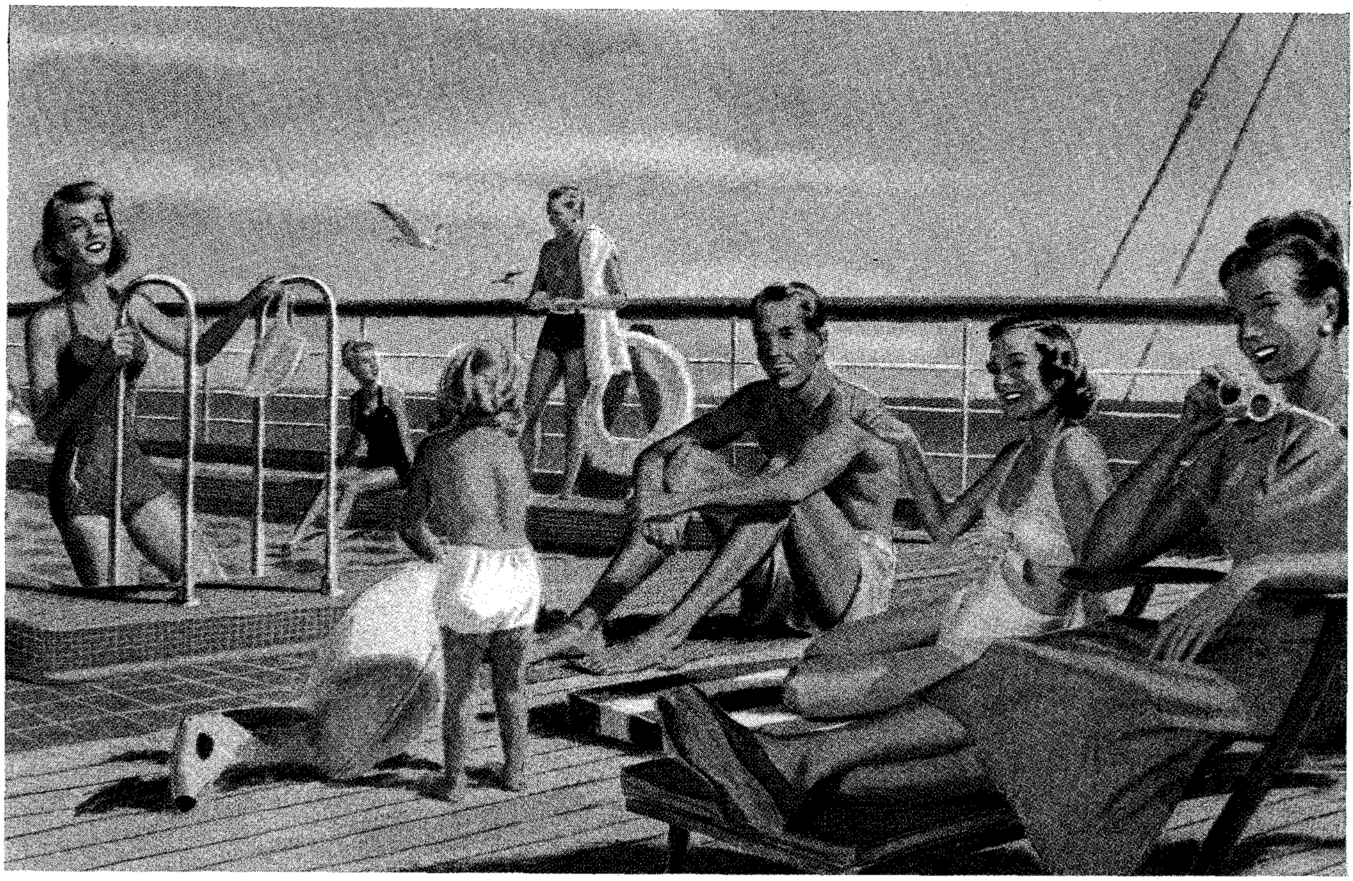

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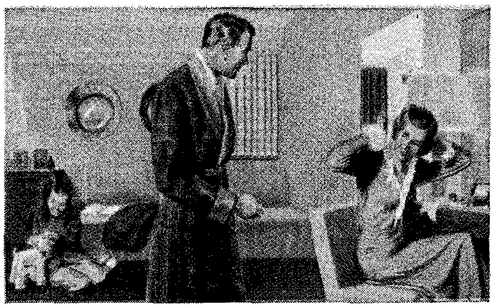

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OF ALL THINGS

PRESIDENT TRUMAN shows no interest in the suggestion that he call a special session of Congress to vote more aid for the hard-pressed government of China. He may feel that it would take too long to dig the members out from under the landslide.

•

Now that the election is over, improvement is the order of the day. The White House is to undergo repairs and modernization, and there is talk of doing a similar job on the Republican Party.

•

G.O.P. leaders disagree about the cause of the recent disaster, but they should consider the fact that their party's vote has been slowly declining since the days of Willkie. One might almost suspect that the Republicans are failing to reproduce their kind.

•

Prominent among the calamities of Black Tuesday was the repeal of prohibition in Kansas. Bootleggers are beginning to realize that the Sunflower State is another paradise lost.

•

The proposed law to ban public-opinion polls would probably be declared unconstitutional, as an infringement on freedom of speech. On the other hand, it might be all right for Congress to enact an excess-prophets tax.

•

Franco has surprised us all by turning broad-minded. He indicates that he is willing to forgive our past sins and accept a loan of two hundred million dollars.

•

There is further evidence that our education system does a bad job of presenting American history. Ignoring the lessons of the past, colleges continue to send football teams up against Notre Dame.

•

Mayor O'Dwyer is again suffering from vacation trouble. He had to hurry home from California because of a serious outbreak of peace and quiet along the waterfront.

•

If the British Empire has seemed inattentive to its duties in recent days, everyone will understand. It has had something more important on its mind.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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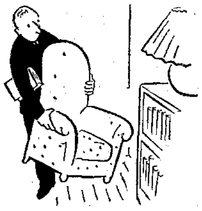
BOOKS

The Story of Harry Hopkins



Robert E. Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins" (Harper), a big, thorough, excellent book, has now been published, and we can at last get a comprehensive idea of what went on behind the scenes of government during the war years of the Roosevelt administration. Long before Roosevelt's death, there began a rushing into print by nearly everyone who was in any way associated with him; even his dog, Fala, as the hero of a picture book for children, got into the act. Some of these volumes naturally yield higher dividends than others (Frances Perkins' "The Roosevelt I Knew" and Henry L. Stimson's "On Active Service in Peace and War" particularly stand out), but the lesser ones, too, such as Ross T. McIntire's "White House Physician" and Michael F. Reilly's "Reilly of the White House" and, among the rather hostile ones, James A. Farley's "Jim Farley's Story" are of considerable interest. Roosevelt is such a controversial figure—a demon to some and a demigod to others—that no scrap of information about him should be overlooked. All these books about him, however, are in one respect circumscribed. Even Miss Perkins' memoirs, which contain the most intimate portrait of Roosevelt that has yet been drawn and are full of revealing details that only she could have supplied, are somewhat sketchy about the war period. The great value of Mr. Sherwood's book is that it fills in this important part of the picture. Harry Hopkins, who left behind him more than forty filing cabinets of documents, which Mr. Sherwood has managed to digest and put into readable shape, was closer to Roosevelt than anyone else in the President's official family. He often has been called Roosevelt's alter ego, but I think that he was more a projection of Roosevelt's ego. This theory is borne out by Mr. Sherwood's book. Although primarily about Hopkins—his rise to influence, his governmental posts, his comings and goings, his spells of ill health, his intimate relationship with the world's great—it ends up by being another book about Roosevelt. It is he who provides the real drama and interest.

Hopkins, though, was a person in his own right. The son of an Iowa harnessmaker who would rather bowl than work and who was one of those Sherwood Anderson small-town characters, he went to Grinnell College, got a job at a summer camp for New York City slum children, tried his hand at social work, became the director of the New York State unemployment-relief project in 1931, when Franklin D. Roosevelt was Governor, and then, come 1933 and the New Deal, was placed in charge of the federal relief program. The rest, as they say, is history. Many people did not like that history when it was in the making, and there are those who still do not like it. I myself find it full of deplorable passages: the attempt to pack the Supreme Court, for instance, which Hopkins rushed to defend, even though he apparently agreed with those who felt that it was a mistake; and the cheap, shoddy, ward-heeling politics that brought about Roosevelt's nomination for the third term—a performance that Mr. Sherwood, whose affection for Roosevelt and Hopkins has not made him glassy-eyed with idolatry, correctly describes as a "dreadful display of democracy at its tawdriest."

Those who disliked and attacked Hopkins were largely those who disliked and attacked Roosevelt. That the President kept him around when he was the worst kind of political liability is proof not so much of Roosevelt's well-known stubbornness as of Hopkins' value. Only now, after the appearance of Mr. Sherwood's book, can that value be properly assayed. But it is easy to see, by perusing these pages, that the critics of Roosevelt were right on one all-important point; this was one-man government, especially during the war, such as the United States had never known. How much of this concentration of authority was inevitable, and how much of it was due to Roosevelt's wish to keep all the more important reins in his own hands, is, fortunately, not for me to say, but nothing is gained by not accepting the fact that Roosevelt had more than an ordinary liking for power and that he managed to indulge his liking thoroughly. There were times, as Mr. Sherwood's book shows, when the American system of government and Franklin D. Roosevelt were just about the same thing. The charge that Roosevelt was a dictator, or wanted to be one, is, of course, absurd; the circumstance that he was, in effect, the government cannot be overlooked.

The portions of Mr. Sherwood's book that I found most informative deal with the several conferences, especially the Yalta meeting, between Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin. The big nut that historians will have to crack is whether the President was "taken in" by Stalin, as some of his critics insist. We will have to wait until Mr. Churchill has

EAT
WELL
TIM
Cobean

had his way on the subject, and it would be very helpful if Stalin also took time out to write a book. It is my feeling that the question will never be satisfactorily answered (it's like the one about whether Lee would have carried the day at Gettysburg if Longstreet had not been so tardy) and that it isn't of staggering importance anyway. A study of the various records of the Big Three conferences indicates that the Russians made certain promises that they kept (such as entering the war against Japan) and certain other promises, or half promises (in particular about Poland), that they did not keep. It also appears that Roosevelt was mistaken in believing that Stalin would melt under his charm, that he did not altogether grasp the fact that Russian ambitions in Europe might be determined more by a wish for czarist expansion than by considerations of world peace, and that, being a very practical politician, he felt that even if there was friction between the ambitions of the Big Three, he could smooth it over, just as he had eased the friction between the discordant elements in the Democratic Party. On these and other points he was perhaps wrong, even grievously wrong. It must be noted, however, that at the time people all over the world, including (to a certain extent) Winston Churchill, also believed that we could do business with Stalin, but it is likewise probable that had Roosevelt been more aware of the dynamics of the Communist system, he would not have pitched his hopes so high. In any case, now that Mr. Sherwood has worked his way through the Hopkins papers and pieced them out with an incredible amount of legwork of his own, you can read all (or almost all) about it. If you take my tip, you will.

—HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TALES OF MY PEOPLE, by Sholem Asch (Putnam). Ten stories and a short novel, all of which treat comprehendingly of Jewish life before, during, and after the Nazi ascendancy. The novelette, called "The Little Town," is an early work of Mr. Asch's that has recently been translated, and it describes in quiet, pastoral prose a small Jewish community in pre-Hitler Poland. Several of the stories give instances of the strength of the Jewish character in the face of various S.S. horrors; the others are set in this country and in Israel. There is an

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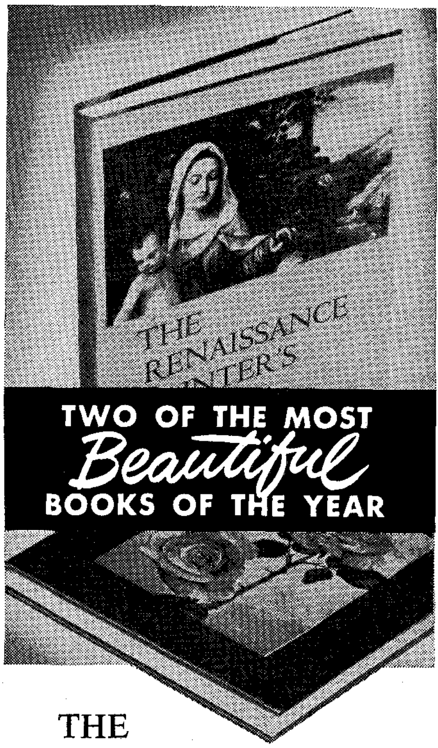

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occasional tinge of de Maupassant in the author's short-story technique, but he usually succeeds in conveying a sense of the spiritual depth and continuity of his people.

THE EMPEROR'S DUCHESS, by R. G. Waldeck (Doubleday). A rather tabloid-style survey of events in France in the years between 1807 and Napoleon's debacle in Russia, as supposedly witnessed by the Duchess d'Abrantès, whose husband held several vital positions in the imperial regime. The commonplace accounts of didos at the Emperor's court are interspersed with neatly contrived allusions to almost every French literary and historical personage of the period, and are set against an appropriate quantity of ornate Empire décor.

THE NORTHERNER, by Joan Colebrook (Scribner). Troubles of a pioneer land-owning family in northeastern Australia, described calmly, at considerable length, and with very thorough detail on the locale and its inhabitants, by a native North Queenslander. A little of the flavor of the pioneer days in the American West is discernible. Miss Colebrook tends to be somewhat over-clinical about the love life of her characters, but otherwise she deals with them understandingly.

HARLEM STORY, by John Hewlett (Prentice-Hall). A disjointed glimpse of some of the more bizarre aspects of New York's Negro community. The central character is a young woman of colored ancestry who determines to renounce her race and proclaim herself white, but she is often slighted by the author in favor of some inhabitants of a couple of very lush Harlem dives. Mr. Hewlett, despite his extremely ormolu imagery, succeeds in giving at least an idea of the complexities of survival in the area he's dealing with.

GENERAL

THE RAPE OF POLAND, by Stanislaw Mikolajczyk (Whittlesey House). The author, formerly Premier of Poland and head of the now suppressed Peasants' Party, witnessed what he calls the betrayal of his country from every political level, starting as a common soldier during the war in Poland. At the time of the German occupation, he was a leader in organizing the Government-in-Exile and discussed the fate of the country with Stalin (he seems to have been one of the few Allied statesmen who have dared argue with

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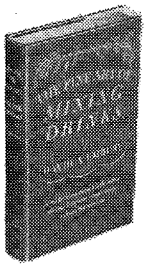

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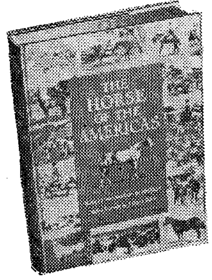

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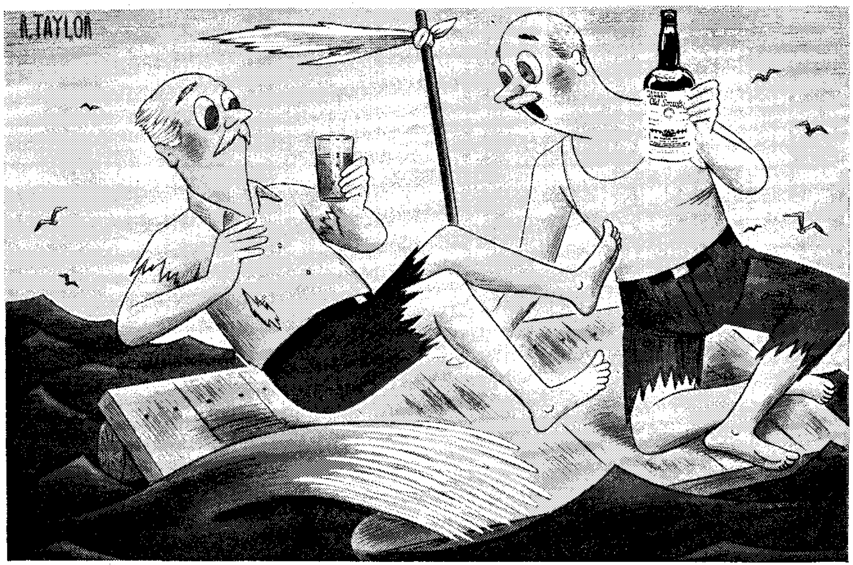
him); later he personally remonstrated with Churchill and Roosevelt about the disastrous concessions made at Teheran and Yalta. In Poland, after the war, he was helpless, even as the leader of one of the great parties, to avert the violent destruction of his country's democratic processes and finally had to flee in disguise. He believes that the Soviets were resolved from the first to annihilate Poland and says flatly that they killed fifteen thousand Polish officers in the woods around Katyń, near Smolensk, and that they purposely delayed giving help to General Bór during the Warsaw uprising until it was too late. His book, heavily documented and written without fireworks, is a pretty powerful indictment. Photographs.

LOST CITY OF THE INCAS, by Hiram Bingham (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Mr. Bingham on the discovery of Machu Picchu, the Inca city that he came upon one day in 1911 as he was toiling through the Peruvian Andes thinking of other archeological matters. In addition to describing the hard going that led to his find, the author writes admiringly of the Incas, rating them very high as farmers, civil engineers, and brewers, and sets forth his final opinion concerning the origins of Machu Picchu, which he now believes was built several centuries before the Spaniards swarmed into South America, rather than shortly afterward, as he thought at the time he found the city. A first-rate job, bolstered with numerous fine photographs.

JAPAN DIARY, by Mark Gayn (Sloane). A report on the occupation of Japan, by an American correspondent who took up his assignment in Tokyo in 1945 and knew his way about the Far East long before that. The diary form of the book makes for repetitiousness and hard reading, but it does point up the author's progressive disillusionment as he observed the political trend of the occupation—the gradual relaxing of the reform movement and of the effort to democratize Japan, the failure to carry out the nationalization of the great industrial combines, and the retention in power of discredited Japanese business and political leaders, from the Emperor down. There is a lot of good collateral material on the American military authorities and their increasingly Byzantine way of living, some of it fairly funny.

ANT HILL ODYSSEY, by William M. Mann (Atlantic-Little, Brown). An



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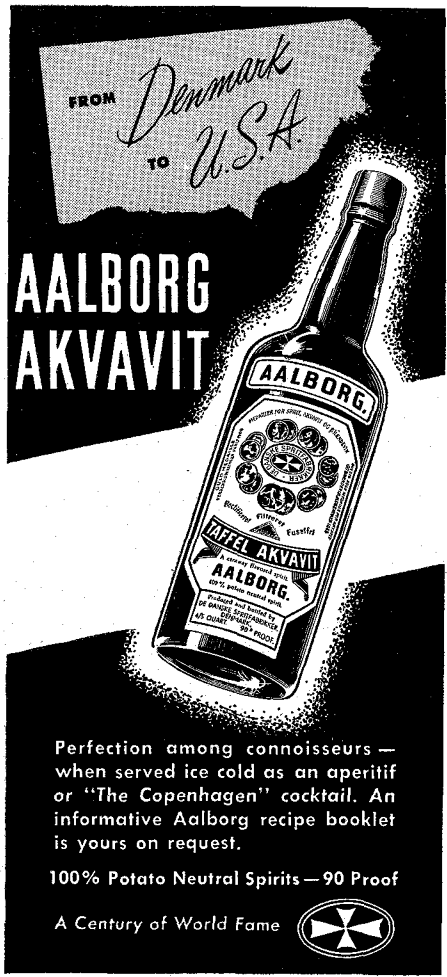

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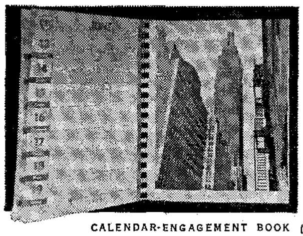

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account of the formative years in the life of a renowned entomologist. Beginning with a description of his state of mind at the age of four, when he first realized that insects were to mean more to him than they do to most people, the author recounts how he followed his star, more or less on his hands and knees, across American deserts and through Caribbean, South American, and Melanesian jungles, eventually arriving at the Department of Agriculture, where, while still a young man, he was given a free hand with the Department's ants. Dr. Mann, who is now the director of the National Zoo, makes it all sound as though the rest of us had wasted our youth.

THE AFRICA OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER, by Charles R. Joy and Melvin Arnold (Harper). A record—half text, half photographs—of several weeks spent with the Alsatian philosopher, musician, and surgeon at the hospital and mission he built at Lambarene, French Equatorial Africa, where he has been ministering to the physical and spiritual needs of the local people for the last thirty-five years. Dr. Schweitzer has contributed a simply written closing chapter on the serious nature of the white man's responsibilities in Africa—responsibilities which Dr. Schweitzer says will not end for years.

LARKS IN THE POPCORN, by H. Allen Smith (Doubleday). Mr. Smith playing it for laughs in rural Westchester, and getting quite a few. After apologizing for running so far in the rear of his fellow-humorists, most of whom already have to their credit at least one book about the hilarities of living in the country, Mr. Smith settles down to describing the kind of time he has had, indoors and out, since 1945, when his wife ruled in favor of a house and a few acres in Westchester. The book is particularly notable for its lack of weather anecdotes and for some fine pages on the author's country neighbors—a collection of salty, down-to-earth literary people, theatre personalities, and stock-and-bond men. Illustrations by Leo Hershfield.

PEACE IN OUR TIME, by Noel Coward (Doubleday). A play in which the author speculates on what might have happened to the English spirit if Britain had been successfully invaded and occupied by the Germans during the war. The setting is a London pub, and the plot deals with the struggle between collaborators

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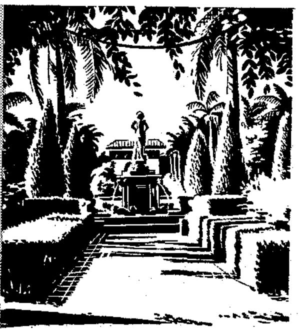

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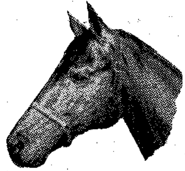

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and the resistance. Except for some heavy-breathing passages of patriotic fervor and some gunplay at the end, the play makes tame reading. Mr. Coward is more at home in the shallower waters of artificial comedy.

THE GUEST-ROOM BOOK, edited by F. J. Sheed (Sheed & Ward). A pleasant bed-table miscellany, put together with an eye to the literary requirements of overnight guests. Most of the selections are light and brief, running to such things as ballads by Hilaire Belloc and assorted entertainments by Chesterton, Ronald Knox, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, and other recognized jongleurs. There are, however, a few items for the guest who doesn't care whether he gets any sleep or not, among them an essay on death by St. Augustine and a detective story that takes from eleven-thirty until about two-fifteen to get through.

VIRGINIA READER, edited by Francis Coleman Rosenberger (Dutton). An anthology that, for a change, is honestly titled, since the material in it is really concerned with the State of Virginia and not wedged in merely because the authors happened to be born there. The editor starts off with some narratives by sixteenth-century explorers and early settlers, and continues with excerpts from the writings of the Virginia greats, from Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry to Woodrow Wilson. In addition, there are selections from the works of Virginia literary people, among them Edgar Allan Poe, James Branch Cabell, and Ellen Glasgow. A good, thoughtful job.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN SCULPTURE, edited by C. Ludwig Brummé (Crown). The author's subject ranges from the classically motivated compositions of William Zorach to the severely non-objective ones of José de Rivera, with about as varied an accumulation of intermediate styles as can be imagined. Mr. Brummé, a sculptor himself, threads his way through this maze with discretion and acumen, and the hundred and thirty plates he has included in his book give a broad and unbiassed survey of the present-day field.

BIRD HIKING, by Leon Augustus Hausman (Rutgers University Press). A sound primer for nature walkers, whether they stroll at dawn, evening, or night. The book is concerned chiefly with birds, but it is inclusive enough to offer tips on al-

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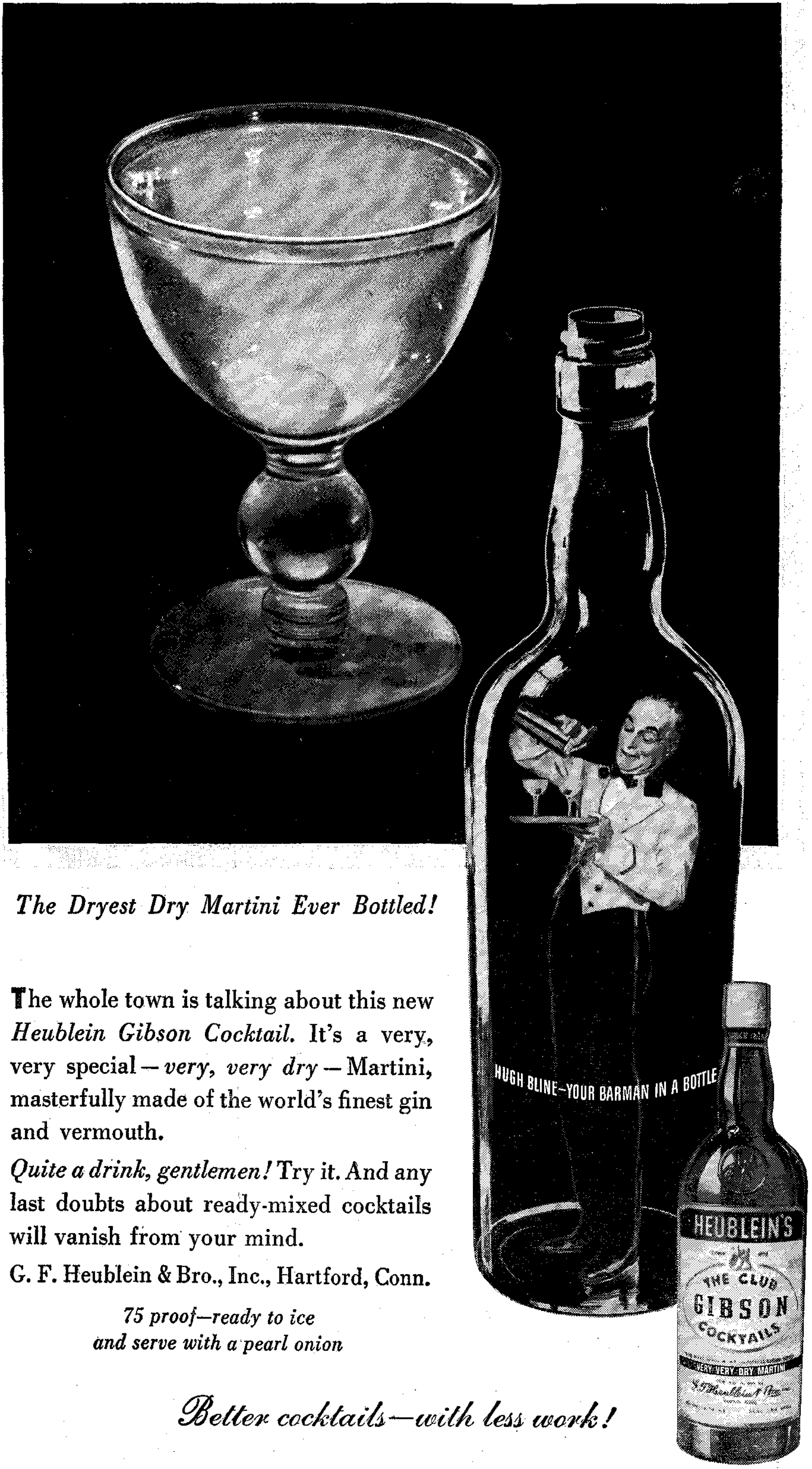


The Dryest Dry Martini Ever Bottled!

The whole town is talking about this new *Heublein Gibson Cocktail.* It's a very, very special—*very, very dry*—Martini, masterfully made of the world's finest gin and vermouth.

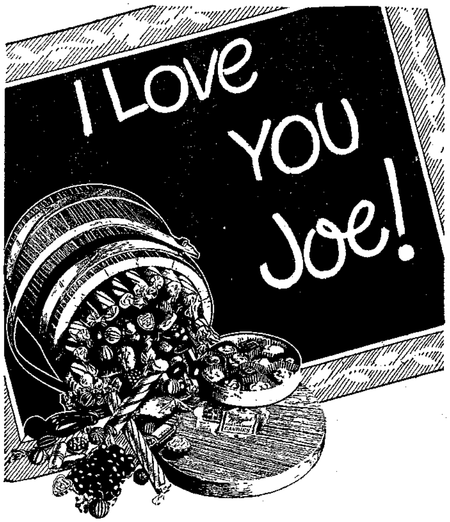
Quite a drink, gentlemen! Try it. And any last doubts about ready-mixed cocktails will vanish from your mind.

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

75 proof—ready to ice and serve with a pearl onion

Better cocktails—with less work!

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS



Remember those "penny candies" you shared behind your "jografy" book? We have 'em! — rock candy, sour balls, hoarhound drops, barber poles — and packed in a real old New England maple-finish Firkin with thousands of uses after the candies are gone. A wonderful two-in-one Christmas gift. Order now for your grown-up "Queen in Calico" or your middle-aged "Bashful Beau." Postpaid east of the Miss. Add 40c elsewhere; $1.00 overseas.

2 quart Firkin (about 5 lbs.) . . $4.95

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TREES

Wonderfully luxuriant, aromatic evergreen trees shipped from the "Switzerland of America" direct to your door. These beautiful trees retain their needles and rich color for many weeks. Carefully packed—sent postpaid . . . complete with stand.

Check size and indicate delivery date.

3 ft. tree $ 8.00	6 ft. tree $11.00
4 ft. tree $ 9.00	7 ft. tree $12.00
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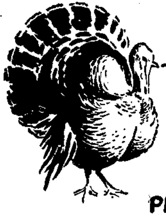


LET'S TALK TURKEY!

PLUMP! TENDER! DELICIOUS!

● Nowhere else in the world a turkey so flavorful, so rich in those deep, plump slices of delicious, tender white meat! Fed on our own home-grown grain, and withheld from strenuous exercise so even the legs are tender! Shipped C.O.D.—perfect refrigerated delivery guaranteed. State oven-weight desired at 85¢ per lb., plus postage. TISBURY FARM, VINEYARD HAVEN, MARTHA'S VINEYARD, MASS.

lied matters, like the appreciation of woodland odors and attracting wildcats for observation purposes. Drawings.

THE SALTWATER FISHERMAN'S FAVORITE FOUR, by O. H. P. Rodman (Morrow). A thorough survey of angling along the Atlantic coast, from Nova Scotia to Florida, focussed on a quartet of game fish—striped bass, weakfish, bluefish, and channel bass. To increase the sport of taking them, the author advocates proved fresh-water techniques, among them casting with a plug, and the use of light tackle, including such up-to-date gear as a glass rod. Color plates and photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE FACE OF HATE, by Theodora Du Bois (Doubleday). The Jeffrey MacNeills, vacationing on the Inland Waterway in their sloop Thetis, get an S.O.S. from a young lady on the Silver Slipper after she has discovered a corpse stowed away in the dinghy of a yacht anchored nearby. As the MacNeills progress southward, detecting as they go, more and more suspects clutter up the Waterway, and it isn't until they reach the Florida marshes that the murderous party is finally rounded up. A little confusing, at least for a landlubber.

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, by Pat McGerr (Doubleday). Nerve-racking times for Mrs. Margot Weatherby, a handsome and homicidal widow, who endeavors to identify from among four out-of-season guests at a Colorado hotel the incognito detective hired by her late husband shortly before she smothered him with a pillow. Since Mrs. Weatherby's schemes include the elimination of the inquisitive intruder, things become tense around the hotel, despite the lady's rather amateurish methods. Moderately exciting.

•

The Eutzys' chocolate-covered Pomeranian, "Buddy" was just gasping his last feeble barks.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

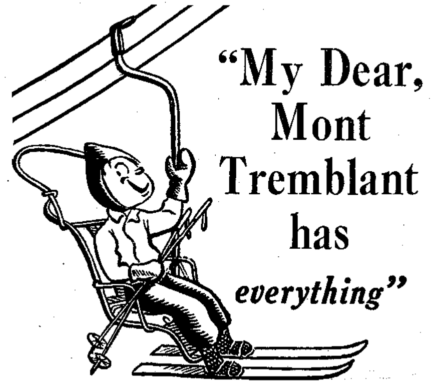
In a way, it must have been a relief for everyone.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the court record in the Tucson Daily Citizen*]

Virtuous James, lewd acts, $30 or 30 days.


"My Dear, Mont Tremblant has everything"

• Ski-lovers are telling each other about the new chair lift Mont Tremblant has added to its lavish ski facilities. The lift climbs the challenging north side of the mountain.

Two chair lifts, two rope tows and an Alpine lift provide a total of three miles' carefree riding to swift-skiing heights. No other resort in the east has so many lifts, such extensive trails. Professional Ski School for beginners and experts.

Meet your friends in the spacious lounges of the Lodge. Mammoth fireplaces, picturesque game rooms and bars. Dancing nightly. Excellent cuisine. Colorful Cottages and Inn. Early reservations suggested.

ALL-DAY SKI LIFT TICKETS $4.50
Unlimited rides on all 5 lifts, no waiting.
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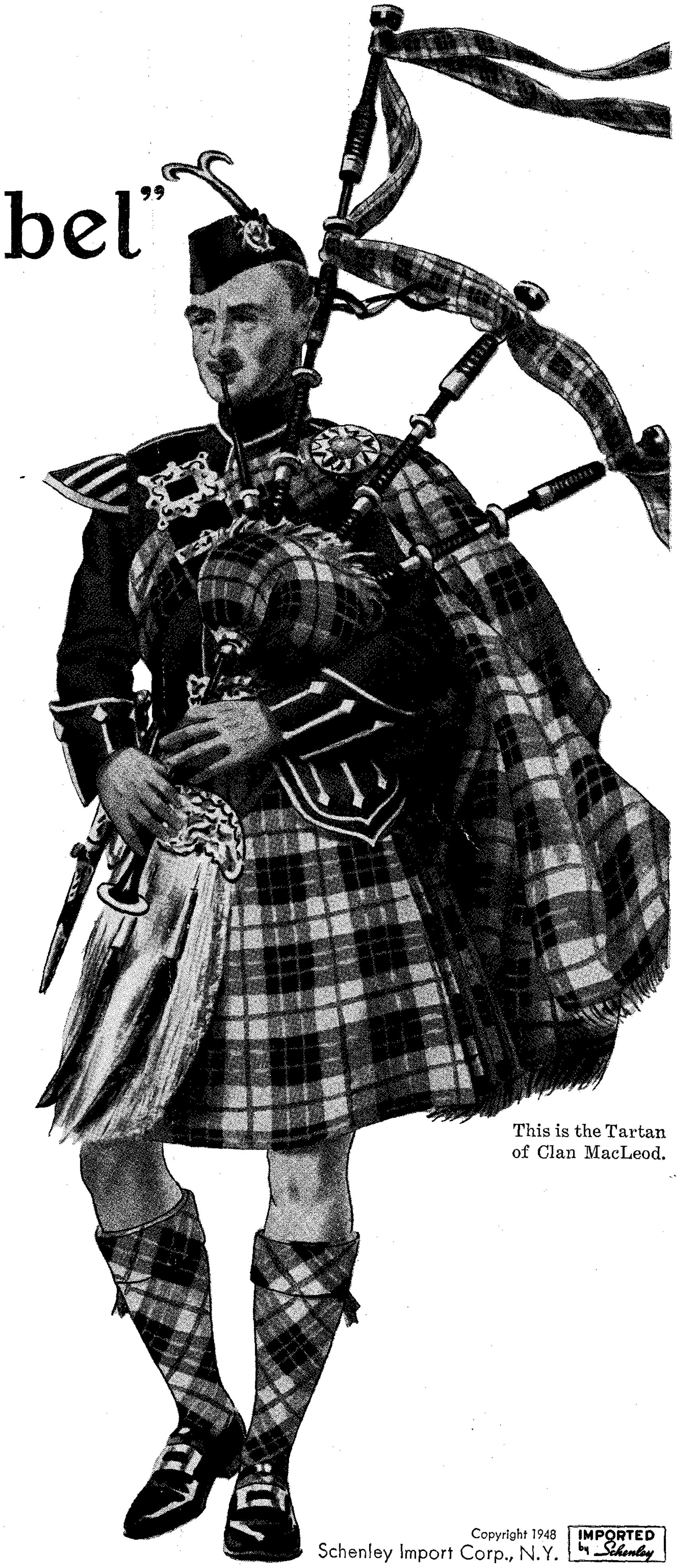

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Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

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"None Finer"—Liqueur Scotch

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